



DAVID

MOSES

ASAPE



THE
PSALMS
of
KING DAVID

Paraphrased.

And turned into English Verse, according to
the common Metre.

*As they are usually sung in
Parish Churches.*

by Miles Smyth.

Da mihi Cor
DAVIDIS



HEMAN

ATHAN

L O N D O N.

Printed by Timothy Garthwait.

anno

1755.

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Printed for *T. Garthwait*, in *S. Bartholomews*
Hospital, near Smithfield, 1668.



TO THE R E A D E R.

THe Author of this Version of the Psalms of King DAVID, considering the Excellency, not only of the Divine Matter they contain, but of the Sacred Rapture wherein they were penned, and the sublime Poetry wherewith they were set out, and adorned by the Royal, and inspired Prophet, could not but blush to think, how that Metre, in which our Parochial Churches usually sing them, hath disguised so Eminent a part of the Holy Writ, which bears a more than ordinary stamp of that ever-blessed Spirit by which it was dictated and given. This gave the Author occasion to make Essay, whether (without taking the advantages of an unconfined Fancy) it might not be easie enough (even in that narrow, and low kind of Verse) to make them speak their own genuine

To the Reader.

sense, in proper and smooth English, and to dress them, though not gayly, yet agreeable, and becoming their Dignity. Comparing therefore, and making use, as well of the Old Liturgick, as the New-Bible-Translations, with the assistance of the Learned Dr. Hammond, (whose Paraphrase he chose for his Guide) he undertook, and went through with them, and now hath adventured them abroad into the World, What hath been a Vulgar saying is verified in the Author — Quem Natura negat facit Indignatio Versum ; Disdain was the Impulse of his Writing, in which at first he pleased himself, and now (by publishing) hopes he shall displease none.



IMPRIMATUR

THO. TOMKYNS,

Ex Aed. Lambeth.
Maii 8. 1667.

*R. R^{mo}. in Christo Patri, ac
Domino D^{no}. GILBERTO
Divina Providentia Archie-
piscopo Cantuariensi à Sacris
Domesticis.*





THE
PSALMS of King
D A V I D.
Paraphrased in English.

The First BOOK.

PSALM I.

1. **B**lest is the Man that walks not where
 Ungodly Counsels guide ;
 Nor stands in sinful ways ; Nor sits
 With those who God deride.

2. But in the Laws Divine hath fixt
 His Soul's intire Delight :
 On those He meditates by Day,
 And ruminates by Night.

B

3. He

3. He shall be like the Tree that sucks
 From the fresh streams his sap ;
 Whose branches yield their timely fruit
 Into the Gath'lers lap.

4. No blasting wind, nor biting frost,
 Shall make his leaves drop down :
 Whatever work he takes in hand
 Happy success shall Crown.

5. But with the wicked 'tis not so ;
 They are as Chaff out-cast,
 Scatter'd and made the restless sport
 Of every wanton Blast.

6. Th' ungodly shall not stand acquit,
 When he's in judgment try'd ;
 Nor shall the sinner have a place
 Amongst the justifi'd.

7. God doth the purer ways approve,
 Which his Redeemed tread ;
 But Paths perverse securely down
 To death, and horror lead.

PSALM II.

1. **W**hy do the Nations all inrag'd
 Tumultuously rise ?
 Why doth the brain-sick Multitude
 Fond Vanity devise ?

2. Kings

2. Kings of the Earth set up themselves,
The Rulers Counsel take :
And all a League against the Lord,
And His Anointed make.
3. Break we, say they, those servile Bonds
Which our free arms enchain ;
And cast away those Cords which they
Tye on, and we disdain.
4. He that in Heaven sits in thron'd
Laughs at their brutish Pride ;
The Lord shall with deserv'd contempt,
Their empty Rage deride.
5. Then, jealous of his Name, shall He
Speak to them in fierce Ire ;
And in displeasure vex them, like
An inward-wasting Fire :
6. Yet I my King have crown'd, and Him
Plac'd Soveraign alone
On Sions Hill, where I have fix'd
My Holiness's Throne.
7. The Great Decree I will proclaim,
Th' Almighty Lord to me
Hath said ; Thou art my Son, This day
Have I begotten Thee.
8. Ask, and the Gentiles I will give
Thee, as thy Right of Birth :
B 2 Thy

Thy large Possessions shall extend
Unto the farthest Earth.

9. Thou with an iron Rod shalt break
Their disobedient back :
And them like Potters brittle-ware
To useless shivers crack.

10. Be wise, ye Kings ; and ye, who judge
The Earth, Instruction hear :
Serve God with Reverence, and mix
With joy, an holy Fear.

11. Kiss ye the Son, lest his wrath flame
A little, and ye die.
O ! Blest all they, whose hope on him
Doth firmly anchor'd lie.

PSALM III.

1. **H**ow are the Troops increas'd, my God,
Of my proud Enemies ?
Not to be numb'red are the Bands
That in Rebellion rise.

2. Many there be, that of my soul,
Insultingly have said ;
Helpless he is, and even his God,
Will not, or cannot aid.

3. But Thou, O Lord, art unto me
A shiuld against all dread :
Thou art the glory of my Crown
Th' advancer of my head.

4. I to my God, with humble voice,
Did my Petitions send ;
And he did from His Holy Hill
An Ear offavour lend.

5. I laid me down, and yielded up
My Limbs to the soft chain
Of careless sleep, then wak'd again,
For God did me sustain.

6. My courage shall not sink, for fear
Of Myriads of foes ;
Though they in battel set, my life
On every side inclose.

7. Rise, save me, Lord, for thou hast broke
Mine Enemies Jaw-bones :
And dash'd out the mischievous teeth
Of the ungodly ones.

8. Salvation proceeds alone
From great Jehovah's Power ;
Rich Blessings, on thy chosen, Thou
Dost plentifully showre.

PSALM III. Or thus.

1. **H**ow are the Troups, **M**y **G**od ! increast
Of them that trouble my calm Rest ?
Many are my **P**roud **E**nemies,
That in declar'd **R**ebellion rise.
2. **M**any there be that o're my **S**oul
Insulting say without controul ;
Helpless he is, and quite dismay'd,
His **G**od, as helpless, cannot aid.
3. **B**ut **T**hou, **L**ord, art my **s**hield, when I
With miseries o'recharged lie ;
Thou art the **G**lory of my **C**rown,
And lift'st me up, when smitten down.
4. **I** to the **L**ord, in heart opprest,
With humble **V**oice my **G**ries addrest ;
And **H**e from Sions **S**acred **H**ill
Answer'd my **P**ray'r, And cur'd my **Ill**.
5. **I** laid me down, and on my **B**ed
To Rest compos'd my **T**houghtless **H**ead :
I slept, **A**wak'd, and **R**ose again,
Thy **w**atchful **E**ye did me sustain.
6. **I** will not for Ten **T**housands fear,
Of **P**eople that in **A**rms appear ;
Though they, led on by **R**age and **P**ride,
My way beset on ev'ry side.

7. *My Lord, my God to save me rise,
The Jaw-Bones of mine Enemies
Thou smitten hast ; And by thy stroke
The teeth of the Ungodly broke.*
8. *Thou art, Almighty Lord, alone
Author of our Salvation :
Rich Blessings on thy Peoples head
Thou dost in great abundance shed.*

PSALM IV.

1. **O** Hear me, when I cry, my God,
Who me dost justifie ;
Thou hast enlarr'd me in distress,
In Mercy hear my cry.
2. Fond sons of men, how long with shame
My glory will ye blast ?
How long love vanity, and lies
Pursue with thirsty haste ?
3. This know that God hath set apart
The Righteous for his own ;
Nor shall my Prayers, to Heaven sent,
Unfruitfully come down.
4. Stand in an humble Fear, your Souls
Stain not with wilful ill :
Your heart upon your thoughtful bed,
Examine, and be still.

5. In stead of smoaking Altars, let
 Your Righteousness ascend ;
 And on th' Almightyes arm be sure
 Your confidence depend.

6. Many there be, whose faithless Spirits
 Despair of help Divine :
 Lord, shew thy face, and cause on us
 Thy Beams of Beauty shine.

7. Thou mak'st my heart more glad than
 Their Corn the garners fill'd ; (when
 And casks could not contain the Juice,
 From the press'd Grape distill'd.

8. Down will I lie, and my tyr'd Limbs
 To peaceful rest compose ;
 For thou in Tents of safetie me
 Securely dost inclose.

PSALM IV. Or thus.

1. **G**od of my Righteousness ! Hear me,
 Thou in distress ha'st set me free ;
 Have mercy, and attend my Cries :

2. **H**ow long ! Proud Sons of Mortal Seed,
 Will ye blaspheme ? And, with such speed,
 Follow lov'd Vanity, and Lies ?

3. **G**od for himself hath set apart
 The Man that's Godly in His heart ;
 Iie, when I call, will answer me :

4. Stand in due awe, and do not sin,
Examine all your thoughts within
Upon your Bed, and silent be.

5. Offer to Him the Sacrifice
Of Righteousness ; And let your Eyes
Upon the Lord for help depend :

6. Many will say despairing, Who
Can any Beam of Comfort shew ?
But on us, let Thy Light descend.

7. Thou hast my Spirits reviv'd more,
Than when Rich worldlings find their store
Of Corn and Wine yield large Increase :

8. Down will I lie, And to soft sleep
My careless Eyes composed keep,
Thou only mak'st me dwell in Peace.

310

PSALM V.

1. **L**ord mark my words, my thoughts re-
Thine Ear propitious lend (gard,
Unto my cry ; my King, my God,
2. To thee my Prayers ascend.

3. Ere the day dawn, Thou hear'st my voice,
Whilst with advanced Eyes
I pay my vows, before the Sun
Gild o're the Azure Skies.

4. Thou

4. Thou art a God, not pleas'd with vice,
 No ill with thee hath place :
 Thou hat'st sin-workers, nor shall fools
 Behold thy glorious Face.

5. Those that tell treach'rous Lyes Thou
 To sure destruction drive : (shalt
 Thou dost abhor the bloody hands,
 And hearts that fraud contrive.

6. But, in the fulness of thy love,
 Thy Houſe will I frequent ;
 And bow my knees in humble Fear,
 Before thy Sacred Tent.

7. In thy unfailing goodness guide
 My footſteps by thy Grace :
 Lest me my foes ſubvert, make ſtraight
 Thy ways before my Face.

8. Their tongue is faithleſs, their false heart
 Refined wickedneſs :
 Their throat's a gaping Grave, although
 With flatt'ring Lips they bleſs.

9. Destroy them, Lord, in their own Plots
 O're-reach'd, and may they be
 Caſt out, full of their Sins ; For they
 Are Rebels againſt Thee.

10. Let thoſe, that reſt on thy Defence,
 Rejoyce, and ſing thy Praife ;
 And

And all that love thy Name, their voice
In Hallelujahs raise.

11. Thy Blessings on the Righteous shall,
Like Summer-dews, descend ;
With Mercy as a shield shalt thou
From dangers him defend.

P S A L M VI.

1. **L**ord in thy wrath correct me not,
Nor in thy rage chaffise :
Pity my weakness, cure my bones,
Bruis'd with Calamities.
2. My spirit's vext, but Lord ! how long ?
Reflect thy healing beams ;
And by thy Mercy, save my soul,
That labors in extremes.
3. None of the sons of silent Death
One thought of thee can have,
And who shall bless thy name amongst
The Tenants of the Grave.
4. Wearied with groanings, all the night
My tears bedew my bed :
My Pallet flows with the salt streams,
That trickle from my head.
5. My

5. My melting eyes are wasted with
The anguish of my cries :
My failing fight grows old, because
Of all mine Enemies.

6. Hence ye sin-workers all, for God
Hath heard my speaking Tears.

7. My vows he hears, and to my Prayer
Bows his propitious Ears.

8. Terror and shame my foes o'retake,
Turn'd to inglorious Flight :
Let swift confusion sieze them like
Th' amazed Fears of Night.

PSALM VII.

1. **M**Y Lord, my God ! my Confidence
Is firmly fix'd on thee :
From him whose thirsty malice seeks
My bloud, O rescue me.

2. Left like a Lion, hunger-pinch't,
My soul he tear ; for I
Can, in the faithless Arm of flesh,
No hope of help espie.

3. Oh ! my just God ! if wickedness
My guiltie hands doth fill :
If to the man that Peace desir'd
I have requited ill :

4. Nay,

4. Nay, if I did not (when distress'd)
 To his Deliv'rance fly,
 That is my Enemie profess'd,
 And cannot tell me why ;

5. Then let him my false soul pursue,
 And make it his just Prey :
 Yea spurn my Life, and in base Dust
 My stained Honour lay.

6. Rise, Lord, in wrath, lift up thy self
 'Gainst my enraged Foes :
 Wake to the judgment Thou command'st
 On them that Laws oppose.

7. So the devout Assemblies shall
 Draw to thine Altars nigh ;
 With smoking Incense ; for their sakes,
 Set up thy self on high.

8. God shall the People judge, Do thou
 My sentence, Lord, decree ;
 As there is Justice in my hands,
 In heart Integrity.

9. Cease thou the fraud of Impious men,
 But him who thee adores
 Confirm ; thy secret-searching Eye
 The heart and Reyns explores.

10. He that protects th' Upright in Heart
 Is my secure Defence :

He

He judgeth right, whilst every Day
The wicked him Incense.

11. If he repent not, He will whet
His sin-revenging Steel ;
His bow is bent, the Obstinate
His shafts shall quickly feel.

12. Ready for Death He hath prepar'd
His fatal Instruments :
And at the Persecutors Face
His Levell'd Darts presents.

13. He travels with Iniquitie,
Then, Big with Mischief grown,
Brings Falshood forth ; And in the Pit,
He made, falls headlong down.

14. His mischiefs shall return upon
His cursed head again :
His violence on his own Pate
Shall come like driving Rain.

15. Just is the Lord, to Him will I
My thankful Off'rings bring :
And to the Name of God most High,
Eternal Praises sing.

PSALM VIII.

1. **L**ord, how illustrious is thy Name
Ev'n to the Earths extent !
Thou hast thy glorie Thron'd above
The spangled Firmament.
2. Babes that yet draw the Breast, proclaim
The Trophies of thy Arm ;
That thou mightst silence thy proud foes,
And the Avenger Charm.
3. When me to Heaven (thy glorious work)
Diviner Fancy bears,
The Various Moon, and Stars by thee,
Fix'd in still-rolling Spheres,
4. Ravish'd I cry, Lord ! what is man,
That he thy thoughts should share ?
Or what's the son of Man ? that Thou
Shouldst take him in thy care ?
5. Little below the Angels, thou
Hast him with glorie Crown'd ;
Made Sovereign of thy Works, and all
To his subjection bound.
6. The Sheep that cloaths, and feeds : the Ox,
That tills the patient fields,
The Forrest-beast, the fowl that in
The Clouds her cradle builds,

7. The Fish that takes his pleasure in
The briny Element.

Lord, how illustrious is thy Name
Even to the Earths extent !

PSALM IX.

1. **W**ith perfect Heart my God will I
Thine Honour celebrate,
And to the wondring sons of Men
Thy miracles relate.

2. In thee will I be glad ; In Thee
My Joys and Triumphs raife :
And to Thy Name, O Thou most high
Sing Everlasting Praise.

3. When mine Oppressors turn their backs ;
Then, cover'd with disgrace,
Like Shadows, they shall fly before
The Lustre of thy Face.

4. Thou art the Patron of my Right,
And hast my Cause sustain'd :
Thou sat'st a Judge upon the Throne
VVhere Justice is maintain'd.

5. Th' insulting Heathen Thou hast check'd,
Destroy'd the wicked (quite)
And their accursed names condemn'd
To everlasting Night.

6. O Enemie, the final date
Of thy Destruction's come :
Thy towns are ras'd, and their own heaps
Their memories intomb.
7. But God indures : For judgment He
Hath rais'd his Throne on High :
The Earth with justice shall he judge,
And man with Equitie.
8. Th' Almighty is a safe retreat,
Against th' Oppressors rage :
A refuge from the violence
Of a tumultuous Age.
9. They that have known Thy Name, to Thee
Shall still their Trust address :
Never did man that sought thy Face
Implore thee succourless.
10. Sing to the Lord, whose Mansions are
In *Sion*, Sing his Praise :
His doings in the Worlds wide Ears
To admiration raise.
11. When he for bloud unjustly spilt,
Summons his grand Inquest :
Mindless he is not of the meek,
Nor slightst the Poors request.
12. Pity me Lord ! My sufferings mark,
Caus'd by malitious hate :

Thou that hast snatch'd my sinking soul
From deaths devouring Gate.

13. So, within *Sions* sacred VValls,
Thy fame will I resound ;
My mouth joy-fill'd, my conquering head,
VVith thy Salvation Crown'd.

14. Drop't are the Heathen in the Pit,
VVhich their own craft prepar'd :
Nets have they hid, and in those toils,
Their heedless feet are snar'd.

15. Just in His Judgments, is the Lord,
To all the world, declar'd :
Th' ungodly in those traps is catch'd
Which his own hands prepar'd.

16. Hell, and destruction shall become
The wicked Period ;
And all the Nations, whose false thoughts
Forget there is a God.

17. The needy shall complain no more,
Nor cry without regard :
The Patient waiting of the Meek
Shall have a sure reward.

18. Rise, judge the Heathen, Lord : Let man
Not boast his vain success ;
Cast terrors on them, that they may
Themselves but flesh confess.

PSALM

PSALM X.

1. **M**Y God ! why stand'st thou (stranger-
So far from my relief? like)
Why dost thou hide, and wilt not see
The pressures of my grief?
2. The wicked in his high-swoln Pride,
Pursues the Innocent :
Oh may he perish by those Plots,
Which his own brains invent.
3. He boasts how subtly his Wit works
His fine-contrived Ends :
The Covetous, whom God abhors
He blesses, and commends.
4. God he declines ; so much he is
With insolence possest ;
Nor does his feared Conscience once
A Deity suggest.
5. His ways are grievous ; Far above
His sight Thy Judgments are :
His Foes he puffs at, as poor things
Beneath his Fear, or Care.
6. Tush says he, me to shake is not
Within the hand of Fate ;
The Frowns of Heav'n shall ne'r bring me
To a dejected state.

7. Dire Blasphemies, Deceit, and Fraud,
 Still in his mouth abound ;
 Under his Tongue is vanity,
 And ready mischief found.

8. He lurks in corners, whence unseen
 He slays the Innocent :
 His bloud-shot eyes against the Poor,
 Maliciously are bent.

9. Close (as a couching Lion) he
 Lies down, and toils he sets,
 To snare the poor ; the poor is snar'd
 In his unheeded nets.

10. He bow's his Body, and put's on
 A feign'd humility ;
 That, by his mighty ones surprized,
 The meek may fall and die.

11. Then cheers the smitings of his Heart ;
 God hath forgot (says he)
 He his regardless Visage hides,
 He hides, and will not see.

12. Arise, O Lord, thine hand advance,
 Attend the poors desire :
 Shall the Heav'n-scorning Athiest say,
 God will not Right require ?

13. Thou seest their cruelty, and hate,
 Thou seest, and wilt requite :

The helpless flies to thee, that savest
The fatherless from might.

14. Break thou the arms of impious men,
That violence maintain ;
Search, and chaste their wickedness,
Until no more remain.

15. The Lord is King, His Throne beyond
Times utmost date shall stand :
But th' Idol-serving Heathen all
Shall perish from his Land.

16. Thou answer'st (Lord) their humble cries,
Thy awful name that fear :
Thou dost their hearts to thee prepare,
And then their cause dost hear ;

17. To vindicate the Orphans tears,
And give the injur'd rest :
That by th' insulting sons of Earth,
They be no more opprest.

PSALM XI.

1. **T**He Lord is my sure confidence :
Why to my soul say ye,
Like a poor hunted Bird, take wing,
And to your Mountain flee ?

2. Behold the Impious bend their bow,
And fatal shafts prepare ;
That in close ambush they may wound
The upright unaware.
3. If the Foundations undermin'd
Be unto ruine gone,
What can the Righteous do ? His Faith
What shall he build upon ?
4. God in His holy Temple dwells,
Heav'n is His Throne of Grace ;
His Eyes behold ; His Eye-lids try
The Sons of humane race.
5. He prov's the just ; the wicked man,
And he that takes delight
In violence, and Rapine, are
Abhorred in his sight.
6. Snares on their Heads shall fall, like Rain
From thunder-clouds pour'd down :
Fire, Brimstone, and tempestuous storms
Their deadly Cups shall Crown.
7. Th' All-righteous God doth Righteousness
With arms of love embrace :
And on the perfect he reflects
The Beauties of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1. **H**elp Lord ! the Man, whose ways are
Hath on the Earth no place : (pure,
The faithful person now no more
Is found in humane Race.
2. False to themselves, to Neighbors false,
They vanity impart:
Their flatt'ring Lips speak singly, but
'Tis from a double heart.
3. God shall cut off dissembling Lips,
Which proudly boasting, say,
We will prevail, our tongues are ours;
What Lord shall we obey?
4. Now, for th' oppressions of the poor,
And Needy's deep-fetch'd Grones;
Rise will I (saith the Lord) and free
Them from the haughty ones.
5. Pure are thy words, as silver Ore,
Seven times by fire refin'd :
Thine shalt thou rescue from this Age
In wickedness combin'd.
6. Th' ungodly swarm throughout the Land,
When Men to mischief sold,
Possess the Thrones of Justice, and
Usurped Scepters hold.

PSALM XII. Or thus.

1. **H**elp Lord ! For Godly men decay ;
Faith, and Just Dealing's fled away
From lawless Sons of humane Race :
2. Each to his Neighbour lies imparts,
With flatt'ring Tongues, and double hearts,
Their Words, and Deeds keep no true Pace.
3. But on false Tongues, And those that speak
Proud things, God shall in Fury break,
Who Atheistically say,
4. We will prevail, 'Tis Law makes Ill,
Our Tongues are Ours, save our own Will
Who is the Lord we should obey ?
5. But for the Poor, and Needy's Groans,
I, from the Puffing Haughty Ones,
Will rise, and free him, saith the Lord ;
6. As Silver in the Furnace try'd,
From gross Ore sev'n times purifi'd,
So clear and perfect is His Word.
7. Thou, Lord, shalt from this Impious Age,
O'regrown with Pride, and Wicked Rage,
Save those, that in Thy help confide ;
8. When Vilest Men, to Mischief sold,
Scepters, and Seats of Justice hold,
Th' Ungodly walk on ev'ry side.

PSALM XIII.

1. **H**ow long ! wilt thou forget me Lord,
Till time hath run his Race ?
How long wilt thou from my distress
Hide thy eclipsed Face ?
2. How long shall thoughts perplex my Soul
With daily Sorrows torn ?
How long shall he, that hates my life
Lift his insulting horn ?
3. Mark, and redress my woes, mine Eyes
O quicken with thy Light ;
Lest I my fainting Spirit resign
To everlasting Night.
4. Lest mine oppressor, proudly boast,
'Tis I have cast him down :
And those, that vex me, laugh to see
My Glory overthrown.
5. But, on thy Mercies I have built
My sure Deliverance ;
And in thy strong Salvation I
My Trophies will advance.
6. Thou with thy favors hast me Crown'd ;
Thine Honor I will sing ;
And to thy Name, O thou most high,
Eternal Praises ring.

PSALM XIV.

1. **T**he Fool (in's heart) says, There's no
They all corrupt are grown : (God,
Abominable are their Deeds,
None worketh good, not One.
2. Down on the Sons of Men, from Heaven,
God cast his searching Eye,
To see if any understood,
And sought his Majesty.
3. Faithless Revolters, as they are,
They all aside are gone :
In all their faculties unclean ;
None worketh good, not one.
4. Are the Sin-workers all so void
Of judgment ; that, as Bread,
My people they devour, and Me
Have not acknowledged ?
5. There fears, where was no cause of Fear,
Their Spirits terrifi'd ;
For God doth with the Righteous Man,
And with his Seed reside.
6. You on the Counsels of the poor
Contempt, and shame have cast :
Because that in th' Almighty's strength,
His refuge he hath plac'd.

7. O that that glorious day would dawn,
Whereof thy Prophets tell :
That Sion shall Salvation bring
Unto thy *Israel* !

8. When thou thy Captives shalt bring back,
Then *Jacob* shall rejoice ;
And *Israels* Mirth break forth in Hymns
Sung with triumphant voice.

P S A L M X V.

1. **L**ord, in thy Tabernacle, who
Shall dwell, for ever blest ?
Who shall, upon thy sacred Hill,
Enjoy a glorious rest ?

2. He that aright his ways directs,
Whose work is Righteousness ;
And what his heart sincerely thinks
His faithful lips profess.

3. Whose mouth is from black slander free,
Seeks not his Neighbors fall ;
Blasts not his name, with a foul tongue,
Steep'd in Malitious Gall.

4. Contemns the Vile, but honors those
Th' Almighty's Name that fear :
Infringes not his Faith, though he
To his own damage swear.

5. Extor-

5. Extortion hates, is not suborn'd
 The Innocent to slay :
 He that so doth from God his hope
 Shall never fall away.

PSALM XV. Or thus.

1. **L**ord ! In Thy Tabernacle (Blest)
 Who's he shall dwell ? Who (Joy possest)
 Shall on Thy Holy Mountain rest ?
2. *He, that with uncorrupt Delight,*
Leads a just Life ; And in the sight
Of God, and Man, does what is right.
3. *That keeps his Tongue close to his Heart,*
Speaks what he thinks ; Does, without Art,
The purpose of his Mind impart.
4. *Against his Neighbour plots no ill,*
No poys' nous slander doth infil,
His Friend in his good Name to kill.
5. *Ranks not himself above his size,*
But lowly is in his own Eyes ;
Those that fear God does highly prize.
6. *That to his Correspondent swears,*
And then to disappoint him fears,
What loss so e're himself he bears.
7. *His Money that hath never lent*
To griping Usury, Nor meant
For Bribes to wrong the Innocent.

8. *Who so these Precepts doth obey,
And thence perversly does not stray,
From God shall never fall away.*

P S A L M XVI.

1. **K**eep me my Lord, my God, immur'd
Within thy sure defence:
On thy protection I have rais'd
My Tow'r of Confidence.

2. Thou, O my Soul, to God hast said,
Thou art my Sovereign,
Far above Merit plac'd; to Thee
My goodness is no gain.

3. But to thy Saints, whose vertuous lives
On Earth are excellent:
In their converse my pleased Soul
Enjoys a full Content.

4. Sorrows on Sorrows multipli'd
Shall their false hearts subdue;
Who hurried on by hasty zeal
Another God pursue.

5. At their Drink-offerings of Bloud
I will no Off'ring make.
Nor mention of their hated Names
Within my Lips will take.

6. The Lord alone the Portion is
Of mine Inheritance ;
He fills my Cup with Blessings, He
Maintains my happy Chance.

7. The Lines are pleasantly laid out,
That give my dwelling Bounds ;
My large Demesns rich Tribute pay
From fair and Fruitful Grounds.

8. God will I bless, whose Counsels give
My understanding Light ;
Yea even my Reins instruct me, in
The silence of the Night.

9. God is still present to my Eye,
Still ready at my Hand ;
Supported by his powerful Arm
I shall unmoved stand.

10. Therefore my Heart with gladness fill'd
Swells my enlarged Brest :
My Tongue sings Glories, yea my Flesh
In a firm Hope shall rest.

11. My Soul a Pris'ner in the Grave
Thou wilt not leave to be ;
Nor let Thy Holy One the Dust
Of dull Corruption see.

12. Thou wilt shew me the Path of Life,
Full joys Thy Face attend :

The

The Pleasures at Thy Right hand plac'd
All length of time transcend.

P S A L M XVII.

1. **L**ord, Hear the Right, My Pray'r at-
 Give Ear unto my Cry; (tend,
 Sent up from Lips yet never stain'd
 With vile Hypocrisie.
2. My Sentence from Thy Presence let
 Thy Purer Lips decree;
 And Thy impartial Eye my ways,
 And equal dealings see.
3. Thou by severest Tests hast prov'd
 Whether my heart were right:
 And visitedst my secret thoughts
 In silence of the Night.
4. Try'd me Thou hast, and yet hast found
 Nothing of wilful guile:
 For I am purpos'd that vain words
 Shall not my mouth defile.
5. As for the works of worldly men,
 The Dictates of thy Law
 Have kept me from th' Oppressors ways,
 Which sure destruction draw.
6. Hold

6. Hold up my goings in the Paths,
Where Thy Commandments guide :
Lest Sin supplant my slipp'ry Feet,
And I from Thee should slide.

7. Thee have I call'd upon, O Lord !
For thou my voice wilt hear :
O hear my voice, to my Requests
Incline thy gracious Ear.

8. Shew forth Thy wondrous Love, O Thou,
Who sav'st by Thy Right hand
Those that have put their trust on Thee,
From such as them withstand.

9. Keep me as safe, as Thou would'st keep,
The Apple of Thine Eye :
Hide me that by Thy Brooding Wings
I may o'reshadow'd Lie.

10. Free from the Rage of wicked men,
That proudly Tyrannize
O're my besieged Soul, and Plots
Against my Life devise.

11. They are inclosed in the Fat
Of their Luxurious Ease ;
In the vain boastings of their Tongues,
Their Arrogance they please.

12. Close watch upon our walks they lay,
By them encompas'd round ;

Setting

Setting their treach'rous Eyes bow'd
Unto the humble Ground. (down

13. Like a starv'd Lion sharply set
On the pursuit of Prey ;
Or a young Lion lurking in
Some Covert of the way.

14. Up Lord, defeat him, Cast him down,
That he ne're rise again :
Save, by thy Sword, from wicked Ones ;
Save, by thy Hand, from Men :

15. Men of the world, who in this Life
Set up their wretched Rest ;
Whose Bellies plentifully Thou
With thy hid Stores dost Feast.

16. Their num'rous children, to the full,
Of thy abundance feed :
And their superfluous wealth bequeath
To their succeeding Seed.

17. But I the glories of thy Face,
In Righteousness will see :
O'rejoy'd, when waking I shall find
Thine Image stamp't on me.

PSALM XVIII.

1. **T**Hee will I love, my Lord, my strength,
My Rock, my Fort, my Pow'r,
My Shield, my Saviour, my God,
My Horn of Health, my Tow'r.
2. Thee, Lord, will I invoke, whose Name
Deserved Praises Crown :
So shall I saved be from those,
That would my Life cast down.
3. Sorrows, as of the dreadful Grave,
My Life inclos'd did hold :
The Flouds of *Belial* over me
Like moving Mountains roll'd.
4. Sorrows of Soul-tormenting Hell
I every where did meet :
The snares of horrid Death surpriz'd
The motions of my Feet.
5. In this distress, unto my God,
I my sad cries did rear,
He from His Temple heard ; My voice
Reach'd His inclining Ear.
6. Then quak'd the aguish Earth, the Hills
Their tott'ring Bases shook,
And trembled at the Angry stroke
Of his consuming look.

7. Forth from his Nostrils did a Cloud
 Of Pitch dark smoke aspire ;
 His mouth breath'd scorching flames, at
 Coals quickn'd into Fire. (which

8. He made the arch'd Expanse of Heav'n
 Bow like a sheet of Lead,
 As he came down, his Feared Feet
 Did dismal darkness tread.

9. He, on a Flaming Cherub set,
 Did cut the yielding Sky ;
 And mounted on the Aery Back
 Of winged winds did fly.

10. Darkness He made His Secret Place,
 Black Flouds did Moat his Tent ;
 And Canopy'd it was with Clouds
 Of the thick Firmament.

11. At the bright Majesty, which did
 His glorious Face attire
 Those Mists dissolving poured down
 Hail-stones, and Coals of Fire.

12. Then did th' Almighty's dreadful Voice
 Break forth in thundring dire ;
 And sulph'ry Clouds apace discharg'd
 Hail-stones, and Coals of Fire.

13. His fatal Showrs of Fiery Darts
 My scatter'd Foes did quell ;

Revengeful Lightnings shot them down
To the Abyss of Hell.

14. Recoiling seas in haste disclos'd
Their Oazy Beds below ;
The Worlds disjoyned Fabrick did
Its torn Foundations shew.

15. At Thy Rebuke, All-Dreadful God,
They in Confusion fled :
At the fierce Blasts Thy Nostrils breath'd
They shrunk into their Head.

16. From the Æthereal Tow'rs he sent
Where he o're all presides :
He took, He drew me from the Rag
Of overwhelming tydes.

17. From my strong Adversaries, He
My lab'ring Life did free :
And from their deadly hate, for they
Too potent were for me.

18. They in that feared day, when black
Calamities assai'd
Prevented me, but in the Lord
My strengthned Arm prevail'd.

19. He my confined Feet inlarg'd,
And set me safely free :
For pleas'd he was to cast an Eye
Of Favour upon me.

20. Just as I was in Heart, in Hands
With wickedness unstain'd;
So my Reward from my good God
In Mercy I obtain'd.

21. For I have kept the ways of God,
And walk'd in the straight Path:
Nor turn'd with Impious Libertines
Apostate from my Faith.

22. His judgments were before my Face,
His Statutes in Mine Eye:
Upright I was, and kept my self
From mine Iniquity.

23. Just therefore, as I was in Heart,
In hands with Vice unstain'd:
So my reward from my good God
In Mercy I obtain'd.

24. To him, that Mercy doth extend,
Thy Mercy shall abound:
And of the upright man, Thou wilt
In uprightnes be found.

25. With those, that pure in Spirit are,
Thou purely wilt converse:
Perversly Thou wilt shew thy self,
To those that are perverse.

26. Thou wilt th' afflicted people save,
That on thy Help rely'd,

But shalt bring down the haughty Looks
Of supercilious Pride.

27. Thou my expiring Taper shalt
 Renew with Light Divine :
 And in my saddest Darkness make
 Thy Beams of Comfort shine.

28. By Thee have I charg'd through a Troop,
 And ran an Army down :
 Help'd by my God, I leap'd the Wall
 Of a well-guarded Town.

29. The ways of God Perfection are,
 His Word as silver try'd :
 He's a firm Buckler to all those
 That on his power confide.

30. Who, but Jehovah, is a God ?
 Who is a Rock but He ?
 'Tis he that girds me with fresh strength,
 And doth my passage free.

31. He makes my Feet that they out-strip
 The Mountain-Hinds swift heel :
 He taught my hands to fight, and they
 Break ev'n a Bow of Steel.

32. Thou gav'st me thy All-saving shield,
 Thy right hand me sustain'd :
 And by Thy Gentle Discipline,
 My greatness I have gain'd.

33. My walks, by thee inlarg'd, were left
 So unconfin'd, and clear,
 That my firm footings fail'd me not,
 Nor slipt away through fear.

34. I chas'd, and overtook my Foes,
 In their amazed Flight :
 Nor turn'd, till I beheld them all
 Quell'd, and confounded quite.

35. Helpless to rise, from gaping wounds
 Their fainting souls did fleet :
 Their mangled trunks a pavement made
 For my victorious Feet.

36. 'Twas thou, who didst, with might for war
 My strengthned Loins inclose :
 Thou mad'st them sink beneath my Arm,
 That in Rebellion rose.

37. 'Twas thou, who didst their stubborn
 To my just yoke subdue ; (necks
 That I might crush their cursed Lives,
 That me with hate pursue.

38. They cry'd for help, but helpless found
 That there was none to save :
 Ev'n to the Lord they cry'd aloud,
 But He no answer gave.

39. Then did I beat them small as Dust,
 Toss'd by each wanton Blast ;

And, as the filth of stinking Streets,
Out of my sight did cast.

40. Thou freed'st me from the Peoples Rage,
Mad'st me the Heathen's Head :
And Nations, whom I have not known,
Unto my service fled.

41. No sooner had they heard of me
But they as soon obey'd :
And strangers at my Feet themselves
In low submission laid.

42. The strangers shall consume away,
Not daring to appear :
But vanish to their close Retreats,
Hid in ignoble fear.

43. Th' Almighty lives, Blest be my Rock,
Let God be still renown'd :
By whose victorious Arm, my head
Is with Salvation crown'd.

44. 'Tis God that my Revenge pursues :
The people he Subjects
To my commands ; and from my foes
My loved Life protects.

45. Me hast Thou rais'd above their Rage
That with bold Insolence
Against me rose. And sav'd me from
The Man of Violence.

46. For

46. For this, before the Heathen, I
 Will thee devoutly bless ;
 And the high Praises of thy Name,
 In sacred Songs confess.

47. He Mightily his King protects :
 Endless his Mercies be
 On *David*, his Anointed, and
 His blest Posterity.

PSALM XIX.

1. **T**He Glorious Heav'ns Jehovahs great
 Magnificence declare :
 Earths Starry Cieling shews how rich
 His handy-workings are.
2. Day unto Day doth celebrate,
 And Night to Night proclaim,
 Without the help of Speech, or tongue,
 The wonders of his Fame.
3. From Pole to Pole, and to the Worlds
 Extreams, their voice is sent :
 There hath th' All-searching Eye of Day
 Fix'd his illustrious tent.
4. Deckt, as a Bridegroom, he doth from
 His wat'ry Chambers rise ;
 And, as a Gyant, Courage takes
 His Race to Enterprise.

5. Forth

5. Forth from the Rosie East he shapes
His Circuit to the West :
And by his heat, what's on Earths back,
Or in her Womb, is blest.
6. Gods Precepts perfect are, and turn
The soul from seeking Lyes ;
His testimonies firmly sure,
And make the simple wife.
7. His Laws are just, and fill the heart
With ravishing delight :
The sacred Dictates of his Mouth
Illuminate the sight.
8. His Fear is from all Mixture clean,
And never can decay :
True are the judgments he Decrees,
And righteous every way.
9. More priz'd than Gold, than Magazines
With Ophir Ingots fill'd :
Sweeter than Honey, and the Drops
From melting Combs distill'd.
10. By them thy servant, in thy ways,
Is taught to guide his Heart :
And he that them observes, shall find
Reward beyond Desert.
11. Who knows to what unnumber'd height
His frequent faults are grown ?

O cleanse me from the many Sins
To my false thoughts unknown !

12. From bold presumptions keep me back,
Lest they Dominion gain :
So shall I shun the great Offence,
And Innocent remain.

13. O let the Pray'rs, and thoughts, which
A zealous heart I pour, (from
Be pleasing in thy sight, my Lord,
My strength, my Saviour !

PSALM XX.

1. IN the sad Day of fear'd distress,
The Lord attend thy Cry ;
The mighty Name of Jacob's God,
Defend thee from on high.

2. Thee from his Sanctuary aid,
From Sion strength reflect :
Remember all thine Offerings,
And Sacrifice respect.

3. As great as thine own heart can wish,
So grant thee happiness :
And with desir'd Prosperity
Thy Pious Counsels bless.

4. In thy Salvation we rejoice ;
 In our Gods Name we will
 Our conquering Banners raise on high ;
 The Lord thy Pray'rs fulfil.

5. I know God His Anointed saves,
 He to his voice attends
 In Heav'n His holy Throne ; And him
 By His right Hand defends.

6. Some trust in Armed Chariots, some
 In Steeds for War design'd,
 But we the Name of God the Lord
 Will only call to mind.

7. Down are they cast, their slaughter'd
 Bestrew th' ignoble Sand ; (Limbs
 Whil'st, mounted on their Ruines, we,
 Like Rocks unmoved, stand.

8. Save Lord, and let the King of Heav'n
 His Ears of favour lend ;
 When unto him our faithful Cries
 With fervent Zeal ascend.

PSALM XXI.

1. **L**ord, in the strength of thy Defence,
 How shall the King rejoice ?
 In thy Salvation, how shall He
 Lift his exulting Voice ?

2. Thou

2. Thbu hast confirm'd his hearts desire,
Nor by delays suppress
His suit, before thy Mercy-seat,
With Zealous Lips addrest.
3. Thou dost, with Mercy in full Show'rs,
Prevent his early Pray'rs :
And with a Crown of Radiant Gold
Circle his precious hairs.
4. Life he petition'd for ; and Life
Thou freely gav'st him : Ev'n
Years to outlast the Date of time,
Years as the days of Heav'n.
5. In thy Protection greatly is
His glory dignifi'd :
Honor and awful Majesty
Still on his Brow reside.
6. Him thou hast rich in Blessings made,
That Age, and Fate defie :
His joys are boundless, in the Light
Of thy Life-quic'ning Eye.
7. In the Almighty's aid the King
Strong Confidence doth place :
Establish'd by his Favor, as
The Worlds Eternal Base.
8. Thy hand shall thine Opposers find ;
Thy Right hand shall subdue,

And

And fling swift vengeance on their heads,
That thee with hate pursue.

9. Them as an Oven, thou shalt make
Grown red with sev'n-fold Fire;
In fury God shall swallow them,
And they in flames expire.

10. Thou from the Burthen of their fruit
Shalt free the groaning Earth;
Nor shall their hated Seed increase
The son's of humane Birth.

11. For they, maliciously, 'gainst thee
Contriv'd a subtle Train:
Mischief they plotted in their thoughts,
But their attempts were vain.

12. Them therefore shalt Thou put to flight,
When Thou shalt ready place
Thy fatal Arrows on the strings
Against their cursed Face.

13. Lord, in the strength of thine own Arm,
Do thou thy Trophies raise:
Whilst we thy Pow'r in songs proclaim,
And Eternize thy Praise.

P S A L M XXII.

1. **M**Y God ! my God ! why hast thou me
Forsaken in Distress ?
Oh ! why so far from help, and from
The roaring's I express ?
2. Oh ! my dear God, by day I cry,
Yet thou deni'st thine Ear :
And in the silence of the Night,
I cannot silence bear.
3. But Thou art Holy, and the Praise
Of *Israel* ; On thee
Our Fathers put their trust, and They
Did Thy Salvation see.
4. To thee they cri'd, and thy right hand
Mighty Deliv'rance wrought ;
On thee they trusted, and were not
To fear'd confusion brought.
5. But I a Worm, no Man esteem'd,
Become the Peoples Mock :
Made by the giddy Multitude
A scorned gazing stock.
6. All they that see me in proud scorn
Scoffe at mine Agony ;
They shoot the Lip, they shake the head,
And say blasphemously,

7. This is the Man that vainly thought
 Help in his God to have :
 If his God like him, let him come,
 Come if he will, and save.

8. Thou took'it me from the lab'ring Womb,
 On Thee my hope did rest
 When yet I suck'd a weak life from
 My Mothers Milky Breast.

9. Born naked in the Midwives hand
 Ev'n then was I thy care :
 My God art thou, e're since I came
 Into the common Air.

10. But do not thou stand off, for Oh !
 Distress approaches near :
 And save thy Mighty self ; there's none,
 None that can help me here.

11. Bulls fierce, and many, that ne're knew
 The Tamers hand, surround ;
 Strong Bulls, whose pamper'd heel's fling
 Ba'shan's high-feeding Ground.

12. Thus having compass'd me, they stretch
 Their wide devouring Jaws,
 Like a starv'd Lion, When the Prey
 Is sure within his Paws.

13. As from a broken Conduit-head,
 My Life like water streams ;
My

My heart melts out, as wax, before
The Noon Sun's fiery Beams.

14. My vigor in my sapless Limbs,
Is like a Potsheard dry'd :
My tongue cleaves to my Jaws, and I
In Dust of Death reside.

15. On all sides to Extreams reduc'd,
Dogs keep me up at Bay :
And Troops of wicked men surround ;
Men verier Beasts then they.

16. My hands they pierce, my feet they bore,
I all my bones may tell ;
Then stare me in the face with Eyes,
Where Pity ne're did dwell.

17. Nor with my Life content, my Clothes
Amongst themselves they share,
And straight the doubtful Die decides
Whose spoils my Garments are.

18. But be not thou, my God, far off,
Regardless of my Grief ; (come,
Stir up thy strength, my strength, and
Come quick to my Relief :

19. My soul save from the cruel Sword,
That's ready to devour :
Rescue my only Darling fro n
The Dogs accursed pow'r.

20. O snatch me from the Lions teeth ;
Thou from the Unicorns
Hast heard, when I a desp'rate mark
Stood for their fatal horns.

21. I to my Brethren will declare
The Glories of thy Name ;
And in th' Assemblies of the Just
Thy sacred Praise proclaim.

22. Ye that fear God, his Praise advance ;
All ye of *Jacob*'s race,
Exalt him : and let *Israels* seed
Devoutly seek his Face.

23. He looks not on th' afflicted's grief,
With a despising Eye :
Nor turns his Back ; but lends his Ear
Propitious to their Cry.

24. I in the solemn Feasts will blaze
Thy high Renown, and pay
My Vows before thy Saints, who thee
With humble fear obey.

25. The Meek shall eat, and satisfie
Their hungry souls desires :
They that seek God shall sing his Fame
In Life that ne're expires.

26. Thee shall the dwellers of each Pole
At last recount, and turn :
And

And Gentiles on thine Altars shall
Sweet smoking Incense burn.

27. Jehovah Reigns ; nor place, nor time,
His Empire comprehends :
The Eastern, and the Western Sun
Down to his Scepter bends.

28. The Fat shall eat, and worship ; They
In the base dust that roul
Before Him bow ; And none can keep
Alive his own lov'd Soul.

29. Yet shall a seed select spring up
His Name to celebrate ;
A stock devoted to the Lord
A Nation Consecrate.

30. They shall spring up, and to a Race
Ev'n yet unborn confess
His justice, that 'tis God alone,
God works our Righteousness.

PSALM XXIII.

1. **G**od by whose Providence we live,
Whose care secures our rest,
My Shepherd is, no ill can touch,
Nor want my Soul infest.

2. He makes Luxuriant flowry Meads
 Serve me for food, and Ease:
 And leads me where the cooling Streams
 My thirsty heat appease.
3. He, by his Sp'rit, my Soul restores,
 And doth my feet reclaim
 Unto the peaceful Paths of Grace,
 That I may praise his Name.
4. Were I to pass that Vale, where Death
 Dwells in a dismal Shade,
 Thou present with thy rod and staff,
 No fear should me invade.
5. My full-serv'd Table thou sett'st forth
 Before my envious Foes.
 My head rich oyls perfume, my Cup
 With Gen'rous wine o'reflows.
6. Mercy, and goodness all my Days
 Shall me pursue, and I
 Will in thy Temple dwell, till time
 Put off Mortality.

PSALM XXIII. Or thus.

1. **T**He Lord's My Shepherd, Therefore I
 Can nothing want: In flow'ry Meads
 And Pastures green He makes me lie,
 And to the quiet Waters leads.

2. *He by His Spirits sweet access
Restores my Soul, And doth reclaim
My Feet to Paths of Righteousness,
That I may Praise His Glorious Name.*

3. *Yea, though I pass the gloomy Vale
Where Death in Horror dwells; No ill,
Since Thou art with me, shall appale;
Thy Rod, Thy Staff's my Comfort still.*

4. *My Table Thou hast fairly spread
In presence of my vexed foes;
Rich Oyls perfume my envi'd head,
My Cup with Gen'rous wine o'reflows.*

5. *Mercy and Goodness all my days
Shall surely follow me; And I
Will in Thy Temple sing Thy Praise
Till Life puts off Mortality.*

PSALM XXIV.

1. *T*H' Earth is the Lords, and all that in
Her fruitful Womb doth lie,
The World, and all that dwell beneath
Heav'n's Starry Canopy.

2. *He hath upon still-working Seas
Her self-poys'd Fabrick stay'd:
And on the never constant flouds,
Her constant Basis laid.*

3. Who shall into the sacred Mount,
Where God resides, ascend ?
Who in his Sanctuary shall
For ever blest attend ?
4. He that with spotless hands preserves
A heart Vice-undefil'd :
Not puft in Soul, nor hath his friend
With treach'rous Oaths beguil'd.
5. Upon his Head th' Almighty will
Distil rich blessings down ;
With righteousness his Saviour shall
His happy Temples crown.
6. This is the seed of them that seek
God in the ways of Grace :
That seek, with *Jacob*'s faithful seed,
The God of *Jacob*'s Face.
7. Lift up your heads, ye Gates ; Lift up
E'relasting Doors be ye :
The King of Glory comes ; he comes
In Glorious Majesty.
8. Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord for pow'r renown'd :
By his own pow'r and Fortitude,
The Lord in Battel Crown'd.
9. Lift up your heads, ye Gates ; Lift up
E'relasting Doors be ye :
The

The King of Glory comes ; He comes
In Glorious Majesty.

10. Who is this King of glory ? Who ?
God that doth conquest bring
To Armies by his pow'ful Arm,
God is of Glory King.

PSALM XXV.

1. **T**O thee, my God, my Soul I lift,
In thee my trust I place ;
Abase me not, nor let my foes
Triumph in my Disgrace.
2. Suffer no shame to cloud their Eyes,
Whose hopes on thee depend :
But let confusion seize on them,
That causlessly offend.
3. Discover to my blinded Eyes
The secret ways of Grace ;
That I by thy instruction taught,
The paths of Life may trace.
4. Guide, and inform me in thy Truth,
My God, my Saviour ; I,
Day after day attend, till thou
Address thee to my Cry.

5. Recount thy tender Mercies, Lord,
 Those Bowels of thy love,
 Which did, before time had a Birth,
 Thy sure **Compassions** move.

6. Call not to mind the looser heats
 Of my **Licentious Youth** :
 As thy **Compassions** boundless are ;
 Regard me in thy **truth**.

7. Perfectly good is God, he will
 The wandring feet address.
 Of sin-stray'd souls, through paths of Gracce
 To seats of Happiness.

8. In judgment he will guide the Meek,
 The humble teach his way ;
 Which Mercy is, and Truth to such
 As his **Commands** obey.

9. For th' honor of thy glorious Name
 Thy pity I intreat :
 Pardon my many sins, O Lord !
 Lord pardon, they are great.

10. What Man is he **that** serves the Lord
 With a Religious Fear ?
 Him shall He teach to chuse the ways
 In which he cannot erre.

11. In Mansions of Tranquillity
 His Soul shall dwell at Ease :
His

His happy off-spring shall possess
The promis'd Land of Peace.

12. God his mysterious secrets doth
To such meek hearts disclose,
As rev'rence him ; His Cov'nants are
Known, and Confirm'd to those.

13. I to the Lord will still direct
My faithful Eyes ; For He
Shall my ensnared Feet restore
To perfect Liberty.

14. Thy Life-reviving Countenance,
In Mercy, Lord, return :
I am to Desolation brought,
With great Afflictions worn.

15. The troubles of my grieved heart
Upon me are inlarg'd :
Free me from that Distress, wherewith
My soul is overcharg'd.

16. Let thy relenting Eye regard
My Pain, and Miseries :
And, O ! forgive my multipli'd,
My great Iniquities.

17. Behold my foes, whose numbers as
My suff'rings do increase :
Their Hate's a hate, that nothing but
My Ruine can appease.

18. O keep and save my Soul, let not
Confusion cover me :
For with unwearied Patience I
Have built my hopes on thee.

19. Let Uprightness my Life preserve,
For I depend on Thee :
Thy chosen *Israel*, O God
From all his troubles free.

PSALM XXVI.

1. Just judge of Men, judge me that walk
In mine Integrity :
I cannot slide, since my firm hope,
Is anchor'd upon Thee.

2. Examine, Lord, prove if I be
Corrupt in any part :
Search through the Secrets of my Reins,
And Caverns of my heart.

3. On thy experienc'd tender Loves,
My faithful Eyes reflect :
And I have trod the Paths wherein
Thy Truth did me direct.

4. Vain Persons are no Men for me ;
I'll not be seen among
Two-fac'd Dissemblers, whose false heart
Is stranger to their tongue.

5. Of sin-Contrivers I abhor
 Th' infectious Commerce :
 With persons given up to Vice
 I'le not at all converse.

6. But I, thine Altars will, with Hands
 Wash't in fair Innocence
 Encompass ; mixing pious Vows
 With smoking Frankincense.

7. There, with the voice of thanks, will I
 Sound thy deserved Praise :
 Thy mighty Acts in sacred Songs
 To admiration raise.

8. Lord I have Lov'd the walls in which
 Thy holy Ark abides ;
 Those glorious Tabernacles, where
 Thy Majesty resides.

9. O gather not my soul with Men
 On Villany intent :
 Nor shut my Life with such, whose deeds
 Their bloudy hearts prevent.

10. Whose hands, through prosp'ring wicked-
 ness In mischiefs are grown bold : (ness
 Their right hands, fill'd with tempting
 Justice betray for gold. (bribes

11. But as for me, I still will walk
 In mine Integrity :

Save me, my God, and let thy sure
Compassions succour me.

12. My Feet stand ev'n and firm, I will
Thy high renown proclaim ;
Where thine Assemb'l'd Saints invoke
Thy most adored Name.

PSALM XXVII.

1. **G**od my Salvation is, my Light ;
Then empty fears farewell :
He's my Life's strength, why should I dread
The pow'rs of Earth, or Hell ?
2. When wicked men my foes came on
To make my flesh their Prey :
They stumbling fell; And what they meant
Mine, prov'd their fatal Day.
3. Were I by troops embattell'd charg'd,
My courage should not yield :
Should horrid wars arise, in this
I my assurance build.
4. One thing I crave, and will pursue
With never-fainting Pray'r ;
That Gods House may be mine, whilst I
Breath Life-prolonging Air :

5. That

5. That his illustrious Beauties I,
Soul-ravish'd may admire :
And in his sacred Temple may
His Oracles inquire.

6. He in his Tent shall me conceal
From evil times secur'd :
Hid in his Closet I shall sit,
As on a Rock immur'd.

7. And now mine envi'd Temples are
With glorious Lawrels crown'd,
Above my impious foes, that me
Maliciously surround.

8. Therefore on his Pure Altars I
With joy will Sacrifice :
Him will I sing, my songs shall raise
His glory to the Skies.

9. Lord to the voice of my requests
Bend thy propitious Ear :
When I thy sacred Name invoke,
Do thou in Mercy hear.

10. No sooner seek my face, said'st thou,
But quickned by thy Grace,
My ready heart as soon repli'd,
Lord I will seek thy Face.

11. Vail not thy clouded Brow, nor in
Displeasure me reject :
Thou

Thou hast me helpt, O leave me not;
Thou only canst protect.

12. When I, by them that gave me Life,
Was to the World expos'd:
Th' Almighties everlasting Arms
Securely me inclos'd.

13. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and in
A Path of Plainness lead:
For my Mischievous-minded foes
Watch every step I tread.

14. Give me not to th' unbridled will
Of bloody Enemies:
False witness they suborn, that breath
Unheard of Cruelties.

15. Were I not sure in that blest Land
Where joys immortal are,
To see thy goodness, my faint Sp'rit
Had yielded to despair.

16. Wait on the Lord by patient Hope,
Let not thy courage bend:
He shall confirm thee, if by Faith
Thou on thy God attend.

PSALM XXVIII.

1. **T**O thee my God, my Rock, I cry,
O do not silence keep!
Left like the pris'ners of the Grave
I in oblivion sleep.
2. To the sad voice of my complaints
A gracious answer send:
VVhen I before thy Oracle
My craving hands extend.
3. Draw me not forth with wicked men,
VWhose business is their sin:
Teeth-outward they are peace, but all
Rancour, and war within.
4. Deal ill with them, as ill they deal,
And mischief only Mind:
Such as their work is, so let them
Deserved wages find.
5. Since they thy mighty Acts despise,
And what thy hands have wrought:
Build them not up, but let them be
To swift destruction brought.
6. Blest be the great Jehovah, who
From the Star-spangled Spheres,
VVhen I oppress my Pray'rs pour forth,
Bends his Propitious Ears.

7. God is my strength, my shield, in him
I trusted, and found aid :
My heart exults, and in my song
His praise shall be display'd.

8. Th' Almighty is our strength, from Him
Salvation we expect :
'Tis he that his anointed doth,
By his strong arm, protect.

9. Save, Pow'rful God, thy chosen Ones,
And bless thine Heritage :
Feed, lift them up, till time outgrow
Th' Arithmetick of Age.

PSALM XXIX.

1. YE Mighty ones, whose nobler birth
Intitles to a Crown :
Give strength unto the Lord of Lords,
Give glory and Renown.

2. The glory due to his great Name,
Let your glad tongues confess :
Adore him in the beauty of
His glorious Holiness.

3. The voice of the Almighty makes
The trembling waters quake :
The God of Glory thunders out,
The deeps affrighted shake :

4. The voice of this great God in Pow'r
Strikes through the marble Sky :
The voice of this illustrious God
Is full of Majesty.
5. The voice of this All-pow'rful God
Breaks lofty Cedars down ;
Proud Cedars, which the shady Cliffs
Of Lebanon do crown.
6. He makes them skip like startled calves
Scar'd with the Woodmans horn :
Whil'st Lebanon, and Syron bound
Like the young Unicorn.
7. At his dread voice dire flames their way
Through sulph'ry clouds do tear ;
If he but speak, the desart quakes,
And Kadesh shakes for fear.
8. His voice makes trembling Hinds to Calve
And strips the Forrest bare :
Throughout his Temple there's no tongue
But doth his Praise declare.
9. The Lord sits on the Flouds, and doth
The rolling Tydes command :
The Lord sits King o're all ; his Throne
From Age to Age shall stand.
10. The Lord on his redeemed ones
Confirms his strength, and Pow'r :
F. The

The Lord on his Inheritance
Blessings of Peace shall show'r.

PSALM XXX.

1. **T**Hee will I sing, my God; for Thou
Hast set my head on high,
Above the Triumphs, and proud scorns
Of my fear'd Enemy.
2. **T**o thee, O Lord, my fervent Cries
With winged Faith ascend:
My griefs I told, and soon thou didst
Thy healing hand extend.
3. **T**hou from the Jaws of greedy Death
My sinking soul did'st save:
Thou gav'st me Life, lest I should go
Down to the gaping grave.
4. **S**ing to the Lord, ye Saints of His,
And let your Songs confess
In thankful verse, the Memory
Of his great Holiness.
5. **H**is wrath's short-liv'd, his favour's Life:
Grief may possess the Night,
But joy dispels those stormy Clouds,
At the return of Light.

6. Wealth rol'd in on me, my Designs
Desir'd successles Crown'd :
Then foolishly, said I, What now
Can move me from my Ground.

7. Thy favours fix'd me like the Hills,
Which in the Center Bed :
Thou hidd'st thy Face, and I (vain Man)
Hung down my drooping head.

8. Then (when to thee compar'd) I saw
How much a nothing's Man,
To thee my cries I pour'd, to thee
By supplication ran.

9. What profit's in my bloud, when Death
Shall shut me under ground ?
Shall dust Praise thee ? forgotten dust !
Shall that thy truth resound ?

10. Regard, my God, let pity move
The Bowels of thy Love :
And with Salvation visit me,
From thy high Tow'rs above.

11. My sorrow thou to joy haft chang'd ;
And cast my Sackcloth by :
With Robes of gladness girded me
Dipt in Phœnician dye.

12. That my exulting tongue thy Praise
' May in loud Anthems sing :

And in my grateful Verse thy fame
Eternally may Ring.

PSALM XXXI.

1. **T**Hou, great Jehovah, art my trust,
Let not confusion be
A cov'ring to my down-cast Eyes ;
In justice set me free.
2. Bow down thy pitying Ear, with speed
Unto my rescue fly :
Be thou my Rock, my Castle, where
I may in safety lie.
3. Thou, my strong Mountain art, my Fort,
So oft in dangers tri'd :
For thy great Name, O lead me forth,
And me securely guide.
4. Snatch me away from th' unseen Nets,
Which treach'rously include
My heedless walks : Thou art Alone
God of my Fortitude.
5. To thee my spirit I commend,
Thou hast redeemed me ;
And hast declar'd thy self a God
Of endless Verity.

6. I hate the men, who falsly seek
Fond vanity, and lyes :
But my assured Confidence,
On thee alone relies.
7. Thy Mercies joy my heart, in them
My triumphs I express :
Thou saw'st my grief, and knew'st my soul
When lab'ring in distress.
8. Thou hast not shut me in the Hand
Of my Proud Enemy :
But hast enlarg'd my straitned feet
To Paths of Liberty.
9. Pity me, Lord, and my distress :
Sorrow consumes mine Eye,
My soul's deprest, my Bowels pine
With wasting Misery.
10. My life's grief-spent, my hours and years
I measure by my Groans :
My sin unnerves me, and hath left
No Marrow in my Bones.
11. Scorn'd by my foes, by Neighbors more,
Made to my friends a Fright ;
They see, and fly me, as some Ghost,
Or Goblin of the Night.
12. Forgot like one, whom no man knows
How long since he was not :

No more consider'd, than the Sherd's
Of some base shatter'd Pot.

13. Slander'd by false envenom'd Tongues,
Beset with terrors round :
Whilst they conspire, how they may lay
My head below the Ground.

14. Thou art my trust, my God, said I ;
My times are in thy Hand :
Save me from them, that 'gainst my Life
With mortal hatred band.

15. O let the Soul-reviving Beams
Of thine illustrious Face
Shine on thy Servant : pity take !
And me in safety place.

16. Let not reproach my life attacque,
My cries invoke thy aid :
Shame seize the wicked ; in the Grave
Be they to silence laid.

17. Seal up the lying Lips, which from
A proud contemptuous heart,
At the despised Righteous man
Malicious flanders dart.

18. O how Immense that goodness is,
Treasur'd and wrought by thee
In the worlds Eyes for those that fear,
And trust thy Verity.

19. Close

19. Close from the Pride of man thou shalt
 Them in thy presence hide :
 In thy Pavilion they shall free
 From strife of tongues abide.

20. Blest be th' Almighty's sacred Name,
 Who hath the wonders shown
 Of his great love, and me secur'd
 In a well fenced Town.

21. Rashly I said, I am cut off
 From thine all-pitying Eyes :
 Yet when I pray'd thou heard'it the voice
 Of my ascending Cries.

22. O love the Lord, ye Saints of his,
 For he the faithful guards :
 And, him that arrogantly deals,
 Deservedly rewards.

23. Be of good courage then, and he
 Your hearts shall fortifie :
 All ye who on the Lord your God
 With firm-fix'd hope rely.

PSALM XXXII.

1. **B**lest is the man that pardon finds
 For his Enormities :
 Whose sins in Mercy cover'd are,
 From Gods all-searching Eyes.

2. Thrice blest is he, on whose accompts
His faults uncharged rest :
In whom the Judge of hearts finds not
Fraud in a faithless Breast.
3. My bones wax't old, whilst I took care
To smother up my sin :
My roarings wak't the tardy Morn ;
And shut the day-light in.
4. Heavy by day thy hand doth lie,
And Night no comfort yields :
My moisture's like the Summer drought,
In Sun-burnt *Libyan* fields.
5. I own'd my sin, and now no more
Hid my Impieties :
No sooner told, but God forgave
All mine Iniquities.
6. For this the just shall thee, by Pray'r,
Seek when thou may'st be found :
From danger they shall fit secure,
Though swelling floods surround.
7. Under thy secret Covert I,
Protected from annoy,
Thy great deliv'rance will extol
Companst with songs of Joy.
8. I will instruct, and teach thee how
To chuse a perfect way :

Mine

Mine Eye shall be thy guide, that thou
May'st not from vertue stray.

9. Be not, as the brute Horse and Mule ;
Whose Mouths the Bit, and Rein
Must hold in, that the Master may
Their head-strong force restrain.
10. Plagues multipli'd the bad attend ;
But who on God confide,
The Right-hand Mercies, and the Left
Embrace on every side.
11. In God rejoice, ye Just, your joy
In songs of triumph sing ;
And let your tongues, ye pure of heart,
Hosannah's loudly ring.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1. **Y**E who the Paths of vertue tread
Extol the Lord ; for Praise
Is lovely, when the Just send up
Their thanks in sacred Layes.
2. Strike up the solemn Harp, your voice
Tune to the Psaltery ;
And let a soft-touch'd ten-string'd Lute
Make up the Melody,

3. Chant forth some rare composed Air
Unsung in any Land ;
Play loud, till charmed Angels hear
The Musick of your Hand.
4. Right is the Word, which from the Mouth
Of God the Lord proceeds :
His Truth in the Design appears
And End of all His Deeds.
5. Justice, and judgment uncorrupt,
Th' Almightsies pleasure are :
The Blessings of the Pregnant Earth
His goodness do declare.
6. The All-encircling orbs of Heav'n,
As in a Mould he cast :
His mouth the Starry Regiments
Created at a blast.
7. He th' angry Seas, pil'd up on heaps,
In shore-bound walls doth keep :
And treasures up th' alternate tides
In Cellars of the deep.
8. Then let the Earths Extent the Pow'r
Of great Jehovah fear :
Let all that dwell from Pole to Pole,
His awful Name revere.
9. He spake the word ; as soon as heard,
Th' effect straight made it good :

He gave command, and what he will'd
On firm foundations stood.

10. Ambitious Nations lay designs,
He kills them in the seed :
Quells the brain-busie Peoples plots,
Like an abortive breed.

11. But for his Counsels, they exceed
Times everlasting date :
His purpose stands from age to age
Above the check of Fate.

12. Happy the Man is, for whose God
God doth himself declare :
Happy that People he selects
For his peculiar Care.

13. The Lord, from the Celestial Tow'rs,
Sees all of humane Birth ;
And from his Starry Mansion views
The Tenants of the Earth.

14. He one by one in the same Form
Fashions the heart of Man :
And all their thoughts, both good and bad
Doth in the Ballance scan.

15. Numerous Armies do not give
Protection to a King :
Strength, to the Mighty (in distress)
Cannot deliv'rance bring.

16. When

16. When life, or freedom lies at stake,
 How helpless is an Horse?
 It is not in his pow'r to save,
 How great so e're's his force.

17. The Lord on those that fear his Name,
 Reflects a gracious Eye :
 With favour looks on those, whose faith
 Doth to his Mercy fly,

18. To keep them, that they be not food
 For the devouring Grave :
 And, when the staff of Bread decays,
 Their souls alive to save.

19. We for our God attend, for he
 Our succour is, and shield :
 Joy shall us fill, because in him
 Our Confidence we build.

20. So let thy Mercies, Blessed God,
 In show'rs of love descend,
 As on thy favour and thy help
 Our constant hopes depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1. J Ehovah my Eternal aid
 I will at all times bless ;
 My mouth the wonders of his Praise
 For ever shall confess.

2. In God, my Soul shall make her boast,
Him shall my Tongue proclaim :
The humble shall be fill'd with joy,
To hear me found his Fame.
3. Come then, joyn heart, and voice, that we
His Name may Magnifie :
And make our acclamations send
Loud Ecchos to the Sky.
4. I sought the Lord, my zealous Pray'r
Reach't his propitious Ears :
My soul he rescu'd from distress,
And free'd me from my fears.
5. His Beams illuminate their Eyes,
That on his aid reflect ;
Confusion shall not cover them,
Nor shame their looks deject.
6. Consider that poor man, he pray'd,
God pitid his sad Mone :
And eas'd the pressures under which
His troubled soul did grone.
7. His Angels, those that fear his pow'r,
Within their Tents inclose :
And rescue from those dangers, which
Their threatned lives oppose.
8. O taste, and see th' Almighty's Love
How boundless, how immense ;

Blest

Blest above Mortals he that makes
The Lord his confidence.

9. Then serve him, ye his Holy ones;
With filial humble fear:
For they want nothing, whose meek hearts
His Majesty revere.
10. Starv'd Lions for their famish'd young
Roar out, for want of Prey:
But they no good shall lack, that God
Religiously obey.
11. Come, my dear children, to my speech
Lend your attentive Ear;
I will instruct you, what it is
Th' Eternal God to fear.
12. What Man is he that life desires,
And fain good days would see,
Prolong'd to many quiet years,
Crown'd with Prosperity?
13. Refrain thy tongue from evil words;
Thy Lips from falsehood cease:
Depart from Evil, and do Good,
Seek out, and follow Peace.
14. Th' Almighty on the Righteous casts
A favourable Eye:
His Ear's still ready to receive
Th' addresses of their Cry.

15. But

15. But for sin-workers, he 'gainst them
 Sets his avenging Face,
 To kill their cursed memory
 Both in the Root and Race.

16. The Righteous call, the Lord attends,
 Their cares He doth unbind :
 Draws nigh unto the broken heart,
 And faves the contrite mind.

17. The Just Man many Troubles hath
 But God from all sets free :
 He keepeth all his Bones entire,
 Not one shall broken be.

18. Ill shall the ill destroy, and those
 That do the Righteous hate :
 He guards his servants, nor will leave
 The faithful desolate.

PSALM XXXV.

1. **L**ord ! plead my cause with them that
 To overthrow my Right : (strive
 Fight Thou my Battels against them,
 That do against me fight.

2. Advance thy shield, stand to my aid,
 Take spear and stop their way,
 That persecute my soul ; Lo, I
 Am thy Salvation, say.

3. Those that pursue my chased soul,
 Let fear, and shame surprise :
Flight and confusion be their End,
 My ruine that devise.
4. Be they, as chaffe by fighting winds
 Hurri'd from place to place ;
Let Gods revenging Pursevants
 Still have them in the Chase :
5. Dark as the Grave, and slipp'ry as
 New thaw'd, and frozen snow :
Such be their way, and Heav'ns wing'd
 Pursue their overthrow. (Possts)
6. Nets have they set in pits unseen
 Prepar'd to catch me in ;
Whilst they for want of other Crime
 Make innocence my sin.
7. Swifter then thought, let death him seize,
 In his own toils ensnar'd :
Let the same ruine swallow him,
 Which he for me prepar'd.
8. So shall my soul in God exult
 His aid my joys shall raise ;
My very bones shall find a tongue
 To celebrate his Praise.
9. Lord, who's like thee, that sav'st the poor
 From over-pow'rful spite ?

Who is like thee, that sav'st the poor
From the destroyers might?

10. False witness rose, and charg'd me with
Crimes I ne're knew nor thought:
My good with ill they paid, and for
My love, my life they sought.

11. When they were sick, in sackcloth clad
I did from food abstain;
I pray'd for them, and God return'd
My Pray'rs on me again.

12. Do more I could not, had he been
My friend, my only brother:
I hung my head, as one that mourns
The Fun'rals of his Mother.

13. But in my griefs they met, and joy'd,
Yea even the basest fry,
Unknown affront me, and their tongues
Tear me incessantly.

14. The trencher-wits, that jeer for bread,
Make me their Table jest:
They gnash their spightful Teeth, & make
My wounded Fame their Feast.

15. How long? Lord wilt Thou still look on?
From the devouring Grave
Rescue my Soul, My Darling from
The Lions fury save.

16. Then in the great Assemblies I
 Thy Merci's will proclaim :
 My tongue shall far, and wide, divulge
 The Praises of thy Name.

17. Let not my foes (and falsly such)
 Rejoyce them in my wo :
 Let not those wink at me, that hate,
 And why they do not know.

18. Peace is a stranger to their Lips ;
 Deceit, and baneful Lyes,
 Against the Peaceful of the Land
 They treach'rously devise.

19. They run upon me open-mouth'd,
 And with loud railing cries,
 Aha ! Aha ! say they, 'Tis so,
 We saw it with our Eyes.

20. Thou likewise seest ; break silence then,
 Thy present help afford :
 Stir up thy self, awake, and judge
 My Cause, my God, my Lord.

21. Judge me, as thou art just, let not
 Them joy to see me cast :
 Let them not say in heart, so ! so !
 We've swallowed him at last.

22. Shame, and confusion seize them all,
 That sport them in my woes :

Dif.

Disgrace, and infamy o'rewhelm
My proud insulting foes.

23. Let all that favour my just cause
Shout loud, and say, Blest be
Our God, that doth his servant love
And his Prosperity.

24. And I thy justice will extol,
And celebrate thy Name,
As long as I have day to live,
And tongue to sound thy Fame.

PSALM XXXVI.

1. **W**hen I the bold transgressor see,
My whisp'ring thoughts suggest,
God is not in his Prospect, nor
His fear within his Breast.

2. False to himself, he smooths his faults
In his own partial sight :
Till his abhorred sin be found
As open as the Light.

3. Vain are his words, and mix'd with fraud,
His tongue is full of art ;
He's wise no more, and to do well
Ne're comes within his heart.

4. Mischief upon his bed he plots,
 Set against all that's good ;
So far from loathing ill, that now
 'Tis, as it were, his food.
5. Thy Mercy, Lord, in Heaven is Thron'd,
 Thy firm fidelity
Surmounts the lofty Clouds, that in
 The Aery Regions flee.
6. Thy justice, as the Mountains is,
 Thy judgements a vast deep :
Thou man and beast in safety do'st
 By thy protection keep.
7. How exc'lent is thy favour Lord ?
 Under thy wings defence,
The sons of men securely may
 Repose their Confidence.
8. There, with the fatness of thy House,
 Shall they be satisfy'd :
And freely of thy pleasures drink,
 As of the swelling tyde.
9. For th' inexhausted springs of Life
 Flow forth alone from thee :
And we, in thy all-glorious Light,
 Eternal Light shall see.
10. Show'r down thy goodness upon them,
 That do thy goodness know ;

And on the men of upright heart,
O let thy Mercy flow.

11. Defend me, that the foot of Pride
Come not to cast me down :
Support me, that by impious hands
I be not overthrown.

12. There are they fallen, all that work
Those Sins their hearts devise ;
Cast headlong are they, and ne're shall
Have pow'r again to rise.

PSALM XXXVII.

1. **F**ret not to see the wicked fit,
In high Prosperity ;
Nor envy them, whose busines 'tis
To work Iniquity.
2. For as the Mower shears the grafts,
So are they cut and gone ;
And wither as the flow'r expos'd,
Unto the parching Sun.
3. Trust in the Lord, do what is good,
And so possess the Land ;
Fed with the blessings of thy God
On thy industrious hand.

4. Let the Almighty be thy Love,
Thy principal delight :
And with thy hearts desire he shall
Thy Piety requite.
5. Commit thy way unto his Care ;
To him thy faith address :
And be thy buisness ne're so hard,
He'l give desir'd succes.
6. He shall bring forth thy Righteousness
Clear, as the open day :
And thy just judgment as the beams,
Which Noon-tide Suns display.
7. Rest on the Lord, with patience wait ;
And do not vex thy mind,
When prosp'rous great Ones bring to pass
The ills they have design'd.
8. From anger cease, ungovern'd wrath
Be sure to tame or fly :
Fr~~t~~ not, for fear thy murmurings
Worse acts accompany.
9. God shall cut off both Root and Branch,
All that work wickedness :
But they that for his Mercy wait,
The Earth shall still possess.
10. Stay but a-while, the wicked's gone,
As if he had not been :

Search for the place, where once he was,
It is not to be seen.

11. But the meek-hearted shall enjoy
The fruitful Earths increase :
Ravish'd with pleasure, to behold
Th' abundance of his peace.

12. The wicked plots, and gnashes at
The just ones of the Land :
God sees, and laughs ; because he knows,
Their fatal Day's at hand.

13. Th' ungodly have their swords unsheath'd
Their bow stands ready bent,
The poor, and needy to subvert,
And slay the innocent.

14. But their own deadly steel shall through
Its masters bowels pass :
Their treach'rous bow, shall, as they draw,
Shiver like brittle glas.

15. A little that the Righteous hath,
Is better then the wealth
Of many bad ; God breaks their arms,
But is the good mans health.

16. The Lord hath number'd up the days
Of those, whose hearts are pure :
And made them an Inheritance,
For ever to endure.

17. When evil times affail, they shall
 Not hang their drooping head :
 When famine kills on either hand,
 They shall be full of bread.

18. But the ungodly shall decay,
 And those, who God provoke,
 Shall, as the fat of Lambs consume,
 And vanish into smoke.

19. The wicked borrows, and cares not
 How he may clear his score :
 The just shews Mercy, and his hand
 Is lib'ral of his store.

20. Gods blessing on a Family
 Makes it a lasting Race :
 But, with his curse, destruction comes,
 And ruine hast's apace.

21. God ordereth the good mans steps,
 His ways are his delight :
 And though he fall, yet shall he rise,
 Supported by his might.

22. I have been young, and now am old,
 Yet never did I see :
 The just forsaken, nor his seed,
 Though brought to beggary.

23. He mercy shews to such as need,
 His charity extends,

Purchasing blessings for the Fruit,
That from his loyns descends.

24. Fly the first thoughts of vicious deeds ;
Let vertue be thy guide
To noble acts ; so shalt thou build
An house that will abide.

25. The Lord loves judgment, and his Saints
He never will desert :
But winged veng'ance quickly shall
The wicked brood subvert.

26. The Right'ous shall possess the Land ;
And in it ever dwell :
His mouth speaks wisdom, and his tongue
Doth hidden judgment tell.

27. The Law of God is in his heart,
His feet go not astray :
Though the malicious wicked watch,
His Righteous soul to slay.

28. God will not leave him in the pow'r
Of their mischievous hands :
Nor suffer him to be condemn'd,
When he in judgment stands.

29. Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
He shalt exalt thee high
T' enjoy the Land, whilst th' impious are
Cut off before thine Eye.

30. I have beheld the wicked great,
 Spread like a Laurel green :
 He pass'd, and was not ; him I sought,
 But no where to be seen.

31. Mark me the perfect, and observe
 The upright in his ways :
 That man's conclusion happy is,
 And Peace shall end his days.

32. But they together shall be slain,
 That paths perverse have trod :
 Horror and swift destruction is
 The wicked's period.

33. Salvation from the Lord alone,
 The righteous do confess :
 His only strength supports them in
 The day of their distress.

34. He shall sustain thee, and from rage,
 Of impious hands defend :
 Because on him their confidence
 So firmly doth depend.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1. **C**all me not, Lord, to strict account
 In thy provoked ire :
 Nor chasten, when thy wrath breaks forth
 Into consuming fire.

2. Thy

2. Thy shafts, as at a well-shot mark,
 My galled Carcase bore:
 Thy hand lays load on me, that felt
 Thy weight too much before.
3. Thine anger strikes through all my flesh,
 Like a corrupt disease:
 Sin suffers not my tortur'd bones
 Enjoy a moments Peace.
4. For, as a swelling silent tide,
 My guilt o'retops my head:
 And hangs, to plunge me deeper down,
 About my neck like lead.
5. My fester'd wounds infest my brains,
 With their infectious smell:
 And to my sadder thought the end
 Of my sad follies tell.
6. Through grief and brokenness of Heart
 My fainting sp'rits decay:
 My moans (sad measures of my time)
 Wear out the tedious day.
7. My Loins, and bowels wholly fill'd
 With a contagious sore:
 All over so unsound, I am
 One Ulcer, and no more.
8. Feeble, and like a wind-shak'd house,
 Shatter'd in every part;

My

My roaring's all the ease I get
For my tormented heart.

9. Lord ! my desire's before thine eyes,
All undisguis'd appear :
My groans speak out too loud, to fall
Short of thy ready Ear.

10. My heart lays battery to my brest,
My fleeting strength is fled ;
The two dull Tapers of my Eyes
Scarce glimmer in my head.

11. Friends, and Familiars stand at gaze
On this my loathsome sore :
Those of my bloud keep off, as if
They knew me not before.

12. They, that my life pursue, lay snares ;
The ills their thoughts intend,
They vent in words, and the whole day
In treach'rous Counsels spend.

13. This I observ'd, but deaf, and dumb,
Lay, as I had no sense :
No ear to hear, no tongue to speak
A word in my defence.

14. For, Lord, to thee my hope faith-wing'd
For sure protection flies :
My King, my God, thou wilt stand up
My cause to Patronize.

15. Hear

15. Hear me, said I, lest they insult ;
For when I slipt, their Pride
Brake out in Triumphs, and themselves
'Gainst me they magnifi'd.

16. Torn with thy Lashes, I am spent,
Ready to halt down-right :
And my amazing sorrows are
Still present in my sight.

17. O wretched me ! what shall I do ?
I will my sins confess :
And drown my cheeks in Flouds of brine
For my past wickedness.

18. But mine oppressors courage take,
Too potent far for me :
Whose malice (as their number) grows,
And both as wrongfully.

19. Those Vipers too, that benefits
With Villany requite ;
Make furious war upon my soul,
Because my ways are right.

20. But do not thou forsake me, Lord !
Nor far withdraw thy pow'r :
Make haste to help me, O my God,
My health, my Saviour.

PSALM XXXIX.

1. I Said, I will strict watch appoint
 I On my unheeded way :
 Lest words breed deeds, and an ill tongue
 Carry my feet astray.
2. The passion of my lips I will
 With bit and Reins command ;
 As long as the ungodly doth
 Within my presence stand.
3. Tongue-ty'd I sate, spake not a word,
 No, not so much as good,
 But 'twas my torment, till my griefs
 Stirr'd up my boiling bloud.
4. Then I grew hot, and whilst my heart
 On troubled thoughts was bent,
 The fire brake forth, and at my tongue
 I gave my sorrows vent.
5. Lord, make me know mine end, and what's
 The measure of my days ;
 That I may see how frail I am,
 How fast my life decays.
6. Behold, thou hast my days reduc'd
 Unto a narrow span :
 Mine age to thine as nothing is,
 Vain (at the best) is man.

7. Man, as an apparition walks,
Toils, and turmoils for gain :
And knows not who shall reap the sweets
Of what he sow'd with pain.

8. Lord, what is't then, this empty world
Can move me to expect ?
On thee my hope depends, on thee
My longing eyes reflect.

9. Break thou those cords of sin, wherewith
My captive soul is ty'd ;
Let me not be the sport of Fools,
That Piety deride.

10. I was as dumb ; all their affronts
In silence I past by ;
Since 'twas thy pleasure, by their scorns,
My patience to try.

11. But oh ! at length in mercy take
Thine angry scourge away :
Spent by thy blows, my life sinks down
Even to the last decay.

12. When thou, for sin, dost man correct,
His beauty's fade and dy ;
As cloths moth-fretted : every man
Is vain as vanity.

13. Lord hear my Pray'r, and let my cries
Reach thine attentive Ears ;
Hold

Hold not thy Peace, when I address
My suit in speaking tears.

14. For I with thee a stranger am,
A wandring Pilgrim here ;
At best but a poor sojourner,
As all my Fathers were.

15. Spare me a little that I may
Recover strength ; before
I, like a fleeting shadow, go
From hence, and be no more.

PSALM XXXIX. Or thus.

1. *I Said I will mine Eyes reflect
Upon my Ways, and Guards direct ;
For fear lest an Ill-govern'd Tongue
Lead me aside to do a Wrong.*
2. *My Mouth, as with a Curb, and Rein,
I will with all my might restrain :
Stifling Intemp'rate Passion quite,
While the Ungodly is in sight.*
3. *With silence dumb I held my Peace ;
From speaking, Even Good, did cease :
But it was pain to ev'ry part,
And more supprest, more swell'd my heart.*

4. Then (hot within) my Boyling Breast
 For troubled thoughts could find no Rest :
 At last, (The Fire grown up too strong)
 My Words forc'd passage at my Tongue.

5. Lord ! Let me know my latter End,
 How far my days in length extend :
 That I may understand how fast
 My Life does to its Period hast.

6. Behold ! Into the Narrow room
 Of a poor span my Days are come :
 Mine Age is nothing unto Thee,
 And Man's, at best, but Vanity.

7. Man like a shadow walks about,
 Weary'd in vain, 'twixt Hope and Doubt :
 He heaps up Wealth, and knows not Who
 Shall reap the Sweets, his Gares did sow.

8. And Now Lord, what is't I expect,
 Freely my Hopes on Thee reflect :
 Free me from Sins, Nor let me be
 The scorn of Fools Impiety.

9. As dumb, a Word I let not fly,
 But all their Injuries pass'd by ;
 For I did wisely understand
 It was the doing of Thy Hand.

10. When Thou correctest Man for Sin,
 As Cloth, which Moths have nested in,

*So fails his Eye, His Cheek turns wan,
Vain, ev'n as Vanity, is Man.*

11. *Lord, To my Pray'r vouchsafe Thine Ears,
And keep not silence at my Tears :
A sojourner and stranger here
Am I, as all my Fathers were.*

12. *O spare me, but a while, That I
(Who like a fleeting shadow fly)
May recollect my strength, before,
I go from hence, and be no more.*

P S A L M XL.

1. *I To the Lord with patience did
My faithful eyes address :
And straight to his inclining Ears
My cries obtain'd access.*

2. *He drew me from the horrid pit,
Sunk in the miry Clay :
He set my feet upon a Rock,
And made secure my way.*

3. *He hath into my joy-fill'd mouth
Put new composed layes ;
High Panegyrics to our God,
The great Jehovah's Praise.*

4. Many, that this his Mercy see,
Shall with Religious fear
Implore his favour ; and depend
Alone for safety there.
5. Blest is the Man that trusts in God ;
That hath not bent his eyes
To court the Proud ; nor follows those,
That turn aside to lies.
6. The works, O Lord, which thou hast done
Are wond'rously immense ?
Infinite are the thoughts of thy
All-guiding Providence.
7. Who can in order cast them up ?
Should I attempt th' account,
Their number would the reach of all
Arithmetick surmount.
8. Obedient Ears, not sacrifice ;
Is that, thou dost desire ;
Burnt-off'rings, and sin-off'rings thou
Dost not at all require.
9. Then said I, Lo, I come : thy books
Of me thus write ; thy will
To do is my delight, thy Laws
All my affections fill.
10. I have not in th' Assembly ceas'd
Thy goodness to impart ;

Nor have restrain'd my lips from praise,
Thou, Lord, my witness art.

11. Thy Righteousness I have not kept
Concealed in my Breast :
But to thy Church, thy constant love
And kindness have profest.

12. Thy tender Mercies, and thy Grace,
Oh do not then suspend :
For ever let thy truth preserve,
And favour me defend.

13. For troubles, more then can be told,
On ev'ry side surprise :
My sins so press me, that to Heav'n
I dare not lift mine eyes.

14. More are they, then the num'rous hairs,
That cloath my wretched head ;
At the sad thought, my heart recoils,
My fainting Sp'rits recede.

15. Be pleas'd in pity, Lord, to give
My miseries redress,
Make haste, my God, to succour me,
That labour in distress.

16. Disgrace and ruine fall on those,
Who seek my bloud to spill ;
Put them to ignominious flight,
That think, and wish me ill.

17. Let

17. Let desolation be their lot,
 And shame their wages pay,
 Who at my griefs, Aha ! Aha !
 In proud derision say.

18. But joy, and triumph fill their tongues,
 That have thy Mercy try'd,
 Let such as thy Salvation love,
 Say, God be magnifi'd.

19. Poor I, and needy am, yet thou,
 O Lord, consider'st me :
 Delay not then, my God ; my help,
 My safety is in thee.

PSALM XLI.

1. **B**lest is the man, whose tender heart
 Regards the poor mans cry :
 The Lord shall save him in the day
 Of fear'd calamity.

2. God shall protect his precious life,
 Prosper his Lands increase :
 Nor shall he be their prey, that seek
 The ruine of his Peace.

3. When he lies languishing, he shall
 From Heav'n be comforted :
 In restless sickness God shall give
 Ease on his weary bed.

4. Shew mercy, Lord, said I, and heal
 My souls infirmity:
 For I have wounded it to death
 By sinning against thee.

5. Mine Enemies speak ill of me,
 When, say they, shall he die?
 And his despised name entomb'd
 In dark oblivion lie?

6. Their visits are vain lyes ; their hearts
 Heap wickedness within ;
 Which burns their mouths, till they aloud
 To publish it begin.

7. Those that with hate pursue, their heads
 In treach'rous whispers joyn :
 My ruine is the thirsted end
 Their close-laid plots design.

8. An ill disease gangren's his bones,
 And doth his flesh corrode :
 Down is he cast (say they) and shall
 No more be seen abroad.

9. Yea, mine own friend, my bosoms-half,
 Half-sharer of my Bread,
 Hath lift up his insulting heel,
 At my declining head.

10. But raise me, Lord, and prove in me
 Thy Mercy, and thy might :
 That

That I their hate, and falsehood may,
As they deserve, requite.

11. By this, thy constant favours, I
Do evidently see,

That my proud enemy erects
No triumphs over me.

12. Thou mine integrity support'lt,
And seat'lt me in a place
Where I, while time endures, shall see
Thy life-reviving Face.

13. Blest be the Lord, blest Israels God,
Now and for ever, when
Time shall to blest Eternity
Give place: *Amen, Amen.*



THE
PSALMS of King
D A V I D
Paraphrased.

The Second BOOK.

PSALM XLII.

1. **L**ord, as the hotly chased Hart
 Pants for the water streams ;
 So pants my heart for thee, O God,
 And thy life-quickning Beams.
2. My soul for God, the living God,
 With ardent thirst doth pine ;
 When shall I in his sacred Courts,
 Behold his face Divine.

3. By day I mourn, by night I weep,
 My tears my food are made :
 Whilst they, blaspheming say, where's now
 Thy God, thy boasted aid ?
4. My heart in silent drops dissolv's,
 When sadly I recount,
 How I the troops of worshippers
 Lead to thy holy Mount.
5. How we thy Praises, and our thanks,
 In joyful Hymns did sing :
 And made our solemn Festivals,
 Thy sacred Triumphs ring.
6. My soul ! why art thou so bow'd down ?
 With sorrows over-prest ?
 Why do despairing thoughts disturb
 Thy faith, and break thy rest ?
7. Comfort thy self in God, be sure
 He is, and that he's thine :
 I yet shall praise him for his help,
 And influence Divine.
8. My soul's cast down ; from *Jordans* banks
 My cries thine Ears shall fill,
 From *Missar*, and the pathless crags
 Of cloudy Hermons hill.
9. Deep calls to deep, thy Water-spouts
 One to another roar ;

Thy stormy waves, and deluges
Have drencht me o're and o're.

10. Yet will the Lord his love command,
And mercy in the day :
By night he is my song ; to him,
God of my life, I pray.

11. My God ! my Rock ! why hast thou seal'd
Me in forgetfulness ?
Why go I thus dejected, whil'st
My prosp'ring foes oppress ?

12. 'Tis death unto my Bones, to hear
Their blasphemies upbraid,
And scoff me daily, Where's thy God,
Thy so much boasted aid ?

13. My soul, why art thou so bow'd down,
With sorrows overprest ?
Why do despairing thoughts disturb
Thy Peace, and break thy rest ?

14. Have Faith in God, For I shall yet
Sing forth His Praise Divine :
He to my Countenance is Health,
He's God, And shall be mine.

PSALM XLIII.

1. Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
Against the merciless :
O save me from the man of fraud,
And sons of wickedness.
2. Thou art my God, my strength, why then
Hast thou abandon'd me ?
Why go I mourning, broken thus
By prosp'ring Tyranny ?
3. Send forth thy rays of Light, and truth,
To be my faithful guides
Unto thy holy Mountain, where
Thy Majesty resides.
4. Then will I to the Altars go
Of God, my joy of joys ;
The well-tun'd harp shall speak thy praise,
My God, with pleasant Noise.
5. My soul, why art thou so bow'd down
With sorrows overprest ?
Why do despairing thoughts disturb
Thy Peace, and break thy rest ?
6. Have Faith in God ; For I shall yet
Sing forth His Praise Divine :
He to my Countenance is Health,
He's God, And shall be mine.

PSALM XLIV.

1. **L**ord, our amazed Ears have heard
Our aged Grandfires tell,
What wonders in their days thou
And what of old befel. (wrought'ſt,
2. How thou didſt drive the Heathen out,
By thine Almighty hand :
And plague the Nations, till thou had'ſt
Dispeopl'd all their Land.
3. 'Twas not their puissant sword,
Poffeſſion that obtain'd ;
Nor were those pleasant towns and fields
By their own valour gain'd :
4. But thy right hand, thy mighty arm,
And lustre of thy Face :
Because thou had'ſt selected them
To thy peculiar Grace.
5. Thou, great Jehovah, art my King ;
We to thy Scepter bend :
To Jacob speak deliverance,
And Israel defend.
6. Steel'd by thy strength, we will push down
Our haughty Enemies :
And, in thy Name tread them to dirt,
That in Rebellion rife.

7. What's my frail bow, that I therein
 Should place my confidence?
 My swords vain terror (at the best)
 Is but a weak defence.

8. But it is Thou that rescu'st us
 From our enraged foes:
 Thou to confusion hurl'st them down,
 Whose malice overflows.

9. In God, whil'st day the day succeeds,
 Our glories we will raise:
 And consecrate to his great Name
 Songs of immortal praise.

10. But now thou hast cast off; and we
 To shame and baseness yield:
 Our troops are heartless, wanting thee,
 To lead them to the field.

11. Thou to the fierce pursuers rage
 Turn'st our inglorious back:
 And they, which hate, first plunder us,
 And then our Cities sack.

12. We are, as market-sheep, prepar'd
 To find the Butcher work:
 Amongst the barb'rous infidels
 Disperst, and forc'd to lurk.

13. Thou sell'st thy people, as vile things,
 Not worth the Merchandise:

Nor

Nor are thy treasures at all
The richer by their price.

14. Made to our Neighbours a reproach,
Sport for their Feasts, and Wine :
Laugh'd and derided at, by them,
That on our bounds confine.

15. Amongst th' uncircumcised seed
A jest, a Proverb grown ;
A shaking of the head to all,
But pitied of none.

16. For this, confusion at my doors
Perpetually lies.
Shame, and disdain have cast a cloud
O're my dejected eyes ;

17. Because of the reproachers voice,
And the blaspheming tongue ;
The Enemies proud insolence,
And the Avengers wrong.

18. All this we suffer ; yet our Faith
Hath not forgotten thee :
Nor have we in thy Cov'nant us'd
Abhorr'd Hypocrisie.

19. We no backsliders are ; our heart
Firm to thy precepts stands :
Nor have our falt'ring steps declin'd
The way of thy Commands,

20. Though

20. Though thou hast thrust, and bruis'd us in
The Dragons dreadful cave ;
And shut us up in dismal shades
Of the devouring grave.

21. If we have falsely left our God,
Forsaken his great Name ;
Pray'd to vain gods, and with strange fires
Made Idol-altars flame.

22. Shall not our God enquire out this,
And search through ev'ry part ;
Who knows the secrets of our Reins,
And Caverns of our heart ?

23. Martyr'd, and massacred for thee
We daily yield our Life ;
Like Muttons to the Shambles sold,
Mark'd for the slaughter-knife.

24. Awake, O Lord, why are thine Eyes
Seal'd up in seeming sleep ?
Arise, and do not still from us
This angry distance keep.

25. Why dost thou, in displeasure, hide
Thy life-reviving Eyes,
Unmindful of our pressing woes,
And wasting miseries ?

26. Bow'd down, as low, as the base dust,
Is our oppressed soul ;

We

We cleave to the despised earth,
In dirt our bellies roul.

27. Lord God arise, and us at length
To thy protection take :
From this hard slavery redeem,
For thy great mercy's sake.

PSALM XLV.

1. Prophetick Fancy doth my heart
With glorious raptures fill :
'Tis of the King I speak, my tongue
Prevents the writers quill.
2. Fairer then fairest sons of men ;
Grace on thy lips is pour'd :
God therefore hath, on thy lov'd head,
Immortal blessings shour'd.
3. Gird to thy loins thy conqu'ring sword,
Thou that excell'st in might :
Put on thy glories, and appear
Deck't with Imperial light.
4. Ride prosp'rous in Thy Majesty
Whilst Meekness, Truth, and Right
Shall teach Thy Right hand wond'rous
Things terrible for Might. (things

5. Sharp are thine arrows in their hearts,
That fight against thy Crown :
So that the people at thy feet
Fall in subjection down .

6. Thy throne knows no declining point,
No period of days :
Thy Scepter, with an equal hand,
Justice and Right displays.

7. Virtue thou lov'st, and vice do'st hate,
Wherfore thy God hath shed
(Above thy fellows) oyl of joy
Upon thy sacred head.

8. Rich Odors, Aloes, Cassia, Myrrhe,
Scent all thy garments o're ;
Fetch'd from the Ivory Palaces,
To please thy smell the more.

9. Thy Maids of honor claim their Birth,
From those that Scepters hold ;
The Queen at thy right hand inthron'd
Glitters in Ophir gold.

10. Hearken, O Daughter, bow thine Ear,
My Counsel understand :
Think on thy Fathers house no more,
Forget thy native Land.

11. So on thy Beauties shall the King
Settle his whole desire :

He is thy Lord ; him only thou
Shalt worship, and admire.

12. Tyres purpl'd Virgins shall with gifts
Seek favor from thy Face ; (proud,
And those, whom wanton wealth makes
Shall bow, and beg for Grace.

13. Glorious in Ornaments of Mind
Beyond all tongue, or thought
Is the Kings daughter, and array'd
In gold most nobly wrought.

14. She to the King shall come, in Robes
Rich with th' Embroid'ers pain :
The Virgins her companions shall
Adorn her Royal Train.

15. Streets, Temples, Houses, shall with
Of joy, and gladness ring : (shouts
Whil'st she her solemn Entry makes
To th' Palace of the King.

16. Instead of Fathers thou shalt have
Sons of thy fruitful Womb ;
Princes to reign o're all the Earth,
Till time the world intomb.

17. To all succeding ages I
Will propagate thy Name :
And all the dwellers under Heav'n
Shall still thy Praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1. **T**H' Almighty our suré Refuge is
'Tis by his strength we stand :
When troubles with most terrors rise,
He's a sure help at hand.
2. **W**ere the disjoynted Earth remov'd,
No fear should us constrain ;
Though the torn Mountains should be
Into the foaming main. (hurl'd
3. Though warring seas should roar, and bid
Defiance to the Skies ;
And their proud billows o're the Crowns
Of trembling hills arise.
4. There is a River yet, whose streams
Joy to Gods City bring,
The sacred Tents of the most high,
The everlasting King.
5. God sits within her walls ; no fear
Shall her foundations shake :
God shall relieve her e're the Morn
His first appearance make.
6. The Idol-serving Heathen storm'd ;
Kings their vain rage did shew :
He spake, the Earth dissolv'd, and dropt
Away like melting Snow.

7. The Lord of Host's, in our defence,
 His Banners hath display'd:
 Th' Almighty God of Jacob's Race
 Is our ne're failing aid.

8. Faithful, and faithless, come, and see
 What our great God hath wrought;
 What fatal desolations he
 O're all the Earth hath brought.

9. When War o're all the Earth doth rage
 He bids the Sword retire;
 Breaks the frail bow, and spear, and burns
 The Chariot in the fire.

10. Be still, fond man, know I am God:
 Amongst the Heathen I
 Will be set up; I o're the world
 I only will be high.

11. The Lord of Hosts, in our defence,
 His Banners hath display'd:
 Th' Almighty God of Jacob's Race
 Is our ne're failing aid.

PSALM XLVI. Or thus.

1. **G**od is Our Refuge. Our strong Fort,
 At hand in Trouble a Support:
 No Fear shall put our hearts to pain;
 2. Though

2. *Though Earth be from Her Basis born,
And Hills (from their Foundations torn)
Be hurl'd into the Foaming Main.*
3. *Although the Breaking Billows roar,
And troubled roul from shore to shore,
That Mountains at their swelling shake :*
4. *Yet River streams with Joy shall fill
Gods City, on whose Holy Hill
The Highest doth His dwelling make.*
5. *God is within Her Walls ; No Pow'rs
Shall overturn Her lofty Tow'rs,
His Early help shall be Her stay :*
6. *The Heathen rag'd, And Kings Fire took,
He spake, The Earth as Thunder strook,
In a cold sweat did melt away.*
7. *The Lord of Hosts doth for us fight,
The God of Jacob, strong in Might,
Our Refuge is, and Present Aid ;*
8. *Come see the Wonders He hath wrought,
What Desolations, past all thought,
He on the trembling Earth hath made.*
9. *He (throughout all the World) says, Peace,
Causes tumultuous Rage to cease,
And bids devouring War retire :*
10. *He breaks the Mighty Warriours Bow,
Shivers the Horsemans Lance in two,
And burns the Chariot in the fire.*

11. Be still, And know that God am I,
I o're the Heathen will be High,
In Earth Supream and Sov'raign made.

12. The Lord of Hosts doth for us fight,
The God of Jacob, strong in Might,
Our Refuge is, and present Aid.

PSALM XLVII.

1. O Clap your hands Ye People all
The Universe throughout :
And let the Trumpet to our God
Ring a triumphant shout.

2. The Lord transcendently most high
Is terrible ; He reigns
A mighty King o're all what e're
The Earths vast Frame sustains.

3. He shall the Nations break, till they
Our yoke shall gladly meet ;
And make their slavish Necks a step
For our victorious feet.

4. He shall for us chuse out the Lot
Of our Inheritance ;
Ev'n Jacobs Excellency, whom
His Love doth high advance.

5. God is ascended with a shout
To his Imperial Throne : The

The Lord with the shrill Trumpets sound
Is up in Triumph gone.

6. Sing Praises to our God, sing Praise,
Sing Praises to our King :
King of the Earth is God ; sing Praise,
With understanding sing.

7. God doth o're all the Heathen Lands
The Sov'reign Rule possess :
God sits in Glory on the Throne
Of Beateous Holiness.

8. Princes, and People, all are met
To worship *Abram's* God :
The shields of th' Earth are his, he's high
Above all gods the God.

PSALM XLVIII.

1. **G**reat as the great Jehovah is
Let his high Praise resound :
High in his Tow'rs, and Hill whereon
His sanctity is crown'd.

2. Beauty, and Majesty adorn
Mount *Sions* pleasant sight :
The jewel of the Earth it is,
And the whole worlds delight.

3. On that side where it's Prospect on
The Frozen Pole reflects,
The Great Kings City Her fair Spires
And Lofty Head erects.
4. God doth her Palaces defend
Against assailing pow'rs,
And *Selyma*'s best safeguard is
In *Sions* sacred Tow'rs.
5. Conspiring Kings their Armies joyn'd
To her destruction sworn :
They march'd, drew up, but pass'd away
Dejected, and forlorn.
6. They saw, they wond'red, trembled, fled,
Fear seiz'd them, like the throws,
Which the unhappy lab'ring womb
In child-birth undergoes.
7. Thou send'st the winds to war, and straight
A furious Eastern blast
Tears the proud fleets, and 'gainst the
The *Tyrian* wracks doth cast. (Rocks
8. What we, with wond'ring Ears, have heard,
Now to our Eyes is plain,
In our Gods City ; God the same
For ever will sustain.
9. Blest Lord ! Thy Loving Kindness fills
Our hearts with thankfulness ;
Within

Within Thy Temple our glad tongues
Thy Mercies shall confess.

10. Great, as thy Name is through the Earth,
So are thy Praises great :
With never-failing Righteousness,
Thy right hand is replete.

11. Triumph O Sion, and aloud
Let *Judah's* joys resound :
Because thy judgments on the proud,
Are still with justice crown'd.

12. Walk *Sion* round, her fair Tow'rs count,
Observe her Ramparts well ;
Her Fabricks mark, and what y' have seen,
To future Ages tell.

13. For *Sions* God, shall be our God,
As long as vital breath
Gives us a being ; he shall be
Our God, and guide till death.

PSALM XLIX.

1. **H**ear O ye Nations, East, and West ;
Hearken ye Gentiles all :
Mark what I say, all ye that now
Dwell on this Earthly ball.

2. Whether

2. Whether ye spring from Princely bloud,
Or from ignoble loins :
Whether ye beg your wretched bread,
Or swell in golden Mines.
3. My mouth shall wisdom speak, and from
The treasures of my heart,
I will to your admiring Ears,
Deep mysteries impart.
4. My tongue shall Parables disclose,
Hid from the days of old :
And on my warbling harp I will
Dark Oracles unfold.
5. Why should I, in the days of ill,
Torment my heart with fears,
When Age treads on my heels, and death
At my sick-Bed appears ?
6. Go too, ye Rich, ye that your Bags,
And golden gods adore ;
That boast of what for the most part
Is ill, or needless store.
7. Can you redeem your brother from
The hand of common fate ?
Or pay a Ransom, to prolong
His life's expiring date ?
8. No, the Redemption of his soul
Is not a thing of Ease :

'Tis

'Tis of an higher price then gold,
And must for ever cease.

9. That he should live, exempted from
Humane necessity :
And in the Graves devouring womb
Corruption should not see.

10. The wise man dies ; so does the fool,
And brutish pass away,
Leaving the wealth, his cares have got,
To be anothers prey.

11. Yet living, 'tis their hopes, and aim
Their house to eternize :
They build proud Fabricks, & their Lands
In their own name baptize.

12. But man stays not, though at the pitch
Of highest glory plac'd :
Falls like the beast, whose memory
Is with his dust defac'd.

13. This is our way, and we do now
But act past follies o're :
VVhilst those that follow, praise the words
Of them that went before.

14. In the clos'd entrails of the grave,
Down are they laid like Sheep,
VWhere death with their consuming flesh
His Carnavals doth keep.

15. The just shall have the Rule o're them ;
 When that great morning comes :
 Their beauty from their dwelling shall
 Rot in their silent Tombs.

16. But from the graves unpitying hand,
 God will my soul release :
 And me receive, where endless life
 Puts on full happiness.

17. Fear not, when in soon gotten wealth
 Thou seeft a man abound :
 Nor when his hasty growing house,
 Is with thick honors crown'd.

18. For with those care-gain'd stores he must
 Part in his dying bed :
 Nor shall his Pomp attend him in
 The Regions of the dead.

19. Though, whiles he liv'd, he bles'd his soul,
 And men will still commend
 The man, that is so wisely kind
 To be his own best friend.

20. Yet to the dull forgetful shades,
 (As did his Sires before)
 Down shall he go, and then behold
 The cheerful day no more.

21. Man at his height, with Proudest Wreaths
 Of Envy'd Honours drest,

And

And understands not, drops away
Like th' unregarded Beast.

PSALM L.

1. **T**He mighty God Jehovah spake,
And summon'd all the Earth:
Unto the place where day expires,
From where it takes a birth.
2. **F**rom *Sion*, where all beauty is
In full perfection found,
God hath shin'd forth, with glory deckt,
And Light Imperial crown'd.
3. **G**od comes, and silence shall not keep;
Devouring fire shall go
Before his face, and round about
Storms, wind, and tempest blow.
4. **H**e, from his Throne above the Heav'ns,
Shall call the Heav'ns, and cite
The Earth before his Bar, that he
May judge his Peoples right.
5. **G**ather my Saints, that on their knees
Before mine Altars bow'd,
By Sacrifice have Me their God,
Themselves my People vow'd.

6. Then

6. Then Heav'n, and all its glorious Host,
 Shall make his justice known,
 From Sun to Sun ; for God himself
 Sits on the Judgment Throne.

7. Hear, O my People, I will speak,
 'Gainst thee I testify,
 'Gainst thee, backsliding *Israel* ;
 God, even thy God am I.

8. For thy rare Sacrifices thee
 I will not reprehend ;
 Nor that thine off'rings in pure flames
 So seldom do ascend.

9. No bullock from thy fatting stalls
 To take do I desire ;
 Nor of the choice Goats in thy folds
 A Firstling Male require.

10. Mine are the wilder herds, that in
 The open Forrest breed :
 The Cattel on a thousand Hills,
 Upon my Pastures feed.

11. The Fowls that on the Mountain tops
 Their airy cradles build
 I know ; and the wild beast is mine
 That Ravages the Field.

12. If hungry, yet I would not make
 My vain complaint to thee :

For the round world is mine, and all
The Earths Fertility.

13. Think'st thou I'le eat thy tough-flesh'd
Or drink thy Goats rank bloud? (Bulls?
Give me the Praise, which is my due,
And make thy Cov'nants good.

14. Then in the day of thy distress,
If thou invoke my Name,
I'le save thee ; and thy grateful tongue
My glory shall proclaim.

15. But to the wicked God hath said,
How is't, thou dar'st explain
My laws, and with polluted lips
My Covenant prophane ?

16. Seeing thou hat'st th' advice, that should
Thy impious ways correct :
And in the pride of thy false heart
My dictates do'st reject.

17. A thief thou saw'st no sooner, but
Thou did'st with him consent :
And partner with th' Adulterers
Thy heart, and practice went.

18. Thou hast giv'n up thy shameful mouth
To all Impieties :
And thy dissembling tongue's become
The forge of fraud, and lyes.

19. Seated

19. Seated amongst thy graceless crew,
 Thou speak'st against thy brother :
 And slanderest him, that shar'd with thee
 The womb of the same mother.

20. Thus did'st thou, and I silence kept :
 Thou (like thy self) thought'st me ;
 But I'le reprove thee, and unmask
 Thy vile Hypocrisie.

21. Consider this, ye that forget
 There is a God, lest I
 Tear you, whilst none can save you from
 My wak'ned jealousie.

22. He honors me, that offers praise ;
 And I to them, that go
 In upright paths of vertue, will
 My sure Salvation shew.

PSALM LI.

1. **M**ercy, my God, thy mercy shew,
 Great as thy tender love :
 As are thy bowels infinite,
 Oh ! mine offence remove.

2. Wash me from mine Iniquity,
 My heart, and not my skin :
 Cleanse me from the pollution of
 My now detested sin.

3. For my transgressions I no more
 Can cover, nor deny :
 And the loath'd Image of my crimes
 Is ever in my Eye.

4. 'Gainst thee, thee have I sin'd, and done
 This evil in thy sight :
 Thou in thy sentence art most just,
 And I am judg'd aright.

5. Behold, in wickedness have I
 My impure Form receiv'd ;
 And when my mother gave me life,
 I was in sin conceiv'd.

6. Thou in the inward parts do'st truth,
 Without disguise, require :
 And shalt with wisdom from above
 My hidden man inspire.

7. Purge me with Hyssop, and my soul .
 No stain of sin shall know :
 Washt o're by Penitential tears,
 I shall be white as snow.

8. Restore my joys, by the glad sound
 Of thy absolving voice :
 That those my bones, thy blows have broke,
 Thy mercies may rejoice.

9. My many, and my hainous sins
 Hide from thy purer Eyes :

And blot out of thy memory
My foul iniquities.

10. Take from me my defiled heart,
And give me one that's clean ;
Renew in me a constant mind,
Not to start back again.

11. Cast me not from thy sight ; nor (oh !)
Thy holy sp'rit restrain ;
Restore thy saving health, and me
With thy free Grace sustain.

12. Then will I shew thy straighter Paths
To such as go astray :
And sinners shall be turn'd to thee,
From th' evil of their way.

13. Quit me, O God, God of my life,
From guilt of crying bloud :
My tongue shall sing thy Righteousness
How great it is ; how good.

14. Open my lips, O Lord ! and I
My joyful voice will raise,
To publish to th' admiring world,
Thy high exalted Praise.

15. Give it I would, but thou do'st not
My sacrifice desire :
Nor in vain Offerings delight,
That in fat flames expire.

16. An humble soul is unto God
 The welcom Sacrifice ;
 A broken and a contrite heart,
 Thou, Lord, wilt not despise.

17. Do good, in thy good pleasure, (to)
 Thy Sion's Tow'rs, O raise
 The walls of thy Jerusalem,
 And build up its decays.

18. Then shall our off'rings please, when we
 Righteous oblations pay :
 Then whole burnt Off'rings, and young
 We'll on Thine Altars lay. (Bulls,

PSALM LII.

1. **W**hy boastest thou, thou Mighty Man
 That thou canst mischief frame ?
 To day, as yesterday, and still
 Gods goodness is the same.

2. Thy tongue, sharp as a Rasors edge,
 Doth wickednes devise :
 And the deceits thy heart contrives,
 Vents in pernicious lies.

3. Good thou should'st do, but mischief is
 Thy love, thy close delight :
 And in destructive falsehood joy'st,
 More then in speaking right.

4. Thou ne're art better pleas'd, then when
(Poyson'd with cunning wrong)
Thy words kill dead, as soon as spoke,
O thou deceitful tongue.

5. God shall destroy thee, root thee out,
And from thy dwelling throw :
Never to see the land of life,
Where joy, and pleasures flow.

6. The just, that see't shall fear, and laugh
At thine o'returned pride :
Lo here's the man, that impiously
God for his strength deny'd.

7. Here's he, that set his rest upon
Th' abundance of his store :
And thought no way t'assure the ills
H' had done, but doing more.

8. But in the house of God, I spring
As the green Olive-trec :
In His sure mercies my firm trust
For ever fix'd shall be.

9. For this just veng'ance, I thy Praise
Will always celebrate ;
And publish to thy Saints, that good
It is on thee to wait.

PSALM LIII.

1. **T**He fools heart said, There is no God ;
They all corrupt are grown ;
Abominable are their deeds,
None worketh good, not one.
2. Down on the sons of men, from Heav'n,
God cast his searching Eye,
To see if any understood,
And sought his Majesty.
3. Faithless Revolters, as they are,
They all are backward gone :
In all their faculties unclean,
There's none does good, not one.
4. Are the sin-workers all so void
Of judgment, that as bread
My people they devour, and me
Have not acknowledged ?
5. Where no fear was, they fear'd, for God
Brake thy besiegers bones ;
Thou brought'st them down (by him de-
To strange confusions. (spis'd)
6. O that the glorious day would dawn,
Whereof thy Prophets tell,
That *Sion* shall Salvation bring
Unto thy *Israel* !

7. When thou thy captives shalt bring back,
 Then *Jacob* shall rejoice:
 And *Israels* mirth break forth in Hymns
 Sung with triumphant voice.

PSALM LIV.

1. **S**ave me, O God, by thy great Name,
 Shew forth thy Pow'r divine:
 O hear my Pray'r, and to my words
 Thy gracious Ear incline.

2. Strange men against me rise, my soul
 Is by Oppressors sought;
 That have no conscience, nor is God
 At all within their thought.

3. But God my great Preserver is,
 He doth my cause maintain:
 The Lord Almighty is with them,
 That my sought life sustain.

4. He, with swift veng'ance, shall reward
 My treach'rous Enemies:
 O cut them off, for on thy truth
 My hope of safety lies.

5. Then with my free oblations, shall
 Thy holy Altars flame:
 And I, because 'tis good, will sing
 The glories of thy Name.

6. Thou

6. Thou hast releas'd my fears, and me
 Set from all trouble free :
 Mine Eye beholds upon my foes,
 What it desir'd to see.

PSALM LV.

1. **L**ord, hear the Pray'rs which I pour
 Deprest with miseries : (forth
 Hide not thy self, when I to thee
 Address my fervent cries.

2. Lend thy propitious Ear, attend
 How sadly I complain ;
 And let my Importunities
 Thy present help obtain.

3. My foes deprave me ; wicked men
 My ways calumniate :
 And in their fury set themselves
 Against me with dire hate.

4. My heart, with tort'ring pains o'recharg'd,
 Lay's batt'ry to my breast :
 And death presents it self, in all
 The forms of terror dreſt.

5. My Palsie-shaken joynts, through fear,
 Are ready to dissolve,
 Whil'st dismal horrors on all sides
 My fainting soul involve.

6. Oh, had I wings, swift as the Doves ;
Then would I flee to rest :
And wander where the wilder woods
Shelter the hunted beast.

7. Then would I hasten my Escape,
And quickly shelter find
From the impetuous stormy Blasts
Of this tempestuous wind.

8. Destroy them, Lord, and break their plots
Their wicked tongues divide :
For the whole City's fill'd with strife,
Rebellion, wrong, and Pride.

9. These on the walls keep guard by day,
By night these walk the round :
Whil'st num'rous ills prevail within,
And plenteous tears abound.

10. Impiety is in the mid'st
Seated as in the heart,
Hypocrisie, and treach'rous fraud,
Ne're from her streets depart.

11. Had he been my declared foe,
And publick hate profest ;
I could have born his pride with ease,
Or hid my self at least.

12. But it was thou, my friend, my guide,
The Partner of my breast :

We lov'd, and with one seeming heart,
Our Pray'rs to God addrest.

13. Let sudden death their soul surprise,
Let them go quick to hell :
Wicked they are, and mischief fills
The tents wherein they dwell.

14. But I opprest, will to my God
Pour my afflicted cries :
He shall in mercy save me from
My fear'd Calamities.

15. At morning, noon, and night will I
His gracious aid implore :
Nor will I, till he hear my voice,
My earnest Pray'r give o're.

16. He, from the battel, shall secure,
And set my soul in Peace :
Though there be many seek my life,
One God is more then these.

17. God, ev'n my God of old, shall hear,
And vex them in their pride :
They fear not him, because success
Runs constant on their side.

18. See how he violated hath
Just Peace, and broken both
With God and man, the sacred bond
Of his religious oath.

19. War's in his heart, but in his mouth
 (Then butter) smoother words :
 Words soft as oyl, but in design,
 As killing, as drawn swords.

20. Cast on the Lord thy cares, my soul,
 He shall thy cause sustain :
 Nor will he let the just so fall
 As not to rise again.

21. Thou, Lord, the wicked shalt destroy ;
 Men bloudy, and unjust
 Shall not outlive their half of days :
 But I on thee will trust.

PSALM LVI.

1. Lord with thy mercy compass me,
 For man would me devour :
 Daily he seeks to make my life
 A prey unto his pow'r.

2. Mine Enemies would swallow me ;
 Many against me fight :
 But, O most high, in thee I trust
 When dangers most affright.

3. In thy sure promises I boast,
 My faith I build on thee :
 And will not fear the worst of ills,
 That man can do to me.

4. Day after day my words they wrest
With treacherous intent.
All the contrivement of their thoughts
Is upon mischief bent.

5. They have their busie meetings, where
In secret, they prepare
Maliciously to mark my steps,
And my poor soul insnare.

6. Shall they escape ? shall future ills,
Ills that are past protect ?
In thy provoked wrath arise,
And them to hell deject.

7. Thou know'st, how long I have from home
A wretched exile been ;
Thy bottles keep my tears, my wrongs
In Thy records are seen.

8. My foes shall to inglorious flight
Be turn'd when I to thee
Lift up my voice ; for sure I am
My God stands up for me.

9. God will I praise, his word I praise ;
God my sure trust shall be :
I will not fear the worst of ills,
That man can do to me.

10. O, how am I oblig'd to pay
Thanks to thy glorious Name ?
Thy

Thy vows are on me, I will sing
Thine everlasting fame.

11. Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
Thou keep'st my feet upright:
That I may serve thee whil'st mine eyes
Enjoy the cheerful light.

PSALM LVII.

1. Great God of mercy, Mercy shew,
Thy pitying hand extend:
On thee my fainting soul, for hope
Of safety doth depend.

2. I fly, for covert, to thy wings,
Until these storms of wo,
Which threaten my approaching fate,
Clear up, or overblow.

3. Thee I invoke, O thou most high,
To thee my Pray'rs ascend:
That canst perform what e're thou wilt,
And wilt my cause defend.

4. He his wing'd Legions shall command,
From his Æthereal Tow'r:
To save me from the scorn of him,
That would my life devour.

5. Send forth thy mercy ; let thy truth
To my escape make way :
My soul with Lions is begirt,
And men more fell then they.

6. Men set on fire, fierce sons of men,
Whose teeth are spears, whose words,
Like arrows wound, and their tongues kill,
As sure as sharpened swords.

7. Set up thy self, Thou God of pow'r
Above the spankled Skies :
Let all the Earth thy glory see,
Where day is born, and dies.

8. Nets have they spread to catch my steps,
My soul is bowed down :
But in the pit for me prepar'd,
Themselves are overthrown.

9. My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
Is fix'd ; I to thy Name
Will Praises sing, my grateful verse
Thy honor shall proclaim.

10. Awake my glory, wake my harp,
Awake my Psaltery :
My self will wake, before the Sun
Gild o're the morning Sky.

11. I where the great Assemblies meet,
Will celebrate thy Name ;
And

And make the Nations all with me
Immortalize thy Fame.

12. Immense thy mercy is, and far
The highest Heav'n transcends :
Thy never-failing truth, beyond
The lofty clouds extends.

13. Set up thy self, Thou God of pow'r
Above the spangled Skies :
Let all the Earth thy glory see
Where day is born, and dies.

PSALM LVIII.

1. YE that in Courts of Justice sit,
Y Do ye speak truth indeed ?
Do ye impartial judgment give,
Vain sons of humane seed ?

2. Nay ; but ye work the wickedness,
To which your hearts give birth :
And your false hands weigh violence,
Wherewith you fill the Earth.

3. Ev'n from the womb they take strange
As soon as born devise (ways,
To wander in forbidden Paths,
And follow after lyes.

4. Poys'ous as Serpents, deaf as Asps,
 Which 'gainst the Charmers spell
 Shut up their Ears, and will not hear,
 Though he charm ne're so well.

5. Lord, break their teeth, that they may do
 No more pernicious harm :
 Break the young Lions grinders out ;
 Their cruel jaws disarm.

6. Let them, like hasty waters, fall,
 Which secret drains draw dry ;
 And when they shoot their venom'd shafts,
 May they in shivers fly.

7. Let them dissolve, as snails, which ev'n
 In motion melt away :
 And like untimely births ne're see
 The Sun that gilds the day.

8. E're your pots feel the crackling flames
 Of the quick-kindled bryer ;
 So shall his whirlwinds snatch them hence,
 And vex them in his ire.

9. Good men shall joy, when they behold
 Thy veng'ance on them spent :
 And by the bloud of wicked men
 Learn to be innocent.

10. Then, that the just hath sure reward
 Shall ev'ry man confess :

And

And that God judgeth all the Earth,
In pow'r, and Righteousness.

P S A L M . L I X .

1. **G**od of my health, deliver me
From my insulting foes :
Defend me from the cruel hate
Of them that me oppose.
2. Save me from him, who all his work
To mischief doth apply :
Protect me from their pow'r, that long
Their hands in bloud to dy.
3. For lo, they wait to catch my soul :
The mighty ones combine
Against my life ; yet for no fault,
For no offence of mine.
4. They run, and (causelessly) prepar'd
For my destruction stand :
Awake, look down on my distress,
And lend thy helping hand.
5. Great God of Armies, *Israels* God,
To visit them awake :
And on th' obdurate Heathen let
Thine Eye no pity take.

6. In the dark Ev'ning they return,
Like half-starv'd dogs, and howl;
Roming about the streets, in hope
To tear my hunted soul.

7. Their mouths black Calumnies belch out,
Between their lips are swords :
For who (say they) doth hear ? will God
Care to observe our words ?

8. Thou, Lord, shalt have them in contempt,
The Heathen shalt deride ;
Whil'st I with patience wait on thee,
And in thy strength confide.

9. Thou, Lord God of my mercy, shalt
Prevent my longing eyes :
And let me see the wish'd defeat
Of my proud Enemies.

10. Slay them not, lest we soon forget ;
But, by thy pow'r immense,
Scatter, and bring them low as dust,
Great God of our defence.

11. Because their mouth and lips have sin'd,
Them in their pride surprize :
And let them be ensnared in
Their own foul perjuries..

12. Consume them in thy wrath, that they
No more a People be :

And know, that God in Jacob rules,
The Earths extremity.

13. Let them return at night, and howl,
Like dogs with hunger pin'd:
Let them come up and down for meat,
And no refreshment find.

14. But of thy pow'r and mercy, I
Will in the morning sing;
For in the day of my distress,
Thou hast my refuge been.

15. To thee will I my voice exalt,
My strength, my confidence:
Thou of my mercies art the God,
The God of my defence.

PSALM LX.

1. **O** Lord, thou hast abandoned,
And scatter'd us abroad:
Thou hast been angry, turn again,
And be our helping God.

2. At thy displeasure, the sick Earth,
As with an Ague quakes,
Torn by thy blasts; the breaches close,
For her foundation shakes.

3. Thou

3. Thou hast, with hard afflicting strokes,
Thy suff'ring People spent :
And made us drink the deadly wine
Of dull astonishment.

4. But now, for them that fear thee, thou
Thy Banner hast display'd :
And in this mercy verifi'd
Thy so long promis'd aid.

5. That *David* thy belov'd may be
From threat'ned ruine clear,
Let thy right hand Salvation bring,
And me with favour hear.

6. God in his holiness hath spoke,
My joys are now grown great ;
I *Sichem* will divide by line,
And *Succoth*'s valley mete.

7. *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* mine,
Ephraim supports my head :
Judah gives Law to all, where e're
My large Dominion's spread.

8. *Moab* my wash-pot is, my shooce
To *Edom* I'le hold out ;
And o're subjected *Palestine*
Ring forth the Conqu'rors shout.

9. Who shall to *Rabbah* lead us on,
Where *Ammon* proudly reigns ?

Who our victorious march conduct,
Through sandy *Edoms* plains ?

10. Lord, wilt not thou, who had'st so late
 Cast off thy people quite,
 And would'st not with our Armies go
 Unto the doubtful fight ?

11. Help us in trouble, O our God,
 And let thy arm sustain ;
 For all the help of wretched man,
 Is, like himself, but vain.

12. Through God we shall do valiant acts,
 He shall our foes confound ;
 And beat their trampled flesh to dirt
 O're all th' ignoble ground.

PSALM LXI.

1. **H**ear me, my God, when I to thee
 My sad complaints address :
 And let thy pitying ear attend
 The Pray'r of my distress.

2. Driven to the lands extremest Point,
 With heart o'rewhelm'd, I cry :
 O lead me to that Rock of hope,
 That higher is then I.

3. For thou hast been my sure retreat,
In days of threatening wo :
And a strong tow'r against the force
Of my prevailing foe.
4. I in thy sacred Courts will keep,
Perpetual Residence :
And under Covert of thy wings
Repose my confidence.
5. For, to thy gracious Ear, my vows
With full acceptance came :
And thou hast giv'n me the reward,
Of those that fear thy Name.
6. By thee confirm'd, the King shall see
His happy days increase :
And his blest years to ages grow,
Crown'd with enduring Peace.
7. He in thy favour shall remain,
Till time shall have an end :
O let thy mercies succour him,
And thy firm truth defend.
8. So will I thine exalted Praise,
In thankful songs proclaim :
And every day my vows perform
In honour of thy Name.

PSALM LXII.

1. **L**ord God, on thee my longing soul
In silent hope attends :
My preservation from thy Grace,
And providence descends.
2. He my salvation is, my Rock,
He my defence is known :
I may be mov'd, but never can
Be wholly overthrown.
3. How long will ye vain mischief forge,
Swift fate shall snatch you hence :
Quick as the breach of a bow'd wall,
Or of a tott'ring fence.
4. Me, and my crown, ye plot against,
Lyes are your loved art :
Blessings are frequent in your mouth,
But curses in your heart.
5. Be still, my soul ; on God alone
By constant faith attend :
My expectation on his Grace,
And favour doth depend.
6. He my salvation is, my Rock,
He my defence is known :
I may be mov'd, but never shall
Be wholly overthrown.

7. God is my health, my glory God ;
 God is, in all distress,
 The Rock, whereon I build my strength,
 And my secure Recess.

8. In him, ye people, place your trust ;
 Cast out self confidence,
 And pray to him, he only is
 Our Refuge, our defence.

9. Mean men are vain ; great Potentates,
 But a deceitful lye :
 Together in the balance laid,
 Lighter then vanity.

10. Trust not oppression ; be not proud
 Of gold by Rapine got :
 If wealth increase, make use of it,
 As if you us'd it not.

11. God hath said once that pow'r is his ;
 The same I twice have heard.
 Mercy is also his, he doth
 As man deserv's Reward.

PSALM LXIII.

1. O God, Thou only art my God,
 Thee will I seek, before
 The day-Star to th' expecting world,
 The new-born light restore.

2. My love-fir'd soul thirsts after thee,
For thee my longing flesh
Pants in a land, whose parched drought
No shov're, nor streams refresh;
3. That, as I have, I once again
May, with joy-ravish'd eye,
In thy lov'd Sanctuary see
Thy pow'r, and Majesty.
4. Thy kindness better is then life
Drawn out to length of days:
In sacred Anthems therefore I
Will eternize thy Praise.
5. Whil'st breath mortality prolongs,
Thy Mercies I will bless:
And, in the Honour of thy Name,
My uplift hands address.
6. As marrow to my pleased taste,
So shall thy goodness be
Unto my soul; when my glad lips
Pay praises unto thee.
7. Thee shall my thankful heart record,
Upon the silent bed:
When peaceful night hath laid the cares
Of my day-troubled head.
8. Because I have protection found
Under thy shady wing,

I will exult ; and my loud joys
In holy raptures sing.

9. To thee have I kept close ; on thee
My soul doth nearly press :
Thy providence, thy right-hand help
Supports me in distress.

10. But they that seek my life, themselves
Shall the same ruine have,
They laid for me ; and lie forgot
In th' Entrails of the grave.

11. The fury of th' unpitying sword
Shall spill their guilty bloud ;
Left as a prey for rav'ning Wolves,
And sharking Foxes food.

12. The King shall joy in God ; all they,
That swear by his dread Name
Shall glory ; but the perjur'd lips,
Be clos'd in endless shame.

PSALM LXIV.

1. **L**ord hear my Pray'r ; bow down thine
Propitious to my cries : (Ear
Preserve my hunted life from fear
Of my proud Enemies.

2. Conceal me from the secret plots,
By men of mischief laid :
Save from their tumults, that make sin
Their mystery, and trade.
3. Who with detraction steel their tongues,
Sharper then pointed swords :
Their mouth is as a bended bow,
Their shafts are bitter words.
4. These, at the perfect man they aim,
Plac'd in their dark retreats :
And wound him, when he least regards
Their close disguis'd deceits.
5. Bold in their prosp'rous villainy,
They talk of laying snares :
What eye (say they) shall see the plots
Our subtile brain prepares.
6. Industrious are their thoughts in ill ;
Their hand as diligent :
Nor want they, to their Ends, what wit.
Or malice can invent.
7. But, in the mid'st of their designs,
God shall his arrows shoot :
And his wing'd vengeance shall, with swift
Destruction, find them out.
8. The treachery their tongues have wrought,
On their own head shall lie :

All that behold, shall shrink away,
And from their ruine flye.

9. All men shall fear, and Gods great acts
With wond'ring hearts declare ;
When wisely they observe, how deep,
How just his workings are.

10. The Right'ous man shall trust in God,
And in his strength rejoice :
Th' upright in heart shall to his praise
Lift their exulting voice.

PSALM LXV.

1. **D**ue praises for the Lord our God,
In Sions Courts attend :
Our vow'd oblations there to thee
With solemn rites ascend.

2. To thee, whose goodness still inclines
To hear th' afflicted Pray'r,
All flesh, with faith, and humble fear,
Shall in distress repair.

3. My sins have so prevail'd, that now
Their strength my pow'r exceeds :
O let thy cleansing mercy come,
And purge our foul misdeeds.

4. Thrice happy he, whom thou vouchsaf'st
 Near to thy self to place ;
 That in thy sacred Courts may dwell
 Before thy glorious face.

5. He with the goodness of thy house
 Shall feast his appetite ;
 Full of the joys thy Temple yields,
 And ravish'd with delight.

6. Thou shew'st thy self our God, by works
 As terrible, as just :
 On thee th' Earth's ends, and those that
 Th' extremest Ocean trust. (plow

7. Th' aspiring mountains, whose proud heads
 Seem ev'n to prop the Skies,
 By thee stand fast, and in thy strength
 Their only firmness lies.

8. Thou still'st the roaring, check'st the
 Of the high-working seas : (pride,
 And the tumultuous peoples rage,
 Dost, when thou wilt, appease.

9. They that in farthest Regions dwell,
 Thy tokens see, and dread ;
 Where first the Sun sets forth, and where
 He rests his weary head.

10. Thou visitest the longing Earth,
 With plenty-dropping rain :
 And

And mak'st th' enriched fields encrease
Reward the Plowers pain.

11. The clouds, thy watry Magazines,
With store of show'rs abound :
Thy blessing makes the Corn spring up,
From the prepared ground.
12. Thy soaking rains the ridges wet,
And furrows do depress :
Thou soft'nest it with mellowing show'rs,
And then the spring dost bless.
13. The years successive seasons thou
Dost with thy bounty crown ;
The swelling clouds, (wherein thou mak'st
Thy Paths) drop fatness down.
14. They drop upon the parched Lawns
Of the dry wilderness :
The lesser hills about rejoice,
And revel with increase.
15. The Pastures cloth'd with Flocks ; the
Cover'd with Corn, shall bring (fields
Such plenty, that without a tongue
They shall ev'n laugh, and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1. Sing all ye lands ; to our great God
Your joyful voices raise :
Sing to the honour of his Name,
Exalt his glorious praise.
2. Say unto God, How terrible,
Art thou in mighty deeds ?
Great is thy pow'r ; thy foes confess,
That it all pow'r exceeds.
3. All that inhabit th' Earths extent,
Shall to thy worship sing :
And make the glory of thy Name
Through all the world to ring.
4. Come and behold the works of God,
And wond'ring say we then,
How terrible are thy great deeds
Before the sons of men !
5. He turn'd the seas into firm land,
Whil'st we pass'd dry-foot o're
The briny floud ; and sang his praise
Safe on the adverse shore.
6. He by his pow'r still rules the world,
His Eyes the Nations see :
Let not rebellious men triumph
In their Impiety.

7. O bless our God, and make the voice
Of his high praise resound :
Who holds our soul in life, and keeps
Our feet on steddy ground.

8. Try'd us Thou hast as silver o're,
Whose dross the fire refines :.
Thou brought'st us in the Net, and laid'st
Affliction on our Loins.

9. Thou caused'st cruel men to ride
O're our abased head
Through fire, and flouds, by thee at last
To wealthy dwellings led.

10. I, with burnt-off'rings, to thy house
Devoutly will repair :
And pay the vows, my lips have spoke,
When overwhelm'd with care.

11. Fatlings, with Rams strong incense shall
Consume in sacred fire :
Hundreds of Bullocks, and Male-Goats
Shall by the Priest expire.

12. Come near, and hearken, ye that fear
The great Jehovahs Name ;
What he for my poor soul hath done
I will aloud proclaim.

13. To him, by miseries opprest,
With fervency I cri'd :

I was reliev'd, and my glad tongue
His mercy magnifi'd.

14. If I iniquity in heart
 Regard, God will not hear :
 But he hath heard, and to my Pray'r
 Vouchsaf'd a gracious Ear.

15. Blessed be God, that hath not turn'd
 His face from my request ;
 Nor of his mercy me depriv'd :
 God be for ever blest.

PSALM LXVII.

1. **L**ord shew'r thy mercies down on us,
 Enrich with gifts divine :
 Let the bright beauties of thy face
 Upon thy servants shine.

2. That thy hid ways may be reveal'd
 To the admiring Earth :
 And thy salvation be proclaim'd
 To all of humane birth.

3. Lord, let the people to thy Name
 Their songs of Praise address :
 Let all the people the round world
 Thy glorious praise confess.

4. O let the Nations sound their joys,
 In universal mirth :
 For thou shalt justly judge, and rule
 The Kingdoms of the Earth.

5. Lord, let the people to thy Name
 Their Songs of Praise address :
 Let all that people the round world
 Thy glorious Praise confess.

6. Then shall our happy land abound,
 With plentiful increase :
 And God, our God, shall pour on us
 Prosperity, and Peace.

7. God shall rich blessings on our heads,
 In great abundance shew'r :
 And the whole world, from end to end,
 Shall dread his awful pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1. **L**et God, the God of battel, rise
 And scatter his proud foes :
 O let them flee, whose impious hate
 God, and his Ark oppose.

2. Driven like smoke before the wind,
 By their own stormy fears ;
 Like wax, by scorching flames dissolv'd,
 When he in pow'r appears.

3. But let the Righteous with glad hearts,
 Before the Lord rejoice :
 And found their overflowing joys,
 With a triumphant voice.

4. Sing to the Lord, loud Praises sing ;
 Sing his immortal Fame,
 That rides upon the Heav'n of Heav'ns,
JAH is his pow'ful Name.

5. Father of Orphans, the just Judge
 Of the poor widows cry,
 Is God, who dwells within the gates
 Of glorious Sanctity.

6. God brings the banish'd to his home,
 And breaks the Captives chains :
 But Rebels dwell in a dry land,
 Not wet by fruitful Rains.

7. Lord, when thou led'st thy people forth
 From bondage, and distress ;
 When with high hand, thou marched'st
 The sandy wilderness, (through

8. The Earth was palfie-struck : the Heav'ns,
 With a cold sweat ran down ;
 At Gods dread presence ; *Isr'el* God ;
 Ev'n *Sinai* shook its Crown.

9. Thou on thy Heritage tyr'd out
 With parching drought and pain :
 Sent' *R*

Sent'st drink and bread in pearly dews,
And flesh in feather'd rain.

10. Guarded by troops of Angels, there
Thy people did reside :
In the dry desart for the poor
Thy goodness did provide.

11. God gave the word, as soon as spoke,
With victory 'twas crown'd :
Our Triumphs num'rous virgins did
With Songs, and Cymbals sound.

12. Proud Kings were put to hasty flight,
Vast Armies to the foil :
And she that tarried in the Tent,
Shar'd in the wealthy spoil.

13. Though ye have lain among the pots,
Ye shall be, as the Dove,
Whose silver-wings by sun-beams guilt,
With radiant splendor move.

14. When thou, O God, did'st scatter Kings,
Then wer't thou deck'd with light,
More dazzling then the snow that cloths
Salmon's cold tops in white.

15. Gods hill, is like to *Bashan*'s hill,
A lofty hill ; as high
As *Bashan*, whose aspiring head
Reaches the cloudy Sky.

16. Why leap ye so, ye high crown'd hills,
 This is Gods sacred hill :
 His chosen rest, which ever he
 Will with his glory fill.

17. Gods Chariots twice ten thousand are,
 Myriads of Angels guard
 His presence ; as in *Sinai*, when
 He his dread law declar'd.

18. Cloth'd with illustrious victories,
 Thou art gone up on high :
 And haft in glorious triumph led
 Captive Captivity.

19. Thou hast received gifts for men ;
 And those that did rebel
 Partake thy blessings ; that the Lord
 Ev'n among them may dwell.

20. Blest be the Lord ! for ever blest
 Be our Salvations God !
 Whose bounty us with benefits
 Day after day doth load.

21. The God, whose greatness we adore,
 'Tis he Salvation gives :
 And by his uncontrolled breath,
 Man either dies, or lives.

22. The Lord shall wound the desp'rate heads
 Of his proud Enemies ;
 Their

Their hairy scalps, that still pursue
Belov'd iniquities.

23. God said, Mine *Isr'els* seed I will
From *Bashan* bring again ;
Mine own will I bring from the depths
Of the unfathom'd main.

24. That, in the bloud of slaughter'd foes,
Thy feet may be dipt o're :
And dogs may satiate their thirst
In lakes of purple gore.

25. Lord, we have seen, how thou did'st march
In glorious array :
How thou, our God, and King, before
Thine Ark didst lead the way.

26. The singers first, then they that touch'd
The well tun'd pipe, and string :
And with them rank'd, the Virgins did
Their pleasant Cymbals ring.

27. In the Assemblies of the Saints,
To God your Praise address :
Ye that from *Isr'els* Fountain spring
The Lord of Heaven bless.

28. There's little *Benjamin*, that rules ;
Judah in Counsel wise ;
Zabulons chiefs ; and *Neptahlies*
In whom deep learning lies.

29. God hath commanded strength for us,
And nobly for us done :
Confirm the work, which thy right hand
In mercy hath begun.

30. For thy great Temples sake, that's built
In lov'd *Jerusalem*,
Bring gifts to thee shall Kings, that wear
The sacred Diadem.

31. Rebuke the troops of Spearmen, Check
Th' enraged Multitude
Of Bulls, And let the Peoples Calves
Be to Thy Beck subdu'd.

32. Till they, with silver in their hands,
Long-banish'd peace invite ;
Scatter the men whose Savage hearts
In barb'rous war delight.

33. Then Princes shall with off'rings come
From *Egypt's* parched Sands ;
And Sun-burnt *Ethiopians*
To God soon stretch their hands.

34. Ye Kingdoms of the round fac'd Earth
To God your voices raise :
Sing to the Lord, sing ev'ry where
The great Jehovahs praise.

35. To him that rides upon the Heav'ns,
The Heav'ns that were of old :

He sends his voice, a mighty voice,
By none to be controll'd.

36. Ascribe ye strength unto the Lord ;
For he his Excellence
O're *Isr'el* shews, the lofty clouds
He makes his Residence.

37. Terrible in his holy place
Is God ; he doth invest
With strength his people : O let God,
Our God, be ever blest !

PSALM LXIX.

1. **L**ord save me from th' enraged floods,
Whose threatening billows roll
So thick upon me ; that they press
Near to o'rewhelm my soul.
2. Deep in the mire my sinking feet
Find no firm ground to tread :
And I am plung'd in deluges
That swell above my head.
3. Weary'd, with never-ceasing cries,
My throat grows hoarse and dry :
And whilst I wait upon my God
Sight fails my dimmed Eye.

4. More, then my hairs, are they that would
With causeless hate devour :
Those that would guiltless ruine me,
Are mighty in their pow'r.
5. What I ne're took, have I restor'd ;
Thou dost my folly see ;
Thou know'st my weaknesses, nor are
My sins conceal'd from thee.
6. Lord God of Armies, for my cause,
O let not shame deject
Their clouded looks, whose faithful hearts
Thy saving health expect.
7. Let not confusion, for my sake,
Upon their faces dwell ;
That seek salvation from thy hand.
Great God of Israel.
8. For my dependence upon thee,
Of't have I born disgrace ;
The Calumnies of foolish men
Blast my dejected face.
9. I to the brothers of my bloud,
A stranger am become :
An Alien to the children born,
Of mine own Mothers womb.
10. Zeal for thine house, ev'n eats me up,
And the reproaches meant
Against

Against the honour of thy Name,
Upon my head are spent.

11. I wept, and did abstain from meat ;
 My Penance was my blame :
 I put on sackcloth, and for that
 Their Proverb I became.
12. They that on seats of justice sit
 Revile me with their tongue :
 And the good fellows in their wine
 Make me their drunken song.
13. But Lord in an accepted time
 My Pray'rs to thee ascend :
 In thy great Mercy, and thy truth
 A gracious answer lend.
14. Free me from sinking in the mire,
 From cruel hatred save :
 Lest the proud waves of the Abyss
 Give me a watry grave.
15. Let not the overflowing tides
 Ingulph me in the deep :
 Nor let the pits devouring jaws
 In death imprison'd keep.
16. Good are thy loving kindnesses ;
 Thine Ear of pity deign :
 Boundless thy tender mercies are ;
 O turn to me again !

17. Hide not from me thy cheerful face,
 Under an angry veil :
 Deliver me, for troubles do
 On every side assail.

18. Draw nigh ; redeem my fainting soul,
 That labours in distress :
 Rescue me from malicious foes,
 That would my life oppres.

19. Thou know'st the bitter scorns I bear,
 My shame, and infamy :
 Mine Adversaries are before
 Thine all-beholding Eye.

20. Reproach hath broke my grieved heart ;
 For pity I did look,
 But there was none, and in my woes
 All comfort me forsook.

21. To mock my hunger (merciless)
 They gave me gall to eat ;
 And vinegar, when drink I ask'd,
 To cool my thirsty heat.

22. O let their table be their snare ;
 And that which should have been
 The welfare of their Souls, become
 A trap to catch them in.

23. Darkned, and sightless be their Eyes,
 Their loins with terror shake :
 Pour

Pour out thy wrath, and hold of them
 May thy fierce fury take.

24. May their forsaken houses be
 To desolation brought :
 And in their cursed tents to dwell,
 None entertain a thought.

25. Those whom thy chast'ning hand corrects,
 They with rebukes pursue :
 And to the wounded Conscience
 Grief upon grief renew.

26. Add sins to their unpardon'd sins,
 Till the black score increase
 Up to despair ; and they ne're come
 Into thy Righteousness.

27. Blot them out of thy volumes, where
 The Sons of life are toll'd :
 And let not their condemned Names
 Be with the just inroll'd.

28. But I am poor, a man of griefs,
 O'reborn with misery :
 Let thy salvation visit me,
 And set me up on high.

29. Then will I, with exalted voice,
 Sing to th' Almighty's Name :
 And magnifie in grateful verse
 His everlasting Fame.

30. This shall more please the Lord, then if
 An Ox led from the stall,
 Or Bullock arm'd with horns, and hoofs
 Should at the Altar fall.

31. This shall the humble see, with joy ;
 This shall confirm the meek :
 This shall be life unto their hearts,
 That Gods assistance seek.

32. The Lord inclines a willing Ear
 Unto the faithful cries
 Of the oppressed poor ; nor will
 His Pris'ners pray'r despise.

33. Praise ye the Lord, ye Heav'ns, and Earth ;
 Praise him ye rolling deeps :
 And every creature that within
 Your liquid bosom creeps.

34. For God, lov'd Sion will protect,
 And Judah's Cities rear ;
 That his redeem'd may dwell, and have
 A sure possession there.

35. They, and their seed shall those rich lands
 For heritage obtain ;
 And they that love his sacred Name,
 Shall there in Peace remain.

PSALM LXX.

1. Great Sov'reign of the world, by whom
The Heav'ns, and Earth were made :
Haste to deliver me, my God,
Haste to my speedy aid.
2. Disgrace, and ruine fall on them,
That seek my bloud to spill :
Put them to ignominious flight,
That think, and wish me ill.
3. Be they turn'd back for their reward ;
And shame their wages pay ;
Who at my griefs, Aha, Aha,
In proud derision say.
4. But joy and triumph fill their mouths,
That have thy mercy try'd :
Let such as thy salvation love,
Say, God be magnifi'd.
5. But I am poor, with need distrest,
Make haste, my God, to me :
Delay not my deliverance,
My help's alone in thee.

PSALM LXXI.

1. **T**Hou great preserver of the poor,
On thee my trust relies :
O never let confounding shame
Close my dejected Eyes.
2. Deliver me, as thou art just,
From danger set me free :
Encline thine Ear, and shield me from
This fear'd Calamity.
3. Be thou my Castle, where I may,
In all distres resort :
To save me thou hast giv'n thy word,
Thou art my Rock, my Fort.
4. Rescue me, Lord, from wicked hands,
From the unpitying hands
Of unjust men, whose cruel hearts
Nor love, nor law commands.
5. My hopes I ever have repos'd
In thee, the God of truth :
Thy Name hath been my confidence,
Ev'n from my early youth.
6. As soon as born, thy care sustain'd,
Thy love prolong'd my days :
Thou took'st me from my Mothers womb,
Thou still shalt be my Praise.

7. A wonder, and a mark of scorn,
To many I am made:
But thou my refuge art, my strength
Is in thy mighty aid.

8. O let my mouth be fill'd with Praise,
That I thy honour may
To the convinced world proclaim,
And publish all the day.

9. Cast me not off, when mine old age
Upon my life prevails;
Do not abandon me, when my
Declining vigor fails.

10. For mine insulting Enemies,
That would my soul surprize,
Against me speak, and close contriv'd
Conspiracies devise.

11. God hath forsaken him; pursue
And seize him quick (say they.)
There's none to save him, none can now
Prevent us of our prey.

12. O do not far withdraw thy self,
In this my sad distress:
Haste to my help, my God, with speed
My miseries redress.

13. Confounded be they, and consum'd,
That my poor soul would kill:

Cover them with reproach and shame,
That wish and seek my ill.

14. But I, with never fainting hope,
Thy Mercies will implore :
And celebrate, with thankful heart,
Thy Praises more and more.

15. My lips shall thy salvation shew,
And all the day recount
Thy Righteousness, whose sum doth all
Arithmetick surmount.

16. In God the Lord will I go forth
Arm'd with the strength divine :
I will, in all my Straits, record
Thy justice, only thine.

17. How great thy goodness is, thou hast
Taught my experienc'd youth :
And hitherto have I declar'd
Thy wond'rous works, and truth.

18. Forsake me not, now when gray hairs
Have cloth'd my aged Crown :
Till I to these, and after-times
Have made thy power known.

19. Thy Righteousness is very high,
Thou hast thy might declar'd
In deeds transcendent : who to thee
(Great God !) may be compar'd ?

20. Sore troubles thou hast shew'd me, yet
 Thy quick'ning hand shall save ;
 And bring me from the fearful depths
 Of the devouring grave.

21. Thou shalt exalt my humbl'd head,
 With envied increase
 Of greatness ; and on every side
 Give me the joyes of peace.

22. Thee on the Psalt'ry will I praise,
 And to the warbling string,
 Thou holy one of *Israel*,
 Thy truth, and mercy sing.

23. My lips, with gladness overflow'd,
 Shall in high strains rejoice :
 And my redeemed soul make up
 The musick of my voice.

24. My grateful tongue thy Righteousness
 Shall ev'ry day proclaim :
 For they that sought my hurt are drown'd
 In everlasting shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1. **L**ord give thy judgments to the King ;
 Thy graces to his Son :
 Then right shall both to rich and poor,
 In streams of justice run.

2. The lofty Mountains shall produce
The pleasant fruits of Peace :
The lesser hills, by Righteousness,
Shall riot with increase.
3. He shall the innocent protect,
Defend the Orphans cause :
And break the proud oppressors pow'r
Beneath the stroke of laws.
4. Thee shall they fear, from age to age,
Whil'st rising Suns give light
To the blind world, and pale-fac'd Moon
Govern the silent Night.
5. He shall descend, as gentle Rains
On the mow'd grafs distil :
Like show'rs, which do the teeming Earth
With fertile moisture fill.
6. The just shall flourish, in his days ;
And peace with plenty crown'd,
As long as the ne're constant Moon
Moves in her constant round.
7. From sea to sea shall be the bounds
Of his enlarg'd command :
His Empire, from the river stretch'd
Unto the farthest land.
8. The desarts wild Inhabitants
To him shall bow their heads :

His vanquish'd Enemies shall lick
Th' ignoble dust he treads.

9. The Kings of *Tarshish*, and the Isles
With presents shall attend :
Sheba's, and *Seba's* Princes shall
Rich gifts for favour send.

10. All Kings shall in subjection fall,
Before his awful Throne :
All Nations shall receive his yoke,
And him for Sov'reign own.

11. He shall the needy free from wrong,
When he sends up his cry :
And help the poor, that hath no friend,
On whom he may rely.

12. His bowels, with compassion mov'd,
Shall the distressed spare :
And ease th' afflicted from the weight
Of his oppressing care.

13. He shall their souls from violence,
And baneful fraud redeem :
Their bloud shall ever in his sight
Be precious in esteem.

14. Long shall he live ; to him they shall
Sheba's pure gold present :
Pray'rs for his health, and blessings shall
Each day the day prevent.

15. The seeds-man shall not lose his pains
Upon the Mountain top :
His scatter'd handfuls shall spring up
Unto a lusty Crop.

16. Whose fruit shall shake like *Lebanon*,
The City shall abound ;
And flourish, like the verdant grass,
That cloaths the fruitful ground.

17. His name shall as the Sun endure,
And on his children rest :
All Nations shall be blest in him ;
And all call him, The blest.

18. Blest be th' Almighty Lord, our God,
The God of *Israel* ;
Who only doth, through all the world,
In wond'rous works excel !

19. Blest ever be his glorious Name,
Let the whole Earth, and men
Be with his glory fill'd, and say
Amen, great God, *Amen*.



THE
PSALMS of King
D A V I D
Paraphrased.

The Third BOOK.

PSALM LXXIII.

1. **G**od truly is to *Isr'el* good,
 Even such as with pure mind,
 Do worship him, nor are to vile
 Hypocritie inclin'd.

2. But as for me, my stagg'ring feet
 Were almost overthrown :
 The slipp'ry treadings of my steps
 Well nigh had cast me down.

3. For I with indignation burn'd,
When I the foolish saw.
Abound in wealth, yet fearless liv'd
Either of God, or Law.

4. Lusty they are, as if for them
Deaths bands too feeble were :
From troubles free, nor feel the Plagues,
Which other mortals bear.

5. Pride therefore, as a chain of gold,
About their necks is wound :
Oppression, like a robe of state,
Mantles them to the ground.

6. The fat of wanton ease swells up
Their supercilious Eyes :
Riches roll in, beyond what e're
They wish'd, or could devise.

7. Corrupt they are in their false heart,
And wicked in their tongue :
As ready to maintain, and boast,
As to commit a wrong.

8. Heav'n's not exempt, nor God himself,
From their foul blasphemies :
The Earth is blasted with the breath
Of their infectious lies.

9. This often tempts the Righteous man,
Back from his faith to fly :

Till even drown'd with floods of tears,
Stream'd from his melting Eye ;

10. Does the Almighty see ? (says he)
Can the most high God know ?
Why does he not his fury then
In their confusion show ?

11. 'Tis sure, these men ungodly are ;
Yet see, how big they grow
In the worlds pow'r, how fast their wealth
Does their cramm'd Chests o'reflow.

12. What profit's it, that I have cleans'd
My heart from impure stain ?
Why have I wash'd in Innocence
My spotless hands in vain ?

13. All the day long have I been plagu'd,
And as the rising Sun
Renew'd the Light, my punishments
Have still anew begun.

14. But stay, wild thoughts ! for should I
To such suggestions lend, (words
I should blaspheme high Providence,
And thy dear Saints offend.

15. Then I resolv'd, I would the ground
Of this dark myst'ry try ;
But 'twas too painful, 'twas too deep
For my short-sighted Eye.

16. Till to thy Sanctuary I
Did, with meek thoughts, ascend :
Then straight thou mad'st me understand
Their miserable end.

17. Doubtless they are, by thy just hand,
In slipp'ry glory plac'd,
And headlong thence, with greater weight
Down to destruction cast.

18. How are they, by unlook'd for fate,
To desolation brought ?
By terrors utterly consum'd,
Ev'n in a moments thought ?

19. As a sweet dream, when softer sleep
Leaves our benighted Eyes ;
So their vain joys shall fly, and thou
Their image shalt despise.

20. Thus was I griev'd in heart, my reins
With pricking pains opprest ;
So dull was I, so ignorant,
So like a senseless beast.

21. Yet I (for all these doubts) have been
Continually with thee :
Thou by my right hand, hast upheld,
And still supported me.

22. Thou by thy Counsel shalt conduct
My soul in peaceful ways :

All my life long, and after to
Immortal glory raise.

23. Whom have I, that I may compare
With thee, in Heav'n above?
Or who is in the Earth that I
Besides thy self can love?

24. My flesh is weak, yet when my sp'rits
Forsake my fainting heart,
Thou art the strength of all my hopes;
Thou my sure portion art.

25. For those that wander far from thee,
Shall in their errors dy:
Thou shalt destroy all such, as do
Upon strange Gods rely.

26. But it is good for me, that I
Unto my God repair:
In thee will I my trust repose,
And thy great works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1. **L**ord! why from us forlorn do'st thou
This angry distance keep?
Shall thy consuming wrath still smoke
Against thy pasture Sheep?

2. Think

2. Think on thy purchas'd tribe, the Rod
By thee redeem'd, and own'd :
Thy Heritage, and *Sion*, where
Thy glory is inthron'd.
3. Lift up thy feet, and quickly come ;
Our desolations see,
And spoil, that's in thy Temple made
By the proud Enemy.
4. Hark ! how with dire reproaches they
In thine Assemblies roar :
And raise for Trophies of our wo,
The Ensigns which they bore.
5. They shew themselves, like men prepar'd
To fell a Grove of *Okes* :
And break the goodly Carvings down
With Ax, and Hammer-strokes.
6. They have thy Sanctuary burnt
With sacrilegious flame :
Defil'd, and cast the dwelling down
Of thy most sacred Name.
7. Destroy we them (say they) at once,
With one united hand :
They all the Synagogues have fir'd,
Throughout our wasted land.
8. We see not now our wonted signs,
There is no Prophet more :

None

None knows how long our miseries
Will last, or when give o're.

9. How long, Lord, shall th' enraged foe
With bitter scoffs upbraid?
Shall he blaspheme thee still, as if
Thou wilt not, canst not aid?

10. Why draw'st thou back thy punishing
Thy right hand? quickly bear (hand?)
It from thy bosom, make them feel
The pow'r they would not fear.

11. Jehovah is our King, e're since
The world receiv'd a birth:
His mighty arm Salvation works,
In midst of all the Earth.

12. Thou in the Red Sea, shew'dst thy strength;
And partedst wave from wave:
Thou break'st th' *Ægyptian* Dragons
And mad'st the deep their grave. (heads,

13. By thee the great *Leviathan*
Was into pieces tore;
And giv'n for meat to them that dwelt
Upon the desert shore.

14. Thou clav'st the stony Ribs of Rocks,
And from the new made wound
Brought'st streaming Flouds, and turn'dst
Great Flouds into dry ground. (again,
15. Thine

15. Thine is the splendor of the day,
Thine are the shades of night :
The golden Sun, and silver Moon,
From thee receive their light.

16. Thou hast inclos'd the round-fac'd Earth,
In Air-confined bounds :
Summer, and Winter move by thee,
In their successive rounds.

17. Remember, how th' insulting foe
Hath vilifi'd thy fame ?
And the fool-Atheist cast reproach
Upon thy awful Name.

18. O give not up thy turtle Dove
To the fierce multitude
Of wicked men ; forget not still
The poor, by wrongs pursu'd.

19. Regard the Cov'nant ; for the Earth
With dark designs is fill'd :
And cruelty doth ev'ry where
Her habitations build.

20. Let not th' opprest, that have no hope
But thee, return with shame :
Shew thy Salvation to the poor,
That they may praise thy Name.

21. Rise, Lord, and plead in our defence
Thine own most Righteous cause :
Remem-

Remember how the fool blasphemeth
Thee, and thy sacred Laws.

22. Do not thy foes proud voice forget ;
For the tumultuous roar
Of those, that in Rebellion rise,
Grows daily more, and more.

PSALM LXXV.

1. **T**o thee, great God, we praises sing,
For thee we praise prepare :
Thy Name is near to us, and that
Thy wond'rous works declare.

2. When God shall see his time most fit,
(Though he a while delay)
He will shew mercy to the just,
The ill with plagues repay.

3. The Earth, and all its dwellers, would
Dissolve, and fall away :
If God did not the Pillars bear,
And her foundations stay.

4. Deal not so madly then, ye fools,
Ye blind in heart (said I)
Ye wicked, and ungodly men,
Lift not your Horn on high.

5. Lift not your Horn on high, as if
 Your pride should meet no check :
 Speak not so vainly ; stiffen not
 Your yet untamed neck.

6. For, Neither East, nor West, nor South,
 Doth high promotion come :
 God judges, he pulls down, and sets
 Another in the room.

7. He holds the Cup of red-mixt wine,
 And deals the same about :
 But th' impure dregs, th' ungodly shall
 Drink off, and suck them out.

8. I will, whil'st breath my life preserves,
 His noble Acts relate :
 My song the praise of Jacob's God,
 Shall always celebrate.

9. I also will cut off the horns
 Of those, that God reject :
 But the just man shall rise in pow'r,
 And high his horn erect.

PSALM LXXVI.

1. **G**od is in *Judah* known, his Name
 Is great in *Israel* :
 In *Salem* is his Temple built,
 He doth in *Sion* dwell.

2. There

2. There did he the barb'd arrow break,
Shiver the mighty bow,
Make the shield useles, crack the sword,
And battel overthrow :
3. Thy presence is more glorious,
Thou far more excellent,
Then the strong Mountains, where for prey
The Robbers pitch their tent.
4. The stout are spoil'd, th' have slept their
None of the men of might (sleep:
Have found an hand, to guard their lives,
In fury of the fight.
5. At thy rebuke, the Chariots did
In a deep slumber lie :
The horse, and Rider fell as dead
In a cold Lethargy.
6. Thou, even thou, art to be fear'd :
Who in thy sight may stand ?
When thou shalt from thy angry Eye,
One killing frown command ?
7. Thou dost our cause in thunders plead ;
The Earth with fear possest
Was still, when God in judgment rose,
To rescue the opprest.
8. The wrath of man becomes thy praise ;
All its attempts are vain :
Thou

Thou canst, as well the rage to come,
As what is past restrain.

9. Vow to the Lord, and pay your vows,
With speed your God attone :
All that be round him, presents bring,
He's to be fear'd alone.

10. He cuts the sp'rit of Princes off,
And breaks them in the birth :
He's terrible to Kings that sway
The Scepters of the Earth.

PSALM LXXVII.

1. **T**O God I cry'd, even unto God
My mournful voice addrest :
He turn'd his favourable Ear
And heard my sad request.

2. In the dark day of my distress,
I sought the Lord ; my sore
By night ran ceaseless, and my soul
Would know no comfort more.

3. I call'd my God to mind, and still
With trouble was oppress : (quite
My sp'rit through my complaints was
O'rewhelm'd within my breast.

4. Thou

4. Thou hold'st my waking eyes, that they
 Take not a wink of sleep :
 And my prevailing sorrows make
 My lips dull silence keep.
5. Then I consider'd what thy hand
 Wrought in the days of old :
 And what, in ages past, our Sires
 Their wond'ring sons have told.
6. In the dead stilness of the night,
 I recollect my song :
 And reas'ning in my doubtful heart,
 Thus spake without a tongue :
7. For ever hath the Lord cast off?
 Will he no favour lend?
 Clean is his pity gone? his word
 Come to an utter end?
8. Gracious hath God forgot to be?
 And will he, thus displeas'd,
 His tender bowels shut from us?
 No more to be appeas'd?
9. Then said I, This my weakness is,
 But to my mind will I
 Recal the years of thy right hand,
 O thou that art most high.
10. Thy works, and wond'rous acts I will
 Bring back into my thought :

And talk of all the mighty deeds,
Thy potent Arm hath wrought.

11. Thy ways, O holy God, are in
The Sanctuary found :
Who is a God like ours for pow'r,
For justice so renown'd ?

12. Thou God of wonder, shew'dst thy
In *Egypt* ; thou hast freed (strength
Thy people, with an out-stretch'd arm,
Jacob's and *Joseph*'s seed.

13. The floods saw thee, O God, the floods
Saw thee, and were afraid :
The troubled billows of the deep
By flight their dread betray'd.

14. The Clouds pour'd streams of water down
And, from the rended Sky,
Came hideous cracks, whil'st through the
Thy fatal arrows fly. (Aii)

15. Thy thunders roar'd; the Lightnings made
The world one flame appear :
Th' unjoynted Fabrick of the Earth
Trembled, and shook for fear.

16. Thy way is in the Sea, thy Paths
In the great waters lie :
Thy undiscerned footsteps are
Not known to our dull eye.

17. Thou

17. Thou ledd'st thy people, like a flock,
 Through th' unfrequented Sand,
 To *Canians* fruitful borders, by
Moses, and *Aarons* hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1. **G**ive Ear, my People, to my law,
 My wise instruction hear :
 And to the words my lips declare,
 Bow your attentive Ear.

2. My mouth to this dull-hearted age,
 Shall parables unfold :
 And I dark sayings will explain,
 Done in the days of old :

3. Which we our selves have heard, and by
 Approv'd tradition known,
 Successively, from time to time,
 By our great Fathers shown.

4. We will not hide them from our Sons,
 But to our after seeds,
 Set forth the praises of the Lord,
 His strength, and wond'rous deeds.

5. In *Jacob* he a Cov'nant made,
 A law in *Israel* :
 Which he our Ancestors did charge,
 They should their children tell :

O 2

6. That

6. That Generations yet to come
Might know them, and the Race
Unborn declare to those that should
Rise after in their place.

7. That they might fix their hope in God,
Nor gracelessly forget
His works, but the commands observe,
Which he for them had set.

8. Not, as their Fathers, a perverse,
And a Rebellious brood :
False in their hearts, whose wav'ring minds
With God unsteady stood.

9. *Ephr'ims* degenerate issue, arm'd,
And expert in their bows,
Ready to joyn the battel turn'd
Their backs upon their foes.

10. They falsly brake their Covenant,
Rejected Gods command :
Slighted the works, and miracles,
Wrought by his mighty hand.

11. Prodigious things did he perform,
In their forefathers Eyes ;
In *Ægypt*, and the fields on which
Zoans proud walls arise.

12. He cut the seas, and as they pass'd,
The waters stoods upright:

By

By day he led them with a Cloud,
And with a fire by night.

13. He in the desert clave the Rocks ;
As from the Deeps their thirst
He cool'd, and from the Marble made
Streams like full torrents burst.

14. Yet they heap'd sins on sins, still more
Provoking the most High :
And tempted God by asking meat
Their lust to satisfie.

15. Yea, they blasphem'd, and vainly said,
Can God our wants redress ?
Can he prepare a table in
The barren wilderness ?

16. 'Tis true, he smote the Rock, and streams
Gush'd from its flinty side ;
But can he give his people bread ?
And flesh for food provide ?

17. God heard it, and his fury brake
'Gainst Jacob in a Flame :
Against gain-saying Israel
Devouring anger came.

18. Because their misconceiving heart
Did not in him believe :
Nor trust that he, who had before,
Could now Salvation give.

19. Though he the fruitful clouds had
 To rain on them their stores : (charg'd,
 And plenty in their laps drop'd down
 From Heav'n's enlarged doors.

20. Manna in hoary Dews distill'd,
 The Skies gave corn to eat :
 Men were like Angels fed, their mouths
 Fill'd with Celestial meat

21. He caus'd the East-wind blow, and brought
 The South-wind by his pow'r :
 Flesh rain'd like dust, and fowls, like sand,
 Fell in a feather'd show'r,

22. Within their Camp, their tents about ;
 So they did eat their fill ;
 He gave them their desire, nor did
 Restrain their lustful will.

23. But whilst the meat was in their mouths,
 Unchew'd, Gods fury fell ;
 Which slew the healthiest, & smote down
 The flow'r of *Israe*l.

24. Yet still they sin'd, nor would afford
 His miracles belief :
 Therefore he spent in vanity
 Their days, their years in grief.

25. Then, when she flew them, they return'd,
 And soon to God did cry,
 Thou

Thou art our Rock, our Saviour,
Thou art our God on high.

26. Thus did they flatter with their mouths,
Their faithless tongues bely'd
Their unsound hearts; nor in his laws
Would stedfastly abide.

27. But full of mercy, he forgave
Their sins, and did not slay:
Oft pass'd his anger by, oft did
His rising fury stay.

28. For he remember'd they were flesh,
An Airy breath, that flies,
And comes no more unto the place
Where first it did arise.

29. In the dry wilderness how oft
Did they his patience vex?
How often in the desart-plains
His grieved soul perplex?

30. Yea, they turn'd back, tempted, confin'd
His pow'r, nor ever thought
Upon his hand, nor day, in which
He their deliv'rance wrought.

31. What wonders he in *Egypt* shew'd,
What signs in *Zoans* field:
Their brooks ran bloud, nor could their
Drink to the thirsty yield. (Hounds
O 4 32. Swartes

32. Swarms of devouring flies he sent,
 And frogs their land did spoil :
 The Caterpillars kill'd their fruits,
 Locusts consum'd their toil.

33. Storms brake their Vines, and frosts de-
 The shady Sycomore : (stroy'd
 Hail kill'd their Cattel, And their Flocks
 His f'ry thunders tore.

34. On them his anger, wrath, revenge,
 He in fierce fury spent :
 And sent ill Angels to increase
 Their tort'ring punishment.

35. He to his rage gave up the Reins,
 Nor spar'd their soul from death :
 But, by the baneful Pestilence,
 Cut off their hated breath.

36. He smote the first-born, from the Queen,
 Down to the bleating Dam ;
 Through *Pharaohs* land, ev'n the chief
 In all the tents of *Ham*. (strength

37. But his own people, he, like sheep,
 Brought forth from their distress :
 And like a flock, did guide them through
 The pathless wilderness.

38. He led them safely on their way,
 From fears and dangers free :

But

But the returning seas o'rewhelm'd
Their helpless Enemy.

39. Then did he bring them to the bounds
Of Canaan's promis'd land :
Even to this Mount, the purchas'd prize
Of his victorious hand.

40. He cast the Heathen out, and did
Their lines by lot divide :
And made the tribes of *Israel*,
Within their tents reside.

41. Yet tempted they their God, and still
Provoked the most High :
Nor to his testimonies kept
Their vow'd fidelity.

42. But, as their faithless Fathers, did
Rebel, and backward go ;
Starting distrustfully aside,
Like a deceitful bow.

43. Their Altars, on the Mountains rear'd,
Incens'd his burning ire :
Their Idols, in his vexed breast,
Kindled a jealous fire.

44. When he heard this, he angry grew,
Abhor'd false *Israel* :
Shilo forsook, and left the tent,
Where he had chose to dwell.

45. His strength into Captivity,
 His glory to the foe ;
 His people to the sword he gave,
 Nor would his rage let go.

46. Fire took their young men, and their
 Knew not the Bridal-bed ; (maids
 Their Priests were slain, no widows
 The fun'als of the dead. (mourn'd

47. Then did the Lord awake, as one
 From a deep sleep releas'd :
 And, as a strong man, when the charms
 Of stronger wine had ceas'd.

48. His enemies with grievous plagues
 He persecutes, he wounds
 Them in their hinder parts, and with
 Perpetual shame confounds.

49. Yet he refused *Joseph*'s tents,
 And *Ephr'ims* tribe rejects :
 But *Judah* chose, and *Sions* Mount
 More then the rest affects.

50. There he his Sanctuary built,
 Like Palaces on high ;
 Firm as the Earth, whose frame doth on
 Unmov'd foundations lie.

51. He did, 'mongst all the families,
David his servant chuse

From

From guarding of the fleecy sheep,
And the big-belly'd Ews.

52. He brought him forth, and to a Throne,
With honour did advance ;
Jacob to feed, and *Israel*,
His lov'd Inheritance.

53. So fed he them with upright heart,
And justice through the land,
By prudent skill distributed,
Of his impartial hand.

PSALM LXXIX.

1. **T**He heathen, Lord, thine heritage
With barb'rous arms invade ;
Thy Temple spoil, and *Salem*'s tow'rs
On ruin'd heaps have laid.
2. Thy servants slaughter'd bodies are
The greedy Vultures feast ;
The flesh of thy unburied Saints,
Meat for the Mountain-beast.
3. Their bloud about *Jerusalem*,
Like water they have shed :
Nor was there left a friend to give
A grave unto the dead.

4. We a despis'd reproach become,
Unto our Neighbour foes :
All they that on our bounds confine,
Scorn, and deride our woes.

5. How long wilt thou, for ever, Lord,
Cherish thy kindled Ire ?
Shall thy fierce jealousie break forth
Into consuming fire ?

6. Thy wrath on those that know thee not,
And th' impious Kingdoms cast :
For *Jacob* they have swallowed up,
And laid his dwellings waste.

7. Remember not our former faults,
Thy tender mercies show ;
With speed prevent us ; for our sins
Have brought us very low.

8. Great God of our Salvation, help,
Deliver us from shame :
Purge our iniquities away,
For th' honour of thy Name.

9. Shall the blaspheming heathen say
In his unpunish'd pride,
Where's now their God ? their God, on
So vainly they rely'd ? (whom

10. Let thy swift veng'ance in our sight
O'retake the crying guilt

Of thy slain servants blood, by their
Inhumane fury spilt.

11. O let the pris'ners sighs to thee
Break through the arched Sky :
By thy great pow'r preserve thou those,
That are condemn'd to die.

12. And to our Neighbours, whose proud
Have vilifi'd thy Name, (tongues
The scorns that they have cast on thee
Repay with sev'n-fold shame.

13. So we thy people, and thy sheep,
To thee our thanks will raise :
And to the ages yet to come,
Sing thy immortal praise.

PSALM LXXX.

1. Great Shepherd of thine *Israel*,
Our fervent prayers hear ;
Thou that lead'st *Joseph*, like a flock,
Bow thy propitious Ear.

2. Thou, that between the Cherubims
Hast chose thy dwelling place,
Break forth in splendor, shew the beams
Of thy illustrious face.

3. Before *Manasseh*, *Benjamin*,
 And *Ephraim* advance :
 Stir up thy strength, and quickly come
 To our deliverance.

4. Turn us again, and let thy Light
 In rays of glory shine :
 So we shall saved be, who know
 No help but only thine.

5. How long? Wilt thou, great God of Hosts
 For ever hide away
 Thine angry Countenance ? nor hear
 Thy people when they pray ?

6. Our tears bedew the bread thou giv'st
 Our hunger to suffice :
 We in abundance drink the streams
 Of our dissolved eyes.

7. Thou mak'st us to become a strife,
 Unto our Neighbours pride :
 And our prevailing Enemies
 Our miseries deride.

8. Turn us again, and let thy Light
 In rays of glory shine :
 So we shall saved be, who know
 No help but only thine.

9. Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt*
 The heathen out ; thy hand (drav'd)
 Planted

Planted, and made it room to root,
So that it fill'd the Land.

10. It shadow'd all the hills, her shoots,
Like goodly Cedars stood :
She spread her Boughs unto the sea,
Her branches to the floud.

11. Why hast thou (then) her hedges broke ?
And torn her fence away ?
That she to each rude passenger
Becomes a common prey ?

12. The savage Boar of the wild woods
Digs up her fruitful roots :
The beast that ravages the field,
Devours her pleasant fruits.

13. Return, Lord God of Hosts, we pray ;
From Heav'n (thy seat Divine)
Behold, and with thy pitying aid
Visit this wasted Vine.

14. Visit the Vineyard Thy Right hand
Hath planted ; And among (made
Her boughs That Branch, which Thou hast
For Thine own self so strong.

15. It is with eating flames consum'd,
'Tis utterly cut down :
All is ev'n ready to expire,
Under thine angry frown.

¶ . . .

16. Let

16. Let thy right hand protect the man
 Of thy right hand from wrong ;
 The son of man whom thou hast made
 For thine own self so strong.

17. Then, from the Paths of thy Commands,
 Will we go back no more :
 O quicken us, and we shall still
 Thy sacred Name adore.

18. Turn us again, Lord God of Hosts,
 Cause Thy bright Face to shine :
 So we shall saved be, who own
 No pow'r, but only thine.

P S A L M LXXXI.

1. Sing unto God, to God our strength,
 Sing with exalted voice :
 Sing praises unto Jacob's God,
 Sing with a joyful noise.

2. Chuse out a Psalm, to the sweet Harp
 The murmur'ring Timbrel bring :
 And let the pleasant Psaltery
 Answer the warbling string.

3. Blow with the Trumpet, through the
 To publick joys a call, (streets
 In the new Moon, and times design'd
 For solemn festival.

4. This

4. This did the God of *Jacob* make
 In *Isr'el* a decree,
 For *Joseph*'s sons, a statute law
 To perpetuity.

5. When he began his dreadful march,
 Through *Egypt*'s plagued land ;
 Where *Isr'el* a strange Language heard,
 He did not understand ;

6. I eas'd thee from the slavish loads,
 That on thy shoulders lay :
 I thy Lord God, thy tasked hands
 Freed from the Potters clay.

7. Thou call'dst on me, when parching thirst
 Thy troubled soul opprest ;
 And I reliev'd thee from the wants,
 Wherewith thou wast distrest.

8. I, from Mount *Sinai*'s secret Caves,
 In thunder answer'd thee :
 And, at the springs of *Meribah*,
 Prov'd thy fidelity.

9. Hear, O my people ; *Isr'el* hear,
 Observe me what I say ;
 If thou wilt hearken unto me,
 And my advice obey,

10. Thou shalt no Idol Deity
 Set up in all thy land ;

Nor stretch to any foraign god
Thy supplicating hand.

11. I am thy God, that brought thee forth
From *Egypt's* sev'n-fold floud :
Open thy mouth, and I will fill
Thy hungry soul with good.

12. But my rebellious people would
Not hearken to my voice :
And *Israel* rejected me,
In their unfaithful choice.

13. So did I leave them to the lusts
Of their perverted mind :
And they in the vain Counsels walk'd
To which their hearts inclin'd.

14. O had my people giv'n their Ear
My precepts to obey ;
Had *Israel* conform'd his steps
To my prescribed way ;

15. Then their insulting Enemies
Should I have soon subdu'd :
And my revenging hand their foes
To ruine had pursu'd.

16. The haters of the Lord to Earth,
Would I have made to bend :
But their prosperity and peace
Should ne're have known an end.

17. I, with the finest of the Wheat,
 Their bellies would have fill'd :
 And honey from the stony Rock,
 Into their mouths distill'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

1. God sits as King above the Kings,
 And all their Counsels guides :
 He's Judge of judges, and a God
 Over all gods presides.

2. How long will ye, corrupt in heart,
 Judgment unjustly give ?
 Condemn the good, and for reward
 The guilty man reprieve ?

3. Defend the poor and Fatherless ;
 Do justice to th' opprest :
 Acquit the needy, by the hands
 Of violence distrest.

4. They will not know, nor understand ;
 Their walks are dark as night :
 All the foundations of the Earth
 Are in disorder quite.

5. I said, that ye are gods, and all
 The sons of the most High :
 But ye shall fall as men, and like
 One of the Princes die.

6. Arise, O God, thy Throne ascend,
 And, after their demerit,
 Judge the whole Earth, for thou alone
 All Nations shalt inherit.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

1. **L**ord, sit not still, as unconcern'd,
 Nor such deep silence keep :
 Let not thy wronged patience lie
 In a regardless sleep.

2. Thine Enemies in tumults rise,
 And those that do deny
 Thy Godhead and Omnipotence,
 Lift up their heads on High.

3. Against thy chosen people, they
 Pernicious trains have laid :
 And to entrap thy hidden ones
 Close consultations made.

4. Come (say they) let us cut them off,
 That their whole Nation die ;
 And *Isr'el's* hated Name be ras'd
 From humane memory.

5. For they, with one conspiring vote,
 In wicked Counsels joyn :
 And all against thee, in a sworn
 Confed'racy combine.

6. Fierce

6. Fierce *Edom* in his wand'ring Tents,
With *Ish'm'els* thievish brood ;
Incestuous *Moab*, and the Race
Of servile *Hagars* bloud.
7. *Gebal*, stern *Ammon*, they that own
Curs'd *Amalek* for Sire :
Heart-burning Philistines, and those
That dwell in faithleſs *Tyre*.
8. Proud *Aſſur* with ambitious rage,
Abets the cruel plot ;
And helps the miſ-begotten sons
Born to intemp'rate *Lot*.
9. Do to them, as to *Midians* host,
Or as to *Sis'ra* slain,
And *Fabin*, where ſwift *Kiſkons* ſtreams
Glide through the fertile plain,
10. At *En-dor* who ignobly fell
By a weak womans hand :
And left their Carcasses, as Dung
T' enrich the hungry Land.
11. As heartleſs *Oreb*, and faint *Zeeb*,
Such make their nobles all :
Yea, make their Princes, *Zebah* like,
And like *Zalmunna* fall :
12. Who proudly ſaid, Come let us, now
The pow'r is on our ſide,

Seize on God's houses for our selves,
And their rich spoils divide.

13. O my God, make them like a wheel
That's ever turning round :
Like stubble which by furious winds
Is scatter'd o're the ground.

14. As, when the fires devouring rage
Burns a tall Forrest down,
And air-fan'd flames creep up and scorch
The lofty Mountains Crown ;

15. So, with the tempest of thy breath,
In fury them pursue :
And let thy terrifying storms
Their trembling hearts subdue.

16. Lord, fill their faces with disgrace,
That they may seek thy Name :
Or else confound them, till they sink
In everlasting shame.

17. That the convinced age may know
Thy pow'r, and Majesty :
And that Jehovah o're the Earth
Is only the most High.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. Great God, whose word the num'rous
In Heav'n and Earth obey, (Hosts
How lovely are the tents, where thou
Thy glories dost display ?
2. My longing soul faints, with desire
To enter thine abode :
My heart, and flesh shout forth for joy,
T' enjoy the living God.
3. The chirping Sparrow hath an house,
The Swallow, whose shrill tongue
Proclaims the spring, hath found a nest
Where she may lay her young.
4. Thine Altars they their refuge make,
And with soft-warblings sing
Their Makers Praise; Thou, Lord of Hosts,
Thou art my God, and King.
5. Blessed are they, whose happy lot
Is in thy Courts to dwell :
Their ravish'd tongues thy sacred Acts
Shall, without ceasing, tell.
6. Blest is the man, whose confidence
Doth on thy strength depend :
Whose heart is on the ways of them,
Which to thy Temple tend.

7. Who, passing thorough *Bach'a*'s Vale,
 Turn it into a Well:
 Whil'st Clouds distilling cause the Pools
 Above the Brims to swell.

8. Thence keeping on their chearful course,
 From strength to strength they go:
 Till all to *Sion* come, where God
 Doth his bright Beauties show.

9. Thou that decid'st the fate of war,
 My fervent Prayers hear:
 Great God of faithful *Jacob*'s race
 Bow thy propitious Ear.

10. Behold, O God our shield, on me
 Reflect an Eye of Grace:
 O let thy life-reviving beams
 Chear thine anointed's face.

11. For one day, in thy sacred Courts,
 Is better to abide,
 Then thousands, with most pleasure, where
 Thy presence is deny'd.

12. There would I rather keep a door,
 Then their false joyes possess,
 That dwell securely in the tents
 Of prosp'rous wickedness.

13. God is a Sun, and shield; the Lord
 Will Grace and Glory give:

And

And no good thing will he withhold,
From them that purely live.

14. Great God, that art by num'rous hosts
Of winged Sp'rits obey'd :
Blest is the man, whose trust depends
On thy Almighty aid.

PSALM LXXXV.

1. **L**ord, thou hast favourable been
To thine afflicted land,
Jacob's Captivity reduc'd
By thine Almighty hand.
2. Thou hast forgiv'n thy peoples faults,
Born their iniquity :
And cover'd their provoking sins,
From thy revenging Eye.
3. Thou hast withdrawn thy wrath, & turn'd
Thy fury into peace :
Turn us, O God our health, and let
Thine indignation cease.
4. Wilt thou still chide ? and draw thy rage
To perpetuity ?
Wilt thou not us revive again
That we may joy in thee.

5. Shew us thy free compassions ;
 Thy saving aid display ;
 And we will carefully attend
 What God the Lord will say.

6. He to his people will speak good ;
 To his redeemed peace :
 But let them not turn back again
 To ways of foolishnes.

7. Sure his Salvation's nigh to them,
 Who his great Name revere ;
 That God may in our happy land
 His throne of Glory rear.

8. Mercy, and truth are met, to make
 An harmony of Bliss :
 Whil'st righteousness and peace salute
 Each other with a Kiss.

9. Truth, like the beauties of the spring,
 Shall from the Earth arise :
 And Righteousness descend in Beams
 Of glory from the Skies.

10. God shall on us, what e're is good,
 Showre down with lib'ral hand :
 And bring forth plenty from the womb
 Of our still pregnant land.

11. Justice shall go before, that we
 His Cov'nants may obey :
 And

And he shall guide us in the steps
Of his prescribed way.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. **L**ord bow to me thy gracious Ear,
And hear my humble cries :
For I am poor and needy grown,
O'reborn with miseries.
2. **L**ord, I am holy ; O preserve
My life with cares opprest :
Thy servant save, whose only trust
Doth on thy favour rest.
3. Be merciful, for unto thee
I daily raise my voice :
To thee I lift my longing heart ;
O make my soul rejoice !
4. Thou, Lord, art infinitely good,
Ready to pardon all :
Abundantly compassionate,
When we for mercy call.
5. Lord hear my pray'r, attend my suit,
For I will cry to thee,
When fear'd calamities approach,
And thou shalt answer me.

6. Among

6. Among the gods, none may with thee
 In competition stand :
 No works are like the glorious works,
 Wrought by thy mighty hand.

7. All Nations whom thy word hath made,
 Shall come and worship thee :
 And sing unto thy Name the praise
 Of thy dread Majesty.

8. Thou art the only great, and fit'st
 Upon the Sovereign throne :
 By thee high wonders are perform'd,
 Thou art the God alone.

9. Teach me thy paths, and of thy truth
 My feet shall walk the way :
 Unite my heart, that I may fear
 Thy Name, and Laws obey.

10. Thee will I, O my Lord, and God,
 With all my powers praise :
 And to the honour of thy Fame
 Eternal trophies raise.

11. Thy mercies towards me vouchsaf'd,
 In greatness do excel :
 And thou hast free'd me from the jaws
 Of the profoundest hell.

12. O God, the proud, and violent
 Innum'rous tumults rise
 Against

Against my hunted soul ; and set
Not thee before their eyes.

13. But thou, a God of pity art,
In thee rich Grace is found :
Thou art long-suff'ring, and thy love,
With constant truth is crown'd.

14. Oh ! turn to me, and Mercy grant,
Strength to thy servant send :
And to thy humble hand-maid's son
Thy saving aid extend.

15. Some mark of favour shew, that they
That malice me, may see,
And be ashamed ; because thou, Lord,
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. **G**od, on *Moriah's* sacred Hill,
Hath built his resting place :
He more loves *Sion's* gates, than all
The Tents of *Jacob's* Race.

2. Blest City of our God ; of thee,
Things glorious are declar'd ;
Rabab, and *Babylon*, we know,
Are not to be compar'd.

3. *Philistia, Tyre, the Æthiops land,*
Must yield unto thy fame :
All the best men, which they produce,
Scarcely deserve a Name.

4. *But it of Sion shall be said,*
This, and that worthy were
Born in her pious schools ; and God
Himself shall establish her.

5. *The Lord, when in his scroll he writes*
The Nations of the Earth,
Shall count, that this renowned man
Did there receive his birth.

6. *Her shall the singers praise, and they*
That touch the well-tun'd strings
Shall answer in full Quire, and say,
In thee are all my springs.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1. *G*od of my health, to thee have I
All the day long complain'd ;
Nor have I in the careful Night
My weary cries restrain'd.

2. *O let the pray'rs which I pour forth,*
Before thy Throne ascend :
And to the voice of my sad moans
Thine Ear of pity lend.

3. For my poor soul is prest down, with
The troubles that I have ;
And my expiring life draws nigh
The confines of the Grave.
4. I am esteem'd no more, then one
That to the pit descends :
As a lost man, whose wasted strength
To dissolution tends.
5. Free of the dead, like those that slain
Lie in the Earths cold womb ;
Forgot, cut off, ne're to return
To their forsaken home.
6. By thee laid up in Vaults below
Where dismal darkness keeps
An everlasting Night ; amidst
The horrour of the deeps.
7. Thy heavy wrath, like a dead weight,
Bears my weak shoulders down :
Wave upon wave, thy storms assault
My weather-beaten Crown.
8. My friends thou hast remov'd as far
In pity, as in place :
Abhor'd, shut up, I shall no more
Shew my despised face.
9. My mourning Eye, by griefs dissolv'd,
Brim-full of water stands ;

Daily to thee I call, and stretch
My importuning Hands.

10. Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead ?
And from the silence raise,
The sleepy Tenants of the tombs,
To celebrate thy praise ?

11. Shall thy reviving kindness be,
In the clos'd grave reveal'd ?
And thy so much proclaimed truth,
In sad destruction seal'd ?

12. Shall darkness know thy miracles ?
Thy righteousness be seen
In the dull land, where all things are,
As if th' had never been ?

13. But, Lord, to thee I cry'd ; my pray'rs
Prevent the early day :
Why dost thou cast my poor soul off ?
And hid'st thy face away ?

14. Hard am I prest, from my youth up,
Ready each hour to die :
Whil'st I, distracted in my mind,
Under thy terrors lie.

15. Thy fierce displeasure overwhelms ;
Thy fears my sense confound :
And, like so many rolling tides,
Swell to inclose me round.

16. Lover and friend hast thou remov'd
 Far from my helpless sight :
 And lock'd all mine acquaintance up
 In the blind shades of Night.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1. I Will in verse immortal sing
 The mercies of the Lord :
 My mouth to after-ages shall
 His faithfulness record.

2. I, saith the Lord, by mercy will
 Build me a lasting Name :
 Thy truth shalt thou more firmly fix
 Then Heav'n's Eternal frame.

3. I with the chosen of my heart
 Have a sure Cov'nant seal'd :
 And to my servant *David* sworn,
 Which ne're shall be repeal'd.

4. Thy seed will I confirm, as long
 As times extremest date ;
 And build thy throne, till man's whole stock
 Yield to the common fate.

5. Th' admiring Heav'n's, O Lord, shall praise
 The wonders of thy fame ;
 And the whole Quire of glorious Saints
 Thy sacred truth proclaim.

6. Which of th' Inhabitants of Heav'n,
With God may strive for place?
Who shall be likened to the Lord
Of all the Angels Race?

7. God, in th' Assembly of the Saints,
Is greatly to be fear'd;
By all that round about him are
Highly to be rever'd.

8. Great Lord, thou God of war, who is
A strong Lord like to thee?
Where's any can compare for faith
With thy fidelity?

9. Thou dost confine the rolling tides
Of the enraged main;
Thou, when the Billows roar aloft,
Bid'st them, be still again.

10. *Rahab* by thee in pieces broke,
Like a slain *Carcas* lies:
And scatter'd by thy pow'rful Arm
Are thy proud Enemies.

11. Thine is the Starry frame of Heav'n,
Thine is the round-fac'd Earth:
The world, and all that therein breeds
From thee receiv'd a Birth.

12. The frozen North, and scalding South,
By thee created are:

*Tabor, and Hermon, East, and West,
Thy glorious Name declare.*

13. Thou hast an arm with might endu'd,
With which no might may vy :
Strong is thy hand, and thy right-hand
O're all advanced High.

14. Justice, and judgment, at thy throne,
Have fix'd their dwelling-place ;
Mercy, and truth, hand joyn'd in hand
Shall go before thy face.

15. Blest they, who know the joyful sounds
That to thy Courts invite :
They shall thy beauty see, and walk
In thy life-quickning light.

16. All day the greatness of thy Name
Shall fill their mouth with praise,
And in thy Righteousness shall they
Their firm-built honour raise.

17. Thou art the glory of their strength ;
The favour of thine Eye
Doth make us great, and we in thee
Shall lift our horn on high.

18. For from th' Almighty's powerful aid
Doth our Salvation spring :
God is our shield, the holy one
Of *Isr'el* is our King.

19. Thou, in dark vision hast reveal'd
Thy self, and sometimes said
To thine elected, I have help
On one that's mighty laid.

20. One from the people I have chose,
My servant *David* found;
His head, with sacred oyl, enrich'd,
And him my King have crown'd.

21. With him my hand shall be confirm'd;
And strengthned by my arm,
The foe no tribute shall exact;
Nor sons of mischief harm.

22. His feared Enemies will I
Before his face subdue: (hearts
My tort'ring plagues shall vex thei
That him with hate pursue.

23. But upon him, my constant truth,
And mercy shall be shown:
And, in my Name, his horn shall be
Exalted with renown.

24. He, to the seas of purple *Tyre*,
His pow'rful hand shall stretch:
And his right hand unto the streams
Of swift *Euphrates* reach.

25. To me shall he address his cries,
And my dread Name invoke,

Thou art my Father, thou my God,
My Saviour thou, my Rock.

26. Him, my especial Grace shall make
First in the right of Birth,
Higher then all the Kings, that share
The Empires of the Earth.

27. Mercies, as endless as my self,
Will I for him preserve :
Nor, from the Cov'nant made with him,
Shall my performance fwerve.

28. The seed, which from his loins shall spring
Will I perpetuate :
His throne shall, like the days of Heav'n,
Out-live the age of fate.

29. But, if his Children slight my Laws,
And from my judgments stray ;
If they my statutes break, and my
Commandments disobey ;

30. Then their transgressions will I scourge
With the deserved rod :
Their sins shall feel the angry stripes
Of an offended God.

31. Yet, quite I will not cast him off;
Nor from my faith recede :
My Cov'nant I will not infringe,
Nor alter what I said.

32. To *David*, by my Holiness
 I solemnly did swear,
 He ne're should want an Heir, that shall
 The Crown of *Judah* wear.

33. His throne shall be confirm'd, as long
 As men the Sun shall see :
 And the still-changing Moon be pledge
 Of my unchang'd decree.

34. But now, thou hast abandon'd him,
 As an abhorred thing :
 And caus'd thy jealousie to flame
 'Gainst thine anointed King.

35. The Cov'nant thou hast disanul'd,
 Once to thy servant made :
 And his prophane Diadem
 In the base dust hast laid.

36. Thou his inclosures hast broke down,
 His forts to ruin brought :
 Spoil'd by all passengers ; and by
 His Neighbours set at nought.

37. Thou hast exalted the right hand
 Of his prevailing foes :
 And his insulting haters made
 To triumph in his woes.

38. His conqu'ring sword hath now no more
 The edge it wore of late :
 And,

And, in the doubtful chance of war,
He sinks beneath his fate.

39. The glorious Lustre, which empal'd
His Royal brows, is gone :
And thou, down to the abject Earth,
Hast cast his awful Throne.

40. Thou hast cut short his youthful days,
In their most prosp'rous Race :
And cover'd his despised head,
With infamous disgrace.

41. How Long ! Lord, wilt thou hide thy self,
Till my faint life expire ?
Shall thy incensed fury burn
Like a consuming fire ?

42. Think what a span of time it is,
That I shall here remain ?
Why hast thou made all humane flesh
So absolutely vain ?

43. What man doth live, and shall not see
Pale death ? Can he then save
His soul from the un pitying hand
Of the devouring Grave ?

44. Where is thy love ? thy kindness, Lord,
Which in the times before ?
Thou hast, in thine eternal truth,
Unto thy *David* swore ?

45. Remember, Lord, the vile reproach,
By thy poor servants born;
How my sad breast is loaded with
The haughty peoples scorn.

46. Wherewith thine Enemies blaspheme,
Wherewith malicious men
Traduce my steps; The Lord be bleſt
For ever bleſt! *Amen.*

THE



THE
PSALMS of King
D A V I D
Paraphrased.

The Fourth BOOK.

PSALM XC.

1. **L**ord of this admirable frame,
 And all that is therein ;
 From age to age successive thou
 Our dwelling place hast been.
2. Before the Airy Mountains had
 Receiv'd their unknown birth :
 Or, from void darkness, thou hadst form'd
 The new created Earth.

3. E're the vast Fabrick of the world
Was yet design'd by thee,
For ever thou art God, and shalt
Our God for ever be.
4. Thou, at thy pleasure, turn'st frail Man
To his first dust, and when
The same free pleasure moves thee, say'st,
Return ye sons of men.
5. A thousand years, when gone, to thee
Are but as yesterday,
Or as a watch, that tells the Night,
How fast it fleets away.
6. Swept like an hasty torrent hence,
Like a vain dream we pass;
Grow up, and our duration have
Even as the morning grass.
7. Fresh in its beauty, when the Sun
Reddens the blushing Skies:
But, e're the Evening dim the Light,
Cut down and quickly dies.
8. By thy provok'd displeasure, we
Consume, and pine away:
Thine Anger troubles us, and straight
Our fainting Sp'rits decay.
9. All our misdeeds are naked laid,
To thy quick-searching sight:

Our secret sins, before thine Eyes,
Appear in open light.

10. For, in thy wrath, our weary days
To a swift period tend :
Our years, by us unheeded, like
An idle story end.

11. Sev'nty's our sum, & if, through strength,
To fourscore we go on,
Sorrow is all we get ; so soon
They, and our selves are gone.

12. Who knows what power thine anger
As is the awful fear (hath !)
The mind of man conceives of thee,
Such doth thy wrath appear.

13. Teach us that true Arithmetick
Of our few days, that we
To the inquest of wisdom may
Apply our industry.

14. Return, O Lord, how long ? O let
Thy tender heart relent
Toward thy servants, thy just wrath,
And our sad woes repent.

15. O let thy early mercies come,
That we may gladness know :
For those long days, in sorrow past,
As long of joy bestow.

16. Shew

16. Shew those that wait on thee, what acts
 Thy power divine hath done:
 And let thy glory on their seed
 Shine like the rising Sun.

17. The beauty of the Lord our God
 On us for ever rest!
 Bless thou the works we take in hand;
 So shall our work be blest.

PSALM XCI.

1. **H**E, that for his secure recess,
 Hath chosen the most high,
 Shall under the protecting shade
 Of the Almighty lie.

2. Can'st thou say truly, The Lord is
 My refuge, my strong fort,
 The God to whom my constant faith
 Shall in distress resort?

3. Then surely shall he save thee from
 The crafty Fowlers snare,
 And the contagious breath, that flies
 Through the infected Air.

4. Under his brooding Feathers, thou
 Shalt thine assurance build:
 His never-failing truth shall be
 Thy buckler, and thy shield.

5. No nightly terrors shall affright,
Nor arrows of the day :
Nor plague that walks unseen, nor sword
That at high noon does slay.

6. A thousand, and ten thousand, dead
Shall on each hand be laid :
Whil'st thou shalt unendanger'd see
The wicked's Sins repaid.

7. The Lord thy refuge thou hast made,
The Highest thy retreat :
No ill shall therefore thee attaque,
Nor mischief touch thy seat.

8. Angels to keep thee in thy ways,
He for thy guard shall send :
By them born up, lest 'gainst a stone
Thy feet thou should'st offend.

9. Upon the Mountain-Lyons back,
And Adder thou shalt tread ;
The youthful Lions spurn, and stamp
On the fell Dragons head.

10. Because he loves me (saith the Lord)
From dangers I will free :
He shall (in that he knows my Name)
Highly exalted be.

11. He upon me shall call, and I
Will answer ; I will be

At hand, to save him in distress,
And raise to dignity.

12. He shall be satisfi'd with days
Drawn to an envy'd length
Of happiness: and after that
Behold my saving strength.

PSALM XCII.

1. 'T Is good to pay the Lord our thanks,
And the adored Name
Of God inthron'd on high, in verse
Immortal to proclaim.
2. To tell his mercies, when the Sun
First shews his golden head:
And sing his truth, when he descends
Down to his watry bed;
3. Upon a ten string'd instrument,
To the sweet Psalt'ry set:
Both with the solemn sounding Harp,
In a full confort met.
4. Thy works, O Lord, with joy divine
My ravisht heart affect:
And, in the glory of thy acts,
My triumphs I'll erect.

5. Lord, how immense are thy great deeds ?
 Thy thoughts are an Abyſs !
 The brutiſh knows not, nor the fool
 At all conſiders this ;

6. That when the wicked ſpring as graſs,
 And gayly flouriſhing
 Sin-workers are ; they on themſelves
 But ſure Deſtruction bring.

7. Thou Lord (for ever) art moſt high !
 All that thy goodness hate
 Shall periſh ; those that ſin contrive,
 Thy breath ſhall diſſipate.

8. Like th' Unicorns exalted Horn,
 Thou ſhalt advance my head :
 Fresh Aromatick unguents ſhall
 Be on my Temples ſtied.

9. Mine Eye ſhall ſee, what I have wiſht
 Befal mine Enemies :
 Mine Ear ſhall their deſtruction hear,
 That do againſt me riſe.

10. The just ſhall proſper, like the Palm
 To full perfection grown ;
 Like a tall Cedar on the top
 Of shady *Lebanon*.

11. They planted in the house of God,
 Shall in his Courts be ſeen
 Flouriſh-

Flourishing, fruitful, and in age
Still full of Sap, and green.

12. To shew, that God, who is my Rock,
For justice is renown'd :
And nothing of unrighteousness
Can in his ways be found.

PSALM XCIII.

1. **T**HE Lord doth reign, and in his Robe
Of Majesty appears,
Clothed with pow'r, and on his loins
Strength for a girdle wears.

2. The world by him is so confirm'd,
That mov'd it cannot be :
Thy throne is, from the days of old,
To all Eternity.

3. The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods lift up their voice :
The angry floods lift up their waves,
And make a roaring noise.

4. The Lord is mightier then the noise,
Which many waters keep ;
More mighty then the rolling waves
Of the enraged deep.

5. Thy testimonies are most sure ;
 Great God ! Pure holiness
 Becomes thy house, and let it still
 Thine awful Courts possess.

PSALM XCIV.

1. Great God of vengeance, thou, to whom
 Vengeance belongs of right,
 Shine forth, deck'd up, & arm'd with beams
 Of all-convincing light.

2. Just Arbiter of all the Earth,
 Set up thy self on High ;
 Render the proud, the due reward
 Of his impiety.

3. How long shall wicked men triumph ?
 How long such hard things vent ?
 And boast their prosp'rous hands have
 The ills their hearts invent ? (wrought

4. Thy people they in pieces break,
 Thine Heritage oppress ;
 The widow, and the stranger slay,
 And kill the Fatherless.

5. Yet, (self-deceiving) fondly say,
 Th' Almighty shall not see :
 Nor shall the God of Jacob's Eye
 Mark our iniquity.

6. Consider, ye brute men, ye fools,
 When will ye wiser be?
 Shall not he hear, that made the Ear?
 And the Eye-former see?

7. He that the Heathen doth chastise,
 Shall not his hand correct?
 Shall not he know, whose knowledge doth
 The heart of man direct?

8. The Lord perceives the thoughts of man,
 That they are all but vain:
 Happy is he, whom thou correct'st,
 And in thy law dost train.

9. That thou may'st ease him in the day
 Of trouble, till the pit,
 Which their provoking sins have dig'd,
 Be for the wicked fit.

10. God will not cast his people off,
 Nor His Elect desert:
 But judgment shall to justice turn,
 Sought by the pure in heart.

11. Who will arise, and side with me,
 Ill-doers to suppress?
 Who will stand up for me against
 Those that work wickedness?

12. Unless the Lord had help'd, my soul
 Had dwelt in silent Night:
 But

But when I said, my foot doth slip,
Thy mercy kept me right.

13. When multitudes of troubled thoughts
Boil in my pensive breast,
Thy consolations calm the storm,
And set my mind at rest.

14. Shall villany (though now possest
Of an usurped throne)
Have place with thee ? which make good
The greatest mischiefs own. (Laws

15. Whil'st they, against the righteous soul,
Are in close plots combin'd ;
And guiltless heads by them condemn'd
Are for the Axe design'd.

16. But to the Lord, for my defence,
Will I my self address :
He is my Rock of safety, he's
My refuge in distress.

17. He their own sins shall bring on them,
And quickly cut them off
In their iniquities ; the Lord
Our God shall cut them off.

PSALM XCV.

1. Come let us sing unto the Lord,
And our united praise
In joyful shouts unto the Rock
Of our salvation raise.
2. Let us before his face appear,
And lift our thankful voice;
In sacred Anthems to his Name,
Sung with a solemn noise.
3. The Lord Almighty is a God,
Whose pow'r all pow'r restrains;
In strength transcendent, o're all Gods
A King suprem he reigns.
4. He the deep places made, and smooth'd
The vallies with his hand:
The hills rose up, and have their strength
By his alone Command.
5. His is the sea, in whose vast beds,
He treasures up the flood:
His fingers formed the dry land,
Out of the new drain'd mud.
6. Come let us his dread Name adore,
And at his foot-stooll fall:
With bended knees invoke the Lord,
And maker of us all.

7. He is our God, his people we :
 He doth in pastures keep,
 And us, by his all-ruling hand,
 Leads like a flock of sheep.

8. If ye will lend obedient Ears
 Unto his voice to day ;
 Then harden not your hearts, as ye
 Provok'd Him in the Way,

9. When in the foodless Wilderness
 Your fathers tempted me,
 Prov'd me with murmurings, and did
 My works of wonder see.

10. Fourty years long I (grief'd with them)
 Did of this people say,
 They erre in their unfaithful hearts,
 And have not known my way.

11. To whom I did, in my just wrath,
 By solemn oath protest ;
 That they should never enter in
 Mine everlasting rest.

PSALM XCVI.

1. Sing to the Lord, th' Eternal God ;
 Songs new-composed sing :
 Let the vast circuit of the Earth
 Aloud his praises ring.

2. Sing to the Lord, inthron'd on high,
 Bless his adored Name :
 The great salvation, he hath wrought,
 From day to day proclaim.

3. The splendor of his glory to
 Th' admiring Gentiles show :
 Let all that people this round Globe
 His mighty wonders know.

4. The Lord in excellence is great,
 And greatly to be prais'd :
 His fear suprem, above the fear
 Of all gods else is rais'd.

5. The Heathen gods, vain Idols are,
 By their adorers made :
 But 'tis the Lord, whose powerful word
 The Starry Heav'ns display'd.

6. Bright honour, awful Majesty,
 Circle his glorious face :
 Strength, with illustrious beauty joyn'd,
 His Sanctuary Grace.

7. Give to the Lord, ye sons of men,
 And kindreds of each tribe,
 Immortal Glory ; to the Lord
 Glory and Strength ascribe.

8. Give to the Lord the glory due
 To his thrice holy Name :

Come to his Courts, and let your gifts
Upon his Altars flame.

9. The Lord, O worship, in the place
Of beauteous holiness :
Their vows to him let all the Earth
With humble fear address.
10. Say to the Heathen, The Lord reigns ;
By him the world shall be
Fix'd, not to move, and he shall judge
The people righteously.
11. Let the still-rolling spheres rejoice,
The Earth shout forth a main ;
Let the sea roar, and whatso'e're
Her watry stores contain.
12. Let the field joyful be, and all
That from the ground doth spring :
Then, all the trees of the wild wood
Before the Lord shall sing.
13. He comes, he comes to judge the Earth :
The world, with justice, he
Shall govern ; and the people guide,
With truth, and Equity.

PSALM XCVII.

1. **T**He Lord Almighty reigns suprem, O let the Earth rejoice : For gladness let the num'rous Isles To Heav'n lift up their voice.
2. Thick clouds, and black obscurity His awful seat infold : Justice, and judgment on each side, His royal throne uphold.
3. Fire goes before him, and burns up His foes, his flashes strook A dismal light throughout the world, The Earth beheld, and shook.
4. When he appear'd the lofty Hills Like Wax, did melt away ; When he appear'd, to whom, as Lord, All th' Earth doth Homage pay.
5. The Heavens, where blest Angels dwell, His righteousness declare : His glories openly display'd. To wond'ring mortals are.
6. Confounded be they all, whose lips Carv'd Images implore : That boast vain Idols ; all ye Gods Him the great God adore.

7. *Sion, and Judah's daughters joy'd,
When they thy judgments heard:
Thou, Lord, art high, 'bove all the Earth,
Above all gods art fear'd.*

8. *Hate evil, ye that love the Lord;
He doth his Saints defend:
He to the just, from wicked hands,
Doth sure deliv'rance send.*

9. *He, for the righteous man, hath sown
Seeds of immortal light:
And unconceived joy prepar'd,
For those, whose hearts are right.*

10. *Ye just ones, in the Lord exult,
To him your joys express:
And thanks, at the remembrance pay
Of his great holiness.*

PSALM XC VIII.

1. *Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
For wonders he hath done:
His right hand, and his holy arm,
The victory have won.*

2. *The Lord hath, to the sons of men,
Made his salvation known:
His righteousness in open view,
To the dark heathen shewn.*

3. His mercy he remembred hath,
 And truth to *Isr'el's* Race :
 The ends of the remotest Earth
 Have seen his saving Grace.

4. Let the whole Earth, unto the Lord,
 With joyful noises ring :
 With acclamations fill the Air,
 Shout forth, and praises sing.

5. Sing to the Lord, upon the Harp,
 The Harp so solemn sweet :
 Let the well-tuned voice with Psalms
 In sacred numbers meet.

6. With trumpets pierce the lofty Skies ;
 Let the shrill Cornets sound :
 Make joyful noise before the Lord,
 Who King of Saints is crown'd.

7. Let the sea roar, and whatsoe'er
 In rolling deeps is bred ;
 The world be glad, and all that on
 The Earths vast surface tread.

8. Let dancing billows clap their hands,
 Till the tall mountains ring
 The doubled Echoes of their joys
 Before the Lord the King.

9. He comes ! he comes to judge the Earth ;
 The world with justice he
 Shall

Shall govern, and the people guide,
With truth, and Equity.

P S A L M XCIX.

1. **N**ow that the Lord his reign begins,
Let men with terror quake :
He sits between the Cherubins ;
Let Earths foundations shake.
2. Great is the Lord in Sion's tow'rs,
Above all people high :
His Name so great, so terrible,
So holy, magnifie.
3. His strength loves judgment : yet withal
Doth Equity embrace :
Justice, with righteousness allay'd,
He deals to Jacob's race.
4. Exalt o're all the Lord our God
His Majesty adore :
Down at his foot-stooll fall, for he
Is holy evermore.
5. Moses and A'ron 'mongst his Priests,
Samuel with them, that have
His Name invok't ; these call'd on him ;
He gracious answer gave.

6. He, in the cloudy Pillar spake,
 His testimonies they
 Observ'd, and did the Ordinance
 By him in joyn'd obey.

7. Thou answer'dst them, O Lord, our God ;
 And didst in mercy sweet
 Forgive, although thy just revenge
 Did their inventions meet.

8. Exalt o're all the Lord our God,
 His Majesty adore
 Upon his holy hill ; our God
 Is holy evermore.

PSALM C.

1. Make Jubilees (all lands) to God
 With a triumphant noise :
 Serve him with gladness, and in songs
 Before his face rejoice.

2. He's Lord, and God, he (not our selves)
 Did us our being give :
 We are his people, we his sheep,
 And on his Pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with thanks, his praise
 Within his Courts proclaim :
 Bring to his Altars grateful gifts,
 And blefs his sacred Name.

4. Good is the Lord, his mercies are
 For ever firmly sure :
 His truth inviolably, doth
 From age to age endure.

PSALM CI.

1. I Of impartial judgment will,
 And milder mercy sing ;
 To thee, O Lord, I'll sing, from whom
 Both in perfection spring.

2. Wisdom shall guide me in just ways ;
 When wilt thou come to me ?
 I with an heart sincere will walk
 Before my Family.

3. No wicked thing before mine Eyes
 Shall tempt me ; I detest
 The works of them, that turn aside,
 Near me they shall not rest.

4. A froward heart I'll banish from
 My peaceful company :
 And will not know the man that lives
 In lov'd Impiety.

5. Him I'll cut off, that hath his friend
 With secret slander strook ;
 I will not suffer a proud heart,
 Nor bear an haughty look.

6. Mine Eyes (that they may dwell with me)
 The faithful shall observe :
 He that walks perfect in his way,
 Shall my imployments serve.

7. Him, that works fine deceits, my Roof
 Shall not protect a night :
 A lying tongue I'le not endure,
 To tarry in my sight.

8. To quick destruction I will bring
 The wicked of the land :
 And from God's City cut them off,
 With an unpitying hand.

P S A L M CI. Or thus.

1. *M*ercy I will and Judgment sing
 To Thee, O Lord, from whom they spring;
 Wisdom shall all my Ways correct :

2. When wilt Thou come, and direll with me ?
 My whole affairs, and Family
 I will with perfect heart direct.

3. No Evil shall my Eyes misguide,
 I hate their works that turn aside,
 No such shall in my favour grow :

4. Those that are of a froward heart
 Shall from my Company depart,
 No wicked Person will I know.

5. Who hath his friend with slander strook
I will cut off; A Haughty look,
And a Proud heart I'le not endure:
6. Mine Eyes upon the Faithful are,
Him for my Servant I declare,
Whose Hands are Just, and Heart is Pure.
7. He that doth treach'rous works devise,
That spreads abroad malicious Lyes,
Sha'nt stay within my House, or fight:
8. The Wicked of the Land I'le slay,
That from Gods City soon I may
Cut off, and Root th' Ungodly quite.

PSALM CII.

1. **T**Hou, Lord, from whom all comfort
My mournful prayers hear: (springs
Let my prevailing cries before
Thy mercy-seat appear.
2. Hide not thy face from my distress,
Thine Ear of pity lend:
In the sad day of my complaints
A speedy answer send.
3. My days, like smoke consume, my bone
Dry'd, as an hearth with heat:
My heart's struck down like wither'd hay
That I forget my meat.

4. My short-breath'd lungs, so wasted are
 With my continual groans ;
 That now my shrivel'd-fleshless skin
 Cleaves to my staring Bones.

5. I'me like the Pelicane, that in
 The wilderness delights :
 Or as the desart Owl, whose shreeks
 Disturb the peaceful nights.

6. Sleep (the reprieve of grief) hath left
 Mine Eyes ; I sit alone,
 As on the house the Sparrow does
 His dear lost mate bemoan.

7. All day mine Enemies reproach,
 Mad men my ruine swear :
 Ashes, like bread I eat, and drink
 No drop, without a tear.

8. Thine indignation, and fierce wrath
 Upon my head are thrown :
 For thou to dignity didst raise,
 And now hast cast me down.

9. My days are like the Ev'ning shade ;
 And I like Sun-burnt grass :
 But thou endurest, and thy thoughts
 Firm to all ages pafs.

10. Thou shalt arise, and mercy for
 Thy *Sion* shalt command :

The time to favour her is come,
Th' appointed time's at hand.

11. Thy servants in her stones delight,
Though she in ruine lies :
And hope to see her from the dust
A glorious Temple rise.

12. Then shall the Gentiles fear the Name
Of thee th' Almighty Lord :
Thy Majesty by all that Rule
The Earth, shall be ador'd.

13. The Lord, when *Sion* he rebuilds,
Shall in his glory shine :
He will regard the destitute,
Nor from their pray'r decline.

14. This, for the ages yet to come,
Shall sacred Pens record,
That all which shall created be
May see, and praise the Lord.

15. He, in his *Sanctuary* thron'd,
Cast down a look from high :
And did from Heaven visit Earth
With a relenting Eye.

16. To hear the Pris'ners groans, and loose
The hands for slaughter bound :
His Name in *Sion* to declare,
And praise in *Salem* sound ;

17. When solemnly the people are,
 In full Assembly joyn'd :
 And all the Kingdoms of the world,
 To serve the Lord inclin'd.

18. But Thou the Vigor of my strength
 Hast weaken'd on the way,
 And my contracted term of life,
 Set to a shorter day.

19. Take me not hence, my God, said I,
 E're Half my days be past :
 As for thy years, we know that they
 Beyond all ages last.

20. Thy all-commanding word of old,
 The Earths foundations laid :
 The Heav'ns, with all the glories there.
 Thy pow'rful hands displaid.

21. Yet they shall be dissolv'd, but thou
 Dost thy duration hold :
 Like a cast garment, they shall lose
 Their beauty, and grow old.

22. Them like a vesture thou shalt change,
 And they shall changed be :
 But thou art still the same thou wast ;
 Thy years no period see.

23. The children of thy servants shall
 In happy state remain :

And the blest issue of their loins,
Thy favour shall sustain.

PSALM CIII.

1. **B**less thou the Lord, my soul, all ye
My faculties, O bless
His most ador'd omnipotence,
And his great Name confess.
2. Bless thou the Lord, my soul, nor let
The grateful memory
Of his unvalu'd benefits
In dull Oblivion lie.
3. He pardons all thy sins, 'tis he
In sickness makes thee sound :
From death he doth redeem thy life,
With love and mercy crown'd.
4. He fills thy mouth, he with good things
Thine appetite supplies :
And, as the Eagles, makes thine age
To new-born youth arise.
5. The Lord, in all necessities,
Extends his righteousness :
And judgment executes, for those
Whom injuries oppres.

6. His ways of secret providence,
 He made to *eMoses* known :
 His noble, and renowned acts
 To *Isr'els* seed were shown.

7. Prone to compassion is the Lord,
 Pity in him excels :
 To anger he is slow ; with him
 Abundant mercy dwells.

8. He will not always chide, nor still
 Keep up provoked ire :
 Deals not as we have sin'd ; nor pays
 What our misdeeds require.

9. For, as the highest Heav'ns above
 The lowest Earth appear ;
 Such is His mercy towards them,
 That worship Him in fear.

10. As far as is the bright-ey'd East
 From the dusk Western shade,
 Between us, and our sins, so great
 A distance hath he made.

11. As fathers on their children yern,
 So doth his pity spare
 Those that fear him ; he knows our frame,
 That dust is all we are.

12. Vain Airy man, like Summers grafts
 Such are his best of days :

As

As a fine flower in the field,
His beauty he displays.

13. A ruder blast but passes o're,
And straight 'tis gone ; The place
Where late it shew'd its pride, no more
Shall know where once it was.

14. But the Lords mercies unto those,
That fear him, have no end :
His righteousness shall unto sons
Of unborn sons descend ;

15. To such as do his Cov'nant keep,
And in their hearts have laid
His sacred laws, to be by them
Through all their lives obey'd.

16. The Lord hath in the highest Heav'ns
Fix'd his Eternal throne,
His Kingdom governs over all,
That in the world is known.

17. Ye glorious Angels, bless the Lord :
Ye that in strength transcend :
That his most just commands fulfil,
And his dread word attend.

18. Bless ye the Lord, ye Heavenly hosts,
That his great battels fight :
Ye flaming Ministers, that serve
His pleasure day and night.

19. Bless ye the Lord, ye works of his,
 What e're, from pole to pole,
 And through the world his hands have
 Bless thou the Lord, my soul. (made,

P S A L M C I V.

1. **B**less thou the Lord, my soul, O Lord
 Of all that's great possest ;
 Thee rays of Glory, and bright beams
 Of majesty invest.
2. Who deck'st thy self, as with a Robe,
 In light, that drowns the day :
 And like an out-stretcht Curtain dost
 Th' Expanse of Heav'n display.
3. Who doth his Chambers, in the flouds,
 Above the Skies prepare :
 His Chariot frames of Hying Clouds ;
 And walks on winged Air.
4. Whose breath, into the Angels, did
 Celestial form inspire :
 His dreadful Executioners
 He makes a flaming fire.
5. He the foundations of the Earth
 On a fix'd Center set,
 Not to be mov'd, though Seas, Fire, Air
 In combination met.

6. As with an all-involving sheet,
He cloth'd it with the cloud :
When first the swelling deeps above
The unseen Mountains stood.
7. Then, at his pow'rful check, they all
To their own Regions fled ;
And at his dreadful thunders ran,
To their affrighted Bed.
8. Up to the Mountain tops they climb,
Thence through the Valleys wind,
To be ingulph'd into the Sea,
Their womb, and grave design'd.
9. He, to the rolling tide, prescribes
An uncontrolled bound ;
That by the rage of tameless waves
The Earth no more be drown'd.
10. He makes the bubling springs boil up,
Whose pleasant murm'ring rills
Slide through the flowry Vales, that lie
Beneath the Sun-burnt hills.
11. There does the wanton Heifer drink,
When tir'd with heat, and play :
And the wild As, in desarts bred,
His scorching thirst allay.
12. By them the woods wing'd Choristers
Their pretty mansions build ;

And sing the Sun out of his bed
Unto the open field.

13. He from his watry Chambers rains
Upon the parched hills ;
And over all the drier grounds
His fruitful Dew distils.

14. Food, from the moistned mould, he makes
The mellow Earth produce ;
Grass for the flocks, and greater herds,
And herbs for humane use.

15. Rich grapes, whose gen'rous juice makes
And mirth of equal length : (life,
Bright oyl, that clears the cloudy brow,
And Bread the staff of strength.

16. Gods trees, which Art ne're yet manur'd,
Full of fresh sap are found :
He hath the tops of *Lebanon*
With stately Cedars crown'd.

17. Between whose boughs new-mated birds
Their wind-rockt Cradles joyn :
And for his house the pious Stork
Chuses the lofty Pine.

18. The higher hills, to the wild Goats
A quiet shelter give :
And in the undermined Rocks
The fearful Conies lie.

19. The Moon by her still-varied shapes,
Appointed seasons shews :
And, having run his daily stage,
The Sun his setting knows.

20. Thou mak'st the darkness, and the night
Brings the wild beast abroad :
The hungry Lyon roars for prey,
And seeks his meat from God.

21. But, when the eye of day begins
To Heck the blushing Sky,
They herd themselves, and closely down
In their dark Caverns lie.

22. Man rises, with the dawning day,
About his bus'ness goes :
Until the Evening ends his toil,
And gives his cares repose.

23. Great God, how various are thy works !
Made with what matchless skill !
Thy riches cloath the back of Earth,
And her deep belly fill.

24. So do they the vast boundless sea,
In whose unfathom'd breast
Fishes innumerable creep,
The small and greater beast.

25. There goes the ship, whose armed keel
The liquid Rocks divides :
There

There plays the huge *Leviathan*,
And mans vain strength derides.

26. These for a cast of daily alms,
All thy expectants stand ;
And have their seasonable food
From thy dispensing hand.

27. They gladly gather up, what thou
Dost of thy bounty yield :
And when thy Granaries unlock,
They are with goodness fill'd.

28. Thou in deserv'd displeasure hid'st
Thy face, they pine, and mourn ;
Thou tak'st away their breath, they die,
And to their dust return.

29. Thou send'st thy spirit forth, they rise
To new-created birth :
And by thy breath restor'st the spoils
Of the dispeopled Earth.

30. The glory of the Lord stands firm,
And firm hath ever stood :
His wisdom shall rejoice to see,
That all his works are good.

31. He darts a look, the trembling Earth
Quakes at the angry stroke ;
He does but touch the hills, and they
Are in a steaming smoke.

32. To my last hour the Lord shall be
 The subject of my songs :
 I will sing praises to my God
 Whil'st breath my life prolongs.

33. O ! may my souls diviner thoughts,
 Address in grateful voice
 Sweetly ascend ; whil'st I to him
 In sacred hymns rejoice.

34. Let sinners from the Earth consume,
 The wicked be no more :
 Bless thou the Lord, my soul, O bless
 And his great Name adore.

PSALM CV.

1. **O** Pay the Lord your thankful vows,
 Invoke his pow'rful Name :
 And to the far extended Earth
 His mighty deeds proclaim.

2. Sing unto him, sing sacred Hymns
 His wond'rous works record ;
 His be the Glory ; let their heart
 Rejoyce that seek the Lord.

3. Seek ye the Lord, seek strength from him ;
 Within his holy place,
 Your Pray'rs address : seek all your help
 From his illustrious face.

4. Remember the mirac'rous acts,
 The marvels he hath wrought :
 And what prodigioes judgments he
 On your oppressors brought.

5. Ye, that his servant *Abraham*,
 Do for your Sire affect :
 And all the happy tribes deriv'd
 From *Jacob* his Elect.

6. He is the Lord Omnipotent,
 He for our God is known :
 The judgments which he executes,
 To all the Earth are shwon.

7. The Cov'nant he hath call'd to mind,
 By him for ever past,
 And the firm promises, that shall
 To thousand ages last.

8. Those, with your Father *Abraham*,
 Contracted long before,
 And since establish'd, by the Oath,
 Which he to *Isaac* swore.

9. Confirm'd to *Jacob* for a law,
 Inviolably sure :
 A Covenant with *Israel*,
 For ever to endure.

10. That their design'd Inheritance
 Should in fair *Canaan* stand :

When

When they were few, but very few,
And strangers in the land.

11. From Nation unto Nation, when
Like sojourners they went:
And from this Kingdom to the next,
Remov'd their wand'ring tent.

12. From wrong he sav'd them; check't even
Lay not rude hands (said he) (Kings:
On mine anointed; neither do
My Prophets injury.

13. He did, in wasted *Canaans Coasts*,
A raging Dearth command:
And brake the staff of bread through all
The miserable land.

14. But he, before them sent a man
Their promis'd lives to save:
Even *Joseph*, by his brethren sold
To *Egypt* for a slave.

15. Whose feet with cruel Chains were hurt
For Crimes he ne're did know:
In irons laid, his loaded soul
Was pierc'd with wrongful woe.

16. Till *Pharaohs*, and his servants Dreams,
By his divining Eye
Were search'd, and told; His Innocence
God by His word did try.

17. The King gave his command, and straight
 His liberty decreed :
 The Ruler of the people sent,
 And him from prison freed.

18. He made him in the Royal house
 Chief Governour to sit :
 And to his prudent conduct did
 His great affairs commit.

19. That he his Princes looser wills
 Might at his will correct :
 And the gray-headed Senators
 In policy direct.

20. A stranger into *Egypt* then,
 Declining *Isr'el* came ;
 And *Jacob* liv'd a sojourner,
 In the fat land of *Ham*.

21. There much increas'd, they quickly grew
 Too potent for their foes :
 Who fear and hate them, and their lives
 With treach'rous arts inclose.

22. *Moses* his servant then he sent,
 And chosen *Aaron* joyns :
Nyle saw the miracles they wrought,
 And *Memphis* dreadful signs.

23. Darkness he sent, and dark it was ;
 Obey'd were his Commands :

The

The streams turn'd blood, and all their fish
Lay poison'd on the sands.

24. Frogs, from the putrified slime,
Innumerably bred,
From rivers, to the Chambers hopt,
And crawl'd on *Pharaohs* bed.

25. He spake the word, all sorts of flies,
Came up in swarming hosts :
And the chastised dust produc'd
Loath'd lice in all their Coasts.

26. Fierce Hail for Rain, and lightnings dire,
Their wretched land annoy'd :
Tore down their Vines, their fig-trees
And their fruit-trees destroy'd. (broke

27. Locusts, and Caterpillers next
Not to be told, invade :
Eat up their Herbs : and spoil the grain,
With the consumed blade.

28. Then (to compleat their woes) one blow
Struck all their first-born dead :
One fatal Night cut off the strength,
The How'r their land had bred.

29. He brought them forth, with silver, gold,
And store of borrow'd wealth :
There was not found in all their tribes,
One of a feeble health.

30. *Ægypt* was glad, in hope to see,
 With them, their plagues depart :
 So strange a terror had possest
 Their almost lifeless heart.

31. By day to shade them, a dark cloud
 He for a covering spread ;
 And for their conduct, in the night,
 A fiery Pillar led.

32. For flesh they askt ; about their tents
 A shew'r of quails he rain'd :
 Bread they desir'd ; and he with bread
 Dropt down from Heav'n sustain'd.

33. He pierc'd the Marble Rock ; and thence
 The hasty waters gush't :
 Till, through the late dry-parched plains,
 New rapid torrents rusht.

34. He, on his holy promise made
 To faithful *Abram*, thought :
 And with triumphant joy, from thrall,
 His chosen people brought.

35. The *Canan'itish* lands he made
 Their heritage and spoil :
 And they in peace possest the fruits
 Of a strange peoples toil.

36. That they his statutes might observe,
 Be govern'd by his word :

And

And pay obedience to his laws :
Hail'ujah ! praise the Lord.

PSALM C VI.

1. **O** Render thanks unto the Lord ;
For kind he is, and good :
And firm his boundless Mercies have
Throughout all ages stood.
2. What language can his mighty deeds,
Deservedly proclaim ?
What tongue can sing th' immortal praise
Due to his sacred Name ?
3. Blessed are they, whose perfect hearts
True judgment do observe ;
Whose happy feet, from the pure paths
Of justice never swerve.
4. Favour me, with that love thou dost,
To thy dear people show :
O visit me, and let my soul
Thy great salvation know.
5. That I may see the happy state
Of thine elected Race :
Joy with thy Saints, and glory with
The blessed Heirs of Grace.

6. We, and our faithless Sires have sin'd;
 Iniquity have wrought :
 And (prone to ill) all wickedness
 As soon pursu'd, as thought.

7. Thy miracles in *Egypt* prov'd.
 Our fathers disbeliev'd :
 Forgot his mercies, and his soul
 At the Red-sea they griev'd.

8. Yet did he save them, that he might
 Exalt his Names renown :
 And to the world, and them, convinc'd,
 His mighty pow'r make known.

9. He the rebuked Ocean dry'd,
 And through the parted main
 Led them, as safe, as when they march'd,
 Along the desart plain.

10. Thus from th' *Egyptian* Tyrant freed,
 Who his old hate renew'd :
 And from their Enemies Redeem'd
 That with strong hand pursu'd.

11. Th' uncharmed Seas now broken loose,
 Their wonted fury use ;
 O're whelm'd their foes, and left not one
 To tell the doleful News.

12. Then they believ'd his word ; and sang
 His praise, but (faithless) straight
 Forgat

Forgat his works, and would no more
Upon his Counsels wait.

13. Flesh for their lust they needs must have
In the dry wilderness :
And in the desert tempted God
To fill their wild excess.

14. He gave them that, for which they long'd ;
But, with that show'r of fowls,
Which fill'd their graceless appetites,
Sent leannes to their souls.

15. Then against *Moses* mov'd with spleen
They mutin'd in the Camp :
And *Aaron* scorn'd, on whom the Lord
Had set his sacred stamp.

16. The Earths stretch'd jaws, with dreadful
Bold *Dathan* did intomb : (speed
And all *Abiram's* complices
Clos'd in her hideous womb.

17. Revenging fire brake forth from God ;
And those that thus presum'd
To be false Priests, his angry flames
Quick in their sins consum'd.

18. Yet, after this, near *Horeb's* Mount
A golden Calf they made :
And to the cursed founders craft
Vain adoration paid.

19. Their God, thus for an Idol chang'd,
 They made their glory pass
 Into the Image of an Oxe,
 Whose food and life is grafs.

20. So they forgot th' Almighty God,
 That had their Saviour been ;
 And all the glorious acts they had
 In plagued *Egypt* seen.

21. Prodigious miracles, within
 Th' amazed land of *Ham* :
 And dreadful things, when the Red-sea
 Two watry walls became.

22. He to destruction doom'd them then ;
 Had *Moses* not engag'd
 Into the breach ; and by his pray'rs,
 The threatn'd wrath awag'd.

23. Yea they despis'd the pleasant land,
 Did not believe his word :
 But murmur'd, and refus'd to hear
 The voice of God, their Lord.

24. For this, he rais'd his angry hand,
 Amidst the desart sands,
 To slay them, and their seed disperse,
 Throughout the heathen lands.

25. To *Peor* joyn'd, they sacrific'd,
 And feasted to the dead :

Provok'd

Provok'd their God, and a fierce plague
Smote their polluted bed.

26. Then *Phineas*, by a noble stroke
Of judgment, death atton'd.
A deed, for righteousness, to him
And his for ever own'd.

27. At *Meribah*, they anger'd God ;
And *Moses* for their sake,
Suffer'd for unadvised words,
He in rash passion spake.

28. The Nations they did not destroy,
As God's command ordain'd :
But, with the heathen mix'd, and were
With their pollutions stain'd.

29. Serv'd their abominable gods,
Which (now) their snare became,
And with their sons, and daughters slain,
The Devils Altars flame.

30. Their harmless Issues purple gore
Ran like a streaming flood :
About the *Cana'nitish* Groves,
And fill'd the land with bloud.

31. Thus, with foul practices defil'd,
Which their vain hands had wrought,
They plaid the Harlots, with the Gods
Their false inventions sought.

32. These provocations so incens'd
 The fury of the Lord :
 That his select Inheritance
 Was in his Eyes abhor'd.

33. He gave them up to Heath'nish hands,
 Subjected to the stroke
 Of those that hated them ; and forc'd
 To bear the servile yoke.

34. Oft he reliev'd them, they as oft
 To the same Counsels haste :
 And, by their sins, call back the plagues,
 So lately they had past.

35. Yet he regarding their distress,
 His gracious Ear inclin'd ;
 And the old Cov'nant thought upon,
 To their forefathers sign'd.

36. Repents, in mercy, at their woes ;
 And made them pitied be
 Of those, that led them in the Chains
 Of hard Captivity.

37. Save, Lord ! and our dispers'd remains,
 O ! rally from among
 The impious heathen, that thy Name
 May be our praise, and song.

38. Blest be the Lord ! blest Israels God !
 For ever ; let th' accord
 Of all the People, say *Amen*,
 Hall'ujah ! Praise the Lord.



THE
PSALMS of King
D A V I D
Paraphrased.

The Fifth BOOK.

PSALM CVII.

1. **O** Render thanks unto the Lord,
 For kind he is, and good ; (have
 And firm his boundless mercies
 Throughout all ages stood.)
2. Let them say so, whom he redeem'd
 From the insulting hands
 Of barb'rous foes ; and gather'd from
 The Idol-serving lands.

3. From where the Sun his Chariot mounts,
And from his Western Inne ;
From th' ever-frozen Pole, and where
The torrid climes begin.
4. Straying through desarts, in the ways
Of solitude, they went,
And found no Hospitable town,
To fix their wand'ring tent.
5. Lean hunger their starv'd flesh consum'd,
And by th' unquenched fire
Of scalding thirst, their fainting souls
Were ready to expire.
6. Then, in their trouble, to the Lord
They did their cries address ;
His mercy gave deliverance,
And freed them from distress.
7. He through the pathless wilderness,
By happy ways, did guide,
Till they arriv'd at Cities, where
They might in peace reside.
8. O that they would the Lord confess,
And praise his goodness then !
That they would tell his wond'rous works
Done for the sons of men !
9. He, from his unexhausted stores,
The longing soul supplies ;
And

— And, with the blessings of his hand,
The hungry satisfies.

10. Those that in darkness sit, whose life
The shades of death surround,
Lockt up in Dungeons, and with chains
Of cruel thraldom bound ;

11. Who, 'gainst the pow'rful word of God,
In opposition rise ;
And, proudly, the revealed will
Of the most High despise :

12. Those by afflictions he brings low,
Tames their rebellious heart,
And casts them down, till none is found
Lost comfort to impart.

13. Then in their trouble to the Lord
They their sad cries address ;
His mercy gave deliverance
And freed them from distress.

14. He drew them from the black Abyss,
Where fear'd destruction reigns,
He brought them from the shades of
And brake their captive chains.(Death,

15. O that the world would God confess,
And praise his goodness then !
That they would tell his wond'rous works
Done for the sons of men !

16. He forc'd a way for their escape,
Through Gates of massy brass ;
And cuts in sunder Iron bars,
That they might freely pass.

17. Fools that pursue the pleasing sins,
To which their lusts entice,
Fall into sickness, and are plagu'd
By their own darling vice.

18. Their stomach loaths its wonted food ;
Cannot endure the breath,
Nor sight of meat, and they draw near
The gates of gaping Death.

19. Then in their trouble to the Lord
They their sad cries address,
His mercy gives deliverance,
And frees them from distreſs.

20. He speaks, and his reviving word
Their wasted strength repairs,
And when Destruction seems at hand
He frees them from Despairs.

21. O that they would the Lord confess,
And praise his goodness then !
That they would tell his wond'rous works
Done for the sons of men !

22. That they with thankful sacrifice,
Would make his Altars flame ;
And,

And, with the voice of solemn joy,
His noble acts proclaim.

23. They, that in ships plow up the main ;
And their commerces keep
Upon great seas ; these see his works,
And wonders in the deep.

24. At his command, the tempest makes
The billows bear aloft ;
Then mount they to the Skies, and then
The bottom knock as oft.

25. Horror dissolves their souls, they reel,
Like men in drunken fits,
And stagger up and down the decks,
As they had lost their wits.

26. Then, in their trouble, to the Lord
They their sad cries address,
His mercy gives deliverance,
And frees them from distress.

27. He makes the storm a calm, and stills
The fury of the seas ;
Then glad to their wish'd Port they sail,
And feel their hearts at ease.

28. O that they would the Lord confess,
And praise his goodness then !
That they would tell his wond'rous works
Done for the sons of men !

29. That

29. That they unto the people would
 His mighty pow'r report ;
 And laud him, where the Elders do
 In pious troops resort :

30. He, to a Desart rivers turns,
 And springs into dry ground ;
 A fruitful land to barrenness,
 When th' owners sins abound.

31. The wilderness a Lake becomes,
 And the dry ground a Well :
 The hungry there he plants, that they
 May in rich Cities dwell ;

32. And sow the fields, and Vineyards plant
 To yield them Corn and Wine :
 He makes them great, and suffers not
 Their Cattel to decline,

33. Again for their backsliding sins,
 He brings them down as fast :
 Oppression, misery and grief
 Them, and their country wast.

34. He on their Princes pours contempt,
 Makes them in desarts stray,
 Through whose untravel'd solitudes
 The weary find no way.

35. Yet sets he up the poor on high,
 Rais'd from the humble ground ;

And makes his num'rous families,
Like fruitful flocks abound.

36. The righteous shall be fill'd with joy,
This providence to see ;
And the convinced sinner shall
For ever silent be.

37. He that is wise, these ways of God,
Will faithfully record ;
And he shall understand, and taste
The goodness of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

1. **M**Y heart is ready fix'd, O God,
To thee will I give praise ;
Ev'n, with my glory, I thy Name,
In sacred songs will raise.

2. Awake my Psaltery, awake
My pleasant Harp ; for I
My self will wake, before the Sun
Gild o're the morning Sky.

3. O Lord, before the people, I
Will celebrate thy Fame ;
And make th' admiring Nations sing
The honour of thy Name.

4. Immense thy mercy is, and far
The highest Heav'n transcends;
Thy never-failing truth beyond
The lofty clouds extends.
5. Be thou exalted, mighty God,
Above the spangled Skies;
Let all the Earth thy glory see,
Where day is born, and dies.
6. That thy beloved *David* may
Thy great deliv'rance see,
Save with thy right hand, in thy truth
O hear and answer me.
7. God in his holiness hath spoke,
And made my joys compleat;
I Shechem will divide by line,
And Succoths Valley mete.
8. *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* mine,
Ephraim supports my head;
Judah gives law to all, where e're
My large Dominions spread.
9. *Moab* my wash-pot is, my shooe
To *Edom* I'le hold out;
And o're subjected *Palestine*
Ring forth the Conqu'rors shout.
10. Who will to *Rabbah* lead us on,
Which *Ammon's* strength maintains?
Who

Who our victorious march will guide,
Through *Edoms* sandy plains ?

11. Lord, wilt not thou, who hadst so late
 Cast off thy people quite ?
And wouldst not with our armies go
 Unto the doubtful fight ?

12. Help us in trouble, O our God,
 And let thy arm sustain ;
For all the help of wretched man
 Is like himself, but vain.

13. Through God we shall do valiant acts ;
 He shall our foes confound,
And beat their trampled flesh to dirt
 O're all th' ignoble ground.

PSALM CIX.

1. Hold not thy peace, my God, my praise,
 In this so fear'd an hour ;
For wicked and deceitful mouths
 Gape, ready to devour.

2. My fame, with lying tongues, they wound,
 With words of hate surround,
By me no way provok'd, they would
 My guiltless soul confound.

3. They, for the love I bear to them,
Mine adversaries are ;
But I to thee, in these extreams,
Give up my self in Pray'r.
4. The benefits I heap'd on them,
With ill they recompense ;
And, like ingrateful Vipers, make
My merit my offence.
5. Set over him a wicked man,
And still at his right hand,
To tempt him first, and plague him then,
May subtle Satan stand.
6. With his arraignment, let his doom
And punishment begin ;
May his despairing Pray'rs prevail,
But to augment his sin.
7. Few be his days, and those cut off
By an untimely end :
May his supplanter, to his place,
Over his back ascend.
8. His children all of Father lose,
But entail'd misery :
And may the Wife of his delight
A helpless Widow be.
9. His wandring Issue, may they beg
For wretched livelihood ;

And

And in unpeopled Desarts seek
Their miserable food.

10. May Usurters extorting hands
All his possessions spoil ;
And the remorseless stranger reap
The harvest of his toil.

11. May there be none about him left,
That mercy would extend ;
None, that a hope of favour dares
To his lost Orphans lend.

12. May his accurs'd Posterity,
Both Root, and Branch decay ;
His rotten name, in the next age,
Pass like a mist away.

13. Ne're may his fathers wickedness
Be by the Lord forgot ;
His mothers follies let the tears
Of no repentance blot.

14. Let them continually be plac'd
In Gods revenging Eye,
That their remembrance from the Earth
May be extirp'd, and die.

15. Mercy be never thought to shew,
But cruelly pursu'd
The poor, that he might slay the heart
With care and griefs subdu'd.

16. Cursing was that he lov'd, so let
His portion cursing be ;
In blessing he delighted not ;
Ne're may he blessing see.

17. With imprecations, as a Robe,
He did himself invest ;
Let them like water swell his guts,
Like oyl his bones infest.

18. Be they, as is the daily cloak,
Wherein himself he winds ;
And as the constant girdle, that
His looser garment binds.

19. Let this be the deserv'd reward
Of my false Enemies ;
Whose tongues my persecuted soul
Wound with envenom'd lies.

20. But thou, my God, to pity prone,
Deal graciously with me :
For thy great Name, as thou art good,
In mercy set me free.

21. Poor I and broken hearted, like
Declining shades am past ;
Like the light Locust, made the sport
Of ev'ry wanton blast.

22. My knees scarce bear their weight, whil'st I
Thy face by fasting seek :
And

And meagre leanness hath consum'd
The beauty of my cheek.

23. I am become a scorn'd reproach
To my insulting foes ;
They stare, they shake their heads, & laugh
At my unpitied woes.

24. Help me, my God ! in mercy save,
And make them understand,
That my deliv'rance is the work
Of thine all-pow'ful hand.

25. Though curs'd by them, yet bless thou me ;
When they lift up their voice
Against me, strike them with disgrace ;
But let my heart rejoice.

26. Mine Adversaries cloath with shame ;
And o're their guilty head,
Let their own foul confusion be,
Like a black mantle spread.

27. My mouth the glories of the Lord
Shall in loud Anthems raise ;
I will, amongst the multitude,
Sing his immortal Praise.

28. For at the right hand of the poor
He stands, and shall controll
The malice of th' unjust, that would
Condemn his righteous soul.

P S A L M C X.

1. **T**He Lord, unto my Lord, hath said,
Upon my right hand sit,
Until I make thy foes a stool,
For thy victorious feet.
2. The Lord, from *Sion*, his lov'd Mount,
Thy rod of strength shall send :
Thine Enemies, through all the world,
Shall to thy Scepter bend.
3. The people, in thy day of pow'r,
Shall willingly confess
Thy Reign, and praise thee in the place
Of beauteous holiness.
4. From thy blest youth, a happy Race
Of new-born sons shall come,
As num'rous, as the pearly drops
Of the grey mornings womb.
5. The Lord a solemn oath hath sworn,
Which he will never break,
Thou art an everlasting Priest
After *Melchi-zedek*.
6. The Lord the strength of thy right hand,
Shall, in his wrathful day,
Strike thorough Kings, whose stubborn
Will not his rule obey. (hearts
7. He

7. He shall among the Heathen judge ;
 Strew o're the purple ground
 With slaught'red bodies ; and the heads
 Of many Countries wound.

8. He meekly at the way-side brook
 Shall cool his thirsty heat ;
 Therefore his head shall be advanc'd,
 His exaltation great.

PSALM CXI.

1. **H**all'ujah ! I will praise the Lord
 With my whole hearts consent,
 Where the just meet, and the great troops
 His sacred Courts frequent.

2. Greatly admired are the works,
 His pow'rful Arm hath wrought ;
 Pleasant in contemplation found,
 To the devoutest thought.

3. Noble and glorious are his Acts,
 No End his Justice knows :
 His Wonders we recount ; In Him
 All Grace, and Pity flows.

4. Food for the hungry he provides,
 Who his commands obey ;
 Nor, through oblivion, ever lets
 His faithful word decay.

5. He his unquestionable pow'r
 Hath to his people shown ;
 And made them Heirs of that good land,
 From whence their foes were thrown.

6. Faithful and just his dealings are ;
 All his commands are sure ;
 In truth, and righteousness perform'd,
 And ever firm endure.

7. His people he redeem'd from thrall,
 And, by a fix'd decree,
 His Cov'nant 'stablish'd ; let his Name
 Holy, and reverend be.

8. True wisdom then begins, when we
 With fear the Lord obey ;
 They understand, that do his will ;
 His praise shall ne're decay.

PSALM CXII.

1. **H**all'ujah ! Blessed is the man,
 Who God devoutly fears :
 And to the Precepts of his Law
 A great affection bears.

2. His seed shall flourish, and his Race,
 Of blessedness be sure ;
 With Riches shall his House abound,
 His righteousness endure.

3. In mid'st of darkness, to the just
There springs a joyful light ;
Gracious is he, compassionate,
And all his dealings right.

4. Like a good man, he favour shews,
To the distressed lends ;
And, with discretion his affairs
Guides to their wished ends.

5. For ever he shall not be mov'd ;
The happy memory
Of his fair virtues shall survive
The worlds mortality.

6. Sad tidings he shall fearless hear,
His heart is fix'd ; No Ill
Shall shake his Faith, till all his Foes,
Be subject to his will.

7. He freely to the needy gives,
His charitable Name
Lasts ever, and his horn is rais'd
To an immortal fame.

8. Th' unjust shall see't with grief, and gnash
His teeth, and melt away ;
All his desires, like blasted fruits,
Shall in the bud decay.

PSALM CXIII.

1. **H**all'ujah ! Ye that serve the Lord,
His glorious Name adore :
Blest be His Name from this time, till
Time shall be Time no more.
2. His Name is prais'd, from where the Sun
First shews his golden head,
To the dusk Regions where he lies
Down in his watry bed.
3. Above all Nations high ; the Heav'ns
In glory he excells :
Who's like our God, who in the height
Of Exaltation dwells ?
4. Yet humbles he himself, the things
Done ev'n in Heav'n to know ;
And what we little mortals a^ct,
On the base Earth below.
5. He lifts the poor from abject dust ;
From the vile dunghil takes
The needy ; sets him with the Prince,
And the Kings equal makes.
6. By him, the barren womans house,
With many sons is stor'd :
And childless wives glad mothers are ;
Hall'ujah ! praise the Lord.

PSALM CXIII. Or thus.

1. Sing Hallelujah to the Lord,
Ye Servants that obey his word,
His Name with Praises Eternize.
2. Prais'd be His Name from where the Sun
Rises his constant Race to run,
Till in the Ocean down he lies.
3. The Lord inthron'd in Majesty,
Is above all the Nations high ;
The Heav'ns in Glory He excels :
4. Who to the Lord our God can be
Rank'd in the least Equality,
Who over all exalted dwells ?
5. Yet humbles He himself to know
Things done in Heav'n, and Earth below :
He raises up the Poor that makes
6. His Lodging in the sordid Dust,
The Needy, that on Him do trust,
From the Despised Dunghil takes.
7. He sets him near the Princes Throne,
With mighty Princes made as One :
By Him with many Sons is stor'd ;
8. Th' Unhappy Womb, that never bare ;
And childless Wives glad Mothers are :
Sing Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

PSALM CXIV.

1. **W**hen slaved *Isr'el* march'd away
From *Ægypt*s parched sand;
And *Jacobs* house cast off the yoke
Of a strange-languag'd land;
2. In the Imperial *Judah*s tribe
Gods Sanctuary shone;
Triumphant *Isr'el* wore the Crown
Of his Dominion.
3. The sea saw that, and his rent waves
In strange confusion fled;
Jordans recoiling streams shrunk up
To their amazed head.
4. The cloudy mountains started then,
And skipt like frightened Rams;
The lesser hillocks of the Earth
Like wolve-surprized Lambs.
5. What ail'dst thou, sea, that thy rent waves
In such confusion fled?
And thou, poor *Jordan*, that thou shrunk'st
To thine amazed head?
6. Ye Mountains, that ye started then,
And skipt like frightened Rams;
Ye lesser hillocks of the Earth
Like wolve-surprized Lambs?

7. Tremble,

7. Tremble, rebellious Earth, before
 Thy Gods all-glorious Face ;
 Before thy Sov'reign, the great God
 Of faithful Jacobs Race :

8. Who caus'd the Marble Rock to melt
 Into a standing Lake :
 And from chastised Flints to spring
 Thirst-quenching streams did make.

PSALM CXV.

1. **N**ot unto us, Lord, not to us ;
 Give glory to thy Name ;
 E.v'n for thy mercy, and thy truth,
 From age to age the same.

2. Why should th' insulting heathen say,
 Where is their God become ?
 Our God is in the Heav'ns inthron'd,
 And what he pleas'd hath done.

3. Their gods vain Idols are, at best,
 Of Silver, or of Gold,
 Carv'd by some cunning hand, or else
 Form'd in the founders mould.

4. Mouths have they, but they cannot speak ;
 And eyes, but void of sight :
 Ears, but hear not, nor does their Nose
 In smelling take delight.

5. Hands have they, but they handle not ;
And feet but cannot walk,
Nor does their artificial throat
Help them at all to talk.

6. They, and their makers, are alike,
All destitute of sense ;
And so is ev'ry one that puts
In them vain confidence.

7. O *Israe*l, trust in the Lord ;
Your help and shield is he ;
Ye house of *Aaron* trust the Lord,
He will your buckler be.

8. All ye, that fear the Lord, on him
With constant faith rely ;
He's their protection, and their aid
In all calamity.

9. The Lord hath minded us, and he
Will show'r on us his Grace ;
He will the house of *Is'r'el* bless ;
Bless *Aarons* holy Race.

10. All those, that fear him, small and great,
Th' Almighty Lord will bless :
You and your children, blest by him,
Shall more and more increase.

11. Ye are the blessed of the Lord,
That fram'd the Heav'ns and Earth ;
Heav'n

Heav'n for himself, the Earth he gives
To sons of mortal birth.

12. They that go down to silent death,
 To thee no praise afford ;
But we will bless the Lord, both now
 And ever ; praise the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1. I Love the Lord, because He heard
 The Voice of my Request ;
When I my humble suit before
 His sacred throne addrest.
2. Because he bow'd his gracious Ear,
 As long as vital Air
Supplies my breath, to him will I
 Direct my faithful Pray'r.
3. Death in sad shapes of sorrow dreft,
 On ev'ry side assail'd ;
Hell-pains arrested me, and grief
 Against my life prevail'd.
4. Then I invok'd the Name of God ;
 O Lord, said I, look down,
And in thy pity free my soul
 With miseries o'rethrown.

5. Gracious the Lord, and righteous is;
In him full mercies flow;
He keeps the simple and hath rais'd
Me up, when I was low.

6. Then turn thee, O my rescu'd soul,
Unto thy peaceful rest:
For unto thee the Lord his love
In bounty hath exprest.

7. Thou hast redeem'd my life from death,
Mine eyes from briny tears;
And feet from falling, that I might
Live godly all my years.

8. God I believ'd, and therefore spake;
Great were the woes I bare,
Past humane help; in haste I said,
All men vain lyars are.

9. What shall I to the Lord for all
His benefits restore;
The Cup of blessing I will take,
And his great Name implore.

10. My vows, I will unto the Lord,
Before the people pay:
Dear in his sight's the death of such,
As his commands obey.

11. Thy servant, and thy hand-maids son
Am I; thy hand hath broke
My

My bonds ; to thee will I give thanks,
And thy dread Name invoke.

12. Before the people I will pay
My vows unto the Lord,
Within his Courts, in midst of thee
Blest *Salem* ! praise the Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

1. **O** Praise the Lord, ye Nations all]
Throughout the Universe ;
Ye tribes of many-languag'd men
His glorious praise rehearse.

2. Strong are his mercies, great the love
He doth to us afford :
His truth to day, and ever is
The same, O praise the Lord.

PSALM CXVIII.

1. **O** Laud the Lord, for good is he,
His mercy's ever sure ;
Let thankful *Isr'el* now confess,
His mercies still endure.

2. Let *Aarons* Mitred Race now say,
His mercy's ever sure ;

Let

Let them that fear the Lord, profess
His mercies still endure.

3. I to the Lord in trouble call'd,
 He heard, and set me free;
 He's on my side, I will not fear,
 What man can do to me.
4. The Lord my helpers doth affist,
 Mine eye shall his desire
 Behold on them, whose causeless hate
 My ruin doth conspire.
5. 'Tis better in the Lord to trust,
 Then mans vain help to try.
 Better to trust the Lord, then all
 Then on a Prince rely.
6. Nations, in combination joyn'd,
 Had me encompas'd round;
 But I did, in the Name of God,
 Them, and their force confound.
7. They compass'd me, their furious troops
 Had me encompas'd round;
 But I did, in the Name of God,
 Them, and their rage confound.
8. As fire in thorns, they are extinct;
 Though they beset me round
 Like Bees, I in the Name of God
 Will all their pow'r confound.

9. Thou

9. Thou hast thrus't sore, that I might fall,
But God vouchsaf'd me aid :
Th' Almighty is my strength, my song,
And my salvation made.

10. Joy and salvation, in the tents
Of righteous men abound ;
The right hand of the Lord our God
With victory is crown'd.

11. The right hand of the Lord is high,
Through all the world renown'd ;
The right hand of the Lord our God,
With victory is crown'd.

12. I shall not die, but live, and tell
His works, whil'st I have breath :
He hath chastiz'd, but gave me not
Into the hand of death.

13. Open the Sanctuary gates,
The gates of righteousness ;
That I may enter, and in pray'rs
And praise his Name confess.

14. This gate the just shall enter at,
And I with grateful heart
Will bless the Lord; thou heard'st my cry,
Thou my salvation art.

15. That which the builders oft refus'd,
Is now the corner stone :

This is from God, and to our eyes
With admiration known.

16. This is the day the Lord hath made ;
In this triumphant day
Will we rejoice; save, Lord, and send
Prosperity, we pray.

17. Blest he, that in the Name of God
Is come to be our King !
We from Gods house wish you good luck,
To him Hosanna's sing.

18. God is the Lord, his love to us
In beams of light hath shin'd :
Come, bind the Sacrifice with cords;
Fast to the Altar bind.

19. Thou art my God ; my joy-fill'd heart
Shall still record thy praise ;
Thou art my God, my ravish'd tongue
Shall high thy glory raise.

20. O render thanks unto the Lord,
Gracious is he, and good ;
And firm his boundless mercies have
Throughout all ages stood.

PSALM CXIX. *i. Part.*

1. **B**lessed are they whose purer ways
Gods sacred laws direct;
2. That keep his Testament, and him
With their whole heart affect.
3. They do no ill, who in thy paths
Their wary steps confine:
4. For thou hast charg'd, that strictly we
Should keep thy rules divine.
5. O that my ways directed were
Thy statutes to obey;
6. I shall not blush, whil'st to thy Laws
A due respect I pay.
7. When I thy judgments shall have learn'd,
Then with an upright heart
8. Thee will I praise, thy statutes keep;
O do not me desert.

Second Part.

9. How may a young man cleanse his ways?
If he thy words obey.
10. Thee have I sought with my whole heart,
Let me not go astray.
11. Thy dictates have I treasur'd up,
Lest I should thee offend:

12. Blessed art thou, teach me to keep
Thy statutes to the end.

13. My lips thy judgments have declar'd,
Thy testimonies yield

14. More true delight, then treasuries
With store of riches fill'd.

15. Thy precepts I will meditate,
My thoughts on thy ways set :

16. I in thy laws delight my self,
Nor will thy words forget.

Third Part.

17. Deal well, that I may live, and let
Thy word my actions aw :

18. Open mine eyes, and I shall see
The wonders of thy law.

19. I am a stranger, thy commands
O hide not from my sight :

20. My Soul after Thy Judgments longs,
And is ev'n languish'd quite.

21. The proud that from thy precepts erre
Thy sharp rebukes have born :

22. Thy testimonies I have kept,
Free me from shame and scorn.

23. Princes against me speak, but I
Thy laws my study make :

24. Thy

24. Thy testimonies are my joy,
From them I counsel take.

Fourth Part.

25. My soul cleaves to the dust; O let
Thy word my life renew:

26. I have declar'd my ways, thou heard'st,
Teach me thy judgments true.

27. Cause me to know thy Laws, and I
Will speak thy wonders then:

28. Grief melts my soul, but thy good word
Shall strengthen me again.

29. Take lying ways away; thy law
Vouchsafe me graciously.

30. The way of truth I chuse, and place
Thy judgments in my eye.

31. I to thy statutes have adher'd,
Lord let not shame subvert:

32. In thy commandments I will run,
If thou enlarge my heart.

Fifth Part.

33. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
Will keep it to the end:

34. True wisdom give, and to thy law
I my whole heart will bend.

35. Shew me the Path of thy Command,
For there my pleasure lies :
36. My mind unto thy judgments turn,
And not to avarice.

37. Mine eyes from vanity divert,
Quicken me in thy way ;
38. Confirm thy word, whil'st I to thee
Devoted fear will pay.

39. Put from me the reproach I dread,
For good thy judgments be :
40. After thy precepts I have long'd,
In thy truth quicken me.

Sixth Part.

41. Lord, let thy saying mercies come,
As is thy promise just :

42. So shall I answer him that scorns,
For in thy word I trust.

43. Take not from me thy truth ; my hope
Is in thy judgments plac'd :

44. So shall I keep thy sacred Laws,
As long as life shall last.

45. I at my liberty will walk,
For I thy Precepts seek :

46. And, whil'st I preach thy word to Kings,
Shame shall not dye my cheek.

47. In thy Commandments, which I love,
 I my delights will find :.
48. To them my hands erect, and on
 Thy statutes fix my mind.

Seventh Part.

49. Think on thy word, by which thou hast
 Caus'd me to hope in thee :
50. This in distress my comfort is,
 Thy promise quickens me.

51. The proud deride me much, yet I
 Have not thy law declin'd :
52. Thy judgments I of old recount,
 And there my solace find.

53. Horror invades me, when ill men
 Do from thy laws go wrong :
54. But in the house of Pilgrimage,
 Thy statutes were my song.

55. By night thy Name I call to mind,
 Nor from thy rule have stray'd :
56. This mercy I obtain'd, because
 Thy Precepts I obey'd.

Eighth Part.

57. Thou art my portion, Lord, I said,
 That keep thy words I would :

58. Thy face with my whole heart I sought,
Be, as thy promise, good.

59. I to thy testimonies turn'd,
When I observ'd my way :
60. I hasted thy Commands to do,
And did no time delay.

61. Rob'd by the wicked, yet thy Laws
I cast not from my sight :

62. But will at midnight praise thy Name,
For thy decrees are right.

63. I their companion am, that fear
Thee, and regard thy word :

64. The Earth is of thy mercy full ;
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.

Ninth Part.

65. According to thy promise, Lord,
Thou hast dealt well with me :

66. Teach me to know, and judge aright,
For I believe in thee.

67. Till thy rod touch'd me, I transgres'd,
But now have kept thy way :

68. Good art thou, and doest good ; teach me
Thy statutes to obey.

69. The proud be ly me ; yet I keep
Thy rules with all my might :

70. Their

70. Their heart is fat as grease ; but in
Thy law do I delight.

71. 'Tis good, that I've afflicted been,
That I Thy Laws might learn :

72. Thousands of Gold and Silver are
To me of less concern.

Tenth Part.

73. Thy hands have fram'd me ; make me wise,
In knowing thy Commands :

74. Good men will joy, because my hope
Upon thy promise stands.

75. I know thy judgments, Lord, are right ;
Thou, in fidelity,

76. Hast smitten ; let thy love relieve,
As thou hast said to me.

77. O let thy mercies bring me life ;
Thy laws my joy create :

78. Confound th' injurious proud, whil'st I
Thy Precepts meditate.

79. Them, who thy testimonies know,
And fear thee, turn to me :

80. Give me a found heart in thy ways,
That I ne're shamed be.

Eleventh Part.

81. My soul for thy salvation faints,
 But I thy word attend :

82. Mine eyes do, for thy promise, fail ;
 When wilt thou comfort send ?

83. I'm as a Bottle in the smoak,
 Yet keep thy Laws in view :

84. How long? when wilt thou judgment shew
 On them that me pursue ?

85. Deep pits for me the proud have dig'd,
 Who from thy ways have stray'd :

86. All thy Commands are true ; my foes
 Wrong me ; be thou my aid.

87. By them well near consum'd, yet from
 Thy rules I do not swerve :

88. Quicken me in thy love, and I
 Thy dictates shall observe.

Twelfth Part.

89. Thou art for ever mighty, Lord,
 Thy word in Heav'n resides :

90. Thy truth to ages stands ; the Earth,
 By thee set fast, abides.

91. At thine appointment they endure ;
 All things on thee depend ;

92. Had

92. Had not thy law been my delight,
My griefs had been my end.

93. Thy Precepts I will ne're forget ;
With them thou quicknest me :
94. I am thy creature, save me, Lord,
For I seek after thee.

95. The wicked watch my fall, but I
Wait on the word of God :

96. All that is perfect hath an end,
But thy Commands are broad.

Thirteenth Part.

97. O how I love thy laws ! all day
They my best studies be ;

98. By them made wiser then my foes ;
They ever are with me.

99. I can my teachers teach, for I
Thy testimonies mind ;

100. And school the old, because my love
Is to thy law confin'd.

101. My feet from ill I kept, that I
Thy dictates might obey :

102. By thee inform'd, I have not from
Thy judgments turn'd away.

103. Sweet are thy words unto my taste,
Sweeter then Honey-dews :

104. Thy

104. Thy Precepts make me wise; and I
Do all false ways refuse.

Fourteenth Part.

105. Thy Word's a lamp unto my feet,
Unto my paths a light:

106. What I have sworn, I will perform,
And keep thy judgments right.

107. I much afflicted am; O let
Thy promise make me live!

108. Accept my mouths free off'rings, Lord,
And me thy judgments give.

109. My soul is in my hand, yet I
Do not thy laws forget:

110. Nor from thy Precepts erre, although
The wicked snares have set.

111. Thy testimonies are my part;
And still rejoice my mind:

112. Thy statutes always to perform
My heart I have inclin'd.

Fifteenth Part.

113. I hate vain thoughts, but love thy law;
My hiding place thou art:

114. Thou art my shield; thy word's my hope,
The Anchor of my heart.

115. Hence,

115. Hence, ye profane, for the Commands
Of God will I obey :

116. O Let thy word support my life,
Let not my hope decay.

117. Sustain me, and I shall be safe,
Whil'st on thy laws I wait :

118. Thou the transgressors hast trod down,
For false is their deceit.

119. Thou cast'st the wicked out like drofs,
Therefore thy laws I love :

120. Although thy judgments make my flesh
With fear and trembling move.

Sixteenth Part.

121. Judgment, and Justice I have done,
Leave me not in distress :

122. Be surety for thy servants good,
Let not the proud oppress.

123. Mine Eyes, for thy Salvation, fail,
And for thy Righteous word :

124. Deal with me, as thy mercies are ;
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.

125. O make thy servant wise, that I
Thy will may understand :

126. They have made void thy Law, 'tis time
To lend thy helping hand.

127. Thine Ordinances more then gold,
More then fine gold I prize :
128. Thy Precepts I esteem most right;
And hate the way of lyes.

Seventeenth Part.

129. My soul thy testimonies doth
With admiration prize :
130. The entrance of thy word gives light,
And makes the simple wise.
131. With open'd mouth, and panting heart,
I make thy laws my aim :
132. Thy mercy shew, as thou dost use,
To those that love thy Name.
133. Order my footsteps in thy word,
That sin may not prevail :
134. Free me from wrong, and I to keep
Thy Precepts will not fail.
135. Upon thy servant shine, and let
Thy statutes me direct :
136. Rivers of tears run down my eyes,
When men thy laws neglect.

Eighteenth Part.

137. Right'ous art thou, O Lord, and all
Thy judgments Right'ousness :
138. The

138. The testimonies thou command'st
Are truth, and faithfulness.

139. My zeal consumes me for my foes,
That do thy words neglect:

140. Pure are Thy Words, them therefore I
Thy servant much affect.

141. Small, and despis'd, yet cast I not
Thy Precepts out of mind:

142. Thy Righteousness eternal is,
Thy law is truth refin'd.

143. Grief seizeth me, yet thy Commands
To me great pleasure give:

144. Thy justice still endures; O make
Me wise, and I shall live.

Nineteenth Part.

145. With my whole heart I cry'd, Lord hear,
I shall obey thy Will:

146. To thee I cry'd, save me, and I
Will thy commands fulfil.

147. My cries prevent the morn, thy word
My hope doth animate:

148. Mine eyes out-watch the Night, whil'st I
Thy Precepts meditate.

149. Lord, as thou lov'st me, hear my voice;
In judgment quicken me:

150. They

150. They are at hand, that mischief seek,
And from thy laws are free.

151. Thou, Lord, art near ; and perfect truth
Is all thou dost command :

152. Founded of old are thy decrees,
And firm for ever stand.

Twentieth Part.

153. Regard my woes, and save, for I
Cast not thy law behind :

154. Plead thou my Cause ; and by thy word,
Free, and revive my mind.

155. Salvation's far from wicked men,
Who from thy statutes flee :

156. Great are thy tender mercies, let
Thy judgments quicken me.

157. Many my haters are, yet I
Thy Cov'nant do'nt neglect :

158. Transgressors I behold, and grieve,
When they thy word reject.

159. See how I love thy Precepts, Lord ;
Let thy love life renew :

160. Thy word was from the first, and shall
Remain for ever true.

One and Twentieth Part.

161. Princes without a cause pursue ;
 But I thy word obey :

162. And joy therein, as one that finds
 Some great and wealthy prey.

163. Falshood, and lying I abhor ;
 But in thy laws delight :

164. Seven times a-day, I praise thy Name ;
 Thy judgments are upright.

165. Great peace have they, who love thy law ;
 Nothing shall them offend :

166. For thy salvation I have hop'd,
 And thy Commands attend.

167. My soul thy testimonies doth
 Observe, and highly prize :

168. Thy Precepts I have kept : my ways
 Are all before thine eyes.

Two and Twentieth Part.

169. O let my cries before thee come,
 Give me true wisdom, Lord :

170. Let my petitions reach thine Ear,
 And save me by thy word.

171. Teach me thy statutes, and my lips
 Thy praises shall recite :

Y

172. My

172. My tongue thy word shall publish forth
For thy Commands are right.

173. Let thy hand help, for I have chose
Thy Precepts for my part:

174. For thy salvation I have long'd;
Thy law delights my heart.

175. Give my soul life, and thee I'll praise,
Me let thy judgments aid:

176. Thy word I mind, seek me, for I
Like a lost sheep have stray'd.

P S A L M CXX.

1. IN my distress to God I cry'd,
He quickly heard my wrong:
Free me, O Lord, from lying lips,
And a deceitful tongue.

2. False tongue, what punishment shalt thou
For thy detractions bear?
Sharp arrows from the strong mans hand,
And coals of Juniper.

3. Wo's me, that I so many days
Of grief in *Meseck* tell:
And must an exile in the tents
Of faithless *Kedar* dwell.

4. My soul (too long) hath liv'd with them
 Whose thoughts from Peace are far :
 I am for peace, but when I speak,
 They found th' All-arm to war.

PSALM CXXI.

1. **I** To the Hills mine eyes erect,
 From whence I have my aid ;
 My help is from the Lord, whose word
 The Heav'ns and Earth hath made.

2. He will not let thy foot be mov'd ;
 He that thy safety keeps,
 Ev'n *Isr'el's* watchman, slumbers not ;
 His careful eye ne're sleeps.

3. The Lord's thy guard, thy right hand
 The Sun-beams shall not smite (shade) ;
 Thy head by day, nor the moist moon
 Infect thy brain by night.

4. The Lord shall save thy soul from ill ;
 He shall thy steps attend ;
 At going out, and coming in,
 And evermore defend.

PSALM CXXII.

1. **G**lad was I, when my joyful Ears
Receiv'd the welcome word ;
Let us go up, and visit now
The Temple of the Lord.
2. Blest *Salem*, in thy glorious Gates
Our happy feet shall stand :
Salem's a City well compact,
Built by a skilful hand.
3. Thither the tribes, ev'n *Isr'els* tribes,
Their solemn off'rings bring,
By Gods Command, and to his Name
Deserved Praises sing.
4. There the tribunals are, for law,
And equal justice known ;
There is the house of *David*, there
Th' Imperial *Judah's* Throne.
5. O pray for *Salem's* peace, all ye,
That are to *Salem* kind ;
And, for those Pray'rs, ye to your selves
Shall store of blessings find.
6. May peace, sent from the God of peace,
Within thy walls abound ;
And, with a long prosperity,
Thy Palaces be crown'd.

7. For my dear brethrens sake, and friends,
 May peace upon thee rest :
 For Gods house sake, my pray'rs for thee
 Shall daily be addrest.

PSALM CXXIII.

1. Great Sov'reign of the world, who
 Above the Starry Skies (dwell'st
 Circled with Glory, unto thee
 I lift my craving eyes.

2. As the submissive servant marks
 His masters angry hands ;
 And meekly the chastized Maid,
 Before her Mistress stands :

3. So we unto the Lord our God
 Our patient eyes address ;
 Till he, to mercy prone, at length
 Our punishment release.

4. Have mercy ! let thy mercy, Lord,
 Now in our need sustain,
 For fill'd we are with base contempt,
 And choak'd with vile disdain.

5. Fill'd with contempt, by those, that swell
 With luxury and ease ;
 And made their haughty scorn, whose pride
 Lords o're us, as they please.

PSALM CXXIII. Or thus.

1. **G**reat Sov'reign of the World whose Throne
*Above the Heav'ns is plac'd alone,
 To thee, deprest with Miseries,
 We lift our importuning Eyes.*
2. *As Servants mark their Masters hands,
 And Maids their Mistresses commands :
 So we the Lord our God attend,
 Till he in Pity succour send.*
3. *Lord ! Let Thy Mercy quickly flow ;
 A Beam of Thy compassion show ;
 For under base Reproach we yield,
 And with extream Contempt are fill'd.*
4. *Fill'd above measure is our Soul
 With haughty scorns of those that roul
 In wanton Ease, Who swol'n with Pride,
 Oppress us first, And then deride.*

PSALM CXXIV.

1. **H**ad not the Lord our side sustain'd,
*May Is'r'el now confess ;
 Had not the Lord our side sustain'd,
 When men would us oppress,*

2. Their

2. Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
The waves had been our tomb ;
And the proud streams had suck'd us down,
In their devouring womb.
3. Bless'd be the mercy of the Lord,
Who, in so fear'd a day,
Gave not our persecuted lives
Unto their teeth a prey.
4. Our soul is, as a bird, escap'd
Out of the Fowlers snare ;
The snare is broke, and we, when left
We hop'd, at freedom are.
5. In great Jehovah's mighty Name
Do we repose our aid,
Whose pow'ful word the Starry Orbs,
And Earths round Fabrick made.

PSALM CXXV.

1. **T**hey that the Lord their fortress make
Shall like Mount *Sion* stand ;
Unmov'd, as the firm Bases are,
Of th' ever fixed land.
2. As do the Hills, like nat'ral walls,
Jerusalem inclose ;
His people so the Lord surrounds,
Free from the fear of foes.

3. The wicked's rod shall not still rest
 Upon the just man's line,
 Lest he, by prosp'rous ills allur'd,
 To further ills incline.

4. As thou art good, upon the good
 So let thy blessings light ;
 And favour them, whose hearts pursue
 The thing that's just and right.

5. Those that turn by to crooked ways,
 Th' Almighty shall expel,
 With them that folly work ; but peace
 Shall crown his *Israel*.

PSALM CXXVI.

1. **W**hen God brought *Sions* Captives
 'Twas like a pleasing dream: (back.
 Our mouths with laughter flow'd ; and joy
 From our glad tongue did stream.

2. Th' admiring Heathen cry'd, Their God
 Hath done a wond'rous thing :
 Great things for us our God hath done,
 And we his glory sing.

3. Turn our Captivity, O Lord,
 As welcome as the Rain
 To the parch'd South : that, for our tears,
 We may reap joy again.

4. He that goes forth, and to the Earth,
 His small seed sadly leaves,
 Shall doubtless come again with joy,
 And bring his load of sheaves.

PSALM CXXVII.

1. **E**xcept the Lord the house erect,
 Lost is the builders pain :
 Except the Lord the City guard,
 The watchman wakes in vain.

2. In vain you early rise, in vain
 Late hours at night you keep,
 And eat the bread of care, for he
 Gives his beloved Sleep.

3. Lo, Children are an heritage,
 Which from Gods blessing come ;
 And the Reward of a good life,
 Sons of the fruitful womb.

4. As arrows, fitted to the bow,
 Are in the strong mans hand,
 So children of the lusty youth
 Their Fathers glory stand.

5. Blest he, whose Quiver is with such
 Artillery supply'd :
 He needs not fear, when e're his cause
 Shall in the gate be try'd.

PSALM CXXVIII

1. **B**lest is the man, whose humble heart
Devoutly God obeys ;
That keeps his feet within the Paths
Of his prescribed ways.
2. Thou shalt with pleasure, eat the sweet
Of what thy pains have got :
Prosperity shall gild thy days,
And crown thy happy lot.
3. Thy wife shall, like the fruitful Vines,
That climb thy house, abound ;
Thy children, like rich Olive-plants,
Adorn thy table round.
4. Thus blest is he, who fears the Lord ;
From *Sion* God shall bless,
And all thy days thou shalt behold
Lov'd *Salem's* happiness.
5. Thou, from thy fruitful loins deriv'd,
Shalt childrens children see ;
And peace, from the great God of peace
Shall upon *Isr'el* be.

PSALM CXXVIII. Or thus.

1. **B**lest is the Man, who pure in heart,
With humble fear the Lord obeys ;
And walks in His prescribed ways,
Nor doth from them in thought depart.
2. *What Thy Industrious hands have got
Shall be to Thee Thy daily Feast ;
On all thou do'st success shall rest,
And Life Eternal be thy Lot.*
3. *Thy Wife shall as the Vines abound,
That cloath thy houses south-side Wall ;
Like Olive-Plants thy Children shall
Adorn thy happy Table round.*
4. *Who so fears God, thus bless shall be ;
From Sion God shall blessings send ;
And thou shalt see, till time shall end,
Hierusalem's Prosperity.*
5. *Thy Childrens Children shall increase
Unto a Race not to be told ;
And thou shalt Israel behold,
Grown'd with the Joys of lasting Peace.*

PSALM CXXIX.

1. **O**ft from my youth (may *Isr'el* say)
Have they my life assaile'd ;
Oft from my youth assaile'd, as oft
Their vain attempts have fail'd.
2. Long Furrows, on my wounded back,
The Ploughers cruel hands
Have digg'd, but God, in Righteousness,
Hath cut their impious bands.
3. Let them confounded be, and turn'd
To ignominious flight,
Whose hearts inflam'd with causeless
In *Sion*'s woes delight. (hate,
4. Be they as starved Corn, that springs
Upon the houses tops ;
Which, wither'd e're it grows mature,
The Sickle never crops.
5. Wherewith the Mower cannot fill
His hand, nor he that binds
The sheaves, so much, to pay his pains,
As one poor arm full finds.
6. Nor they that pass the Road, once say,
We wish you may succeed ;
We bless you in the Name of God,
And give you the good speed.

PSALM

PSALM CXXX.

1. **O**ut of the depths to thee I call'd,
Lord, my sad crying hear ;
And to the voice of my complaints
Bow thine attentive Ear.
2. Should'st thou severely mark our faults,
Who could thy censure bear ?
But mercy is with thee, that men,
Thy sacred Name may fear.
3. I wait upon the Lord, I wait
On God with patient Eyes :
And on the comfort of his word,
My firm-built hope relies.
4. The Lord more earnestly I wait,
Then they that watch the morn ;
More then the weary guards that watch
To see when day is born.
5. Hope in the Lord, O Jacob's Race ;
In him rich mercies dwell,
And full redemption : he from sin
Redeems his *Israel*.

PSALM CXXXI.

1. **L**ord, I have no ambitious heart,
Nor supercilious Eye :
I do not exercise my self
In things for me too high.
2. **B**ut I my self have quietly,
As a wean'd child demean'd :
My soul is as the harmless child,
New from the Mother wean'd.
3. **O** ye of *Isr'el's* faithful Race,
To God your hopes apply ;
Be he your trust from this time forth
To all Eternity.

PSALM CXXXII.

1. **R**emember *David*, Lord, and all
The troubles which he had ;
The sacred Oath, and solemn vow,
To *Jacob's* God he made.
2. I will not in my Chamber come,
Nor climb into my bed ;
Sleep shall not close my careful Eyes,
Nor flumber bow my head ;

3. Till, for the great Jehovah, I
Find out a fix'd abode ;
A sacred rest, and dwelling-place,
For *Jacobs* mighty God.
4. Glad *Ephrata* was heard to ring,
With the triumphant sound ;
And doubled *Echo*'s from the fields
Of the great wood rebound.
5. Come (say they) come, and let us to
His Tabernacle go :
And with divine adoring fall
Before his foot-stool low.
6. Arise, illustrious God, arise,
And now ascend at length
Thy glorious rest, thou and the Ark
Of thy admired strength.
7. Let Righteousness, like the white Robe,
Thy holy Priests invest ;
And *Levi*'s sons thy solemn Praise
Sing with a joy-fill'd breast.
8. For *David* thy dear servants sake,
Retain me in thy Grace :
O cast not Thine Anointed off,
Nor Turn away his Face.
9. The Lord, by a firm oath hath sworn,
Which he will ne're disown :

Heirs of thy fruitful loins will I
Establish on thy Throne.

10. And, if thy sons my Cov'nant keep,
If they my laws obey,
Their sons, till time shall be no more,
Shall *Isr'els* Scepter sway.

11. God hath chose *Sion* for the place,
To which he will retire ;
This shall for ever be my rest,
The house of my desire.

12. I with the blessings of increase
Will crown her happy store ;
And bread, unto the full, bestow
Upon her hungry Poor.

13. Her Priests shall, with salvation cloath'd,
My faithful mercies sing :
And, with loud shouts of Joy, her Saints
Make my great Temple ring.

14. There shall my *David's* Regal horn,
In new successions sprout :
And mine Anointed's Lamp from age
To age shall ne're go out.

15. His adversaries I will cloath
With ignominious shame ;
But on himself his Crown shall rest
In everlasting Fame.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1. Behold, how excellently good,
How pleasant 'tis to see,
Brethren together firmly joyn'd
In bonds of Amity.
2. 'Tis like the precious odours pour'd
On *Aarons* sacred head,
That trickled down his Beard, and thence
Unto his Vesture spread.
3. 'Tis as the Dew, which melting clouds
On *Hermon's* top distil ;
Or Pearly drops the Heav'n's let fall
On *Sion's* fragrant Hill.
4. God doth, upon this happy state,
Blessings of both hands send ;
In this life blessings, and a life
Which never shall have end.

PSALM CXXXIII. Or thus.

1. How Good ! How Pleasant ! 'tis to see
Brethren to dwell in Unity ?
2. 'Tis like the Precious Unction shed
On Mitred *Aarons* Sacred Crown,
Which trickled on his Beard, and down
Unto his Garment-Fringes spread.

3. 'Tis as the Dew kind Heavens distil
On Hermons Tops, or Sions Hill :
4. God on this happy State shall send
The Blessings of his Bounteous hand,
First Blest Life here, And then command
A better Life that ne're shall end.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

1. Behold, now blesst the Lord our God,
Ye that his servants are ;
His Priests, who day and night attend,
His sacred Temples care.

2. Lift up your undefiled hands,
Pure washt from sinful blame :
And in immortal Praises sing
The honour of his Name.

3. The Lord, by whom Heav'ns arched Frame
And Earths round Fabrick stand,
His blessings on thy loved head
From Sion shall command.

P S A L M CXXXV.

1. Sing Hallelujah, ye that serve
The God by us ador'd :
O blesst the most illustrious Name
Of our Almighty Lord.

2. Ye, that within his sacred house
In hallow'd Ephods stand,
And in his awful Courts attend
The word of his Command.
3. O Praise the Lord, For Good He is,
Let all due Praises crown
His Glorious Name; for Pleasant 'tis
To sing His high Renown.
4. He, for his special charge, hath chose
Beloved Jacob's Race;
And Is'r'el the chief treasure is
Of his peculiar Grace.
5. Great is the Lord, and far above
All idol-gods, we know;
What e're he pleas'd, he did in Heav'n,
Earth, Seas, and deeps below.
6. He from the moorish grounds doth cause
Exhaled Vapours rise;
And they, to clouds condens'd, obscure
The intercepted Skies.
7. Then melts he them, and with the Rain
His dreadful lightning flings;
And from concealed Magazines
The flying Tempest brings.
8. He stretch'd his hand, and in one night,
Throughout the land of Ham,
Z 2 Smote

Smote all the first-born, from the Queen
Down to the bleating dam.

9. *Egypt* with Prodigies was fill'd,
And *Pharaoh* (dying) knew
That power which he, and his, (in life)
Would never own for true.

10. Great Nations, by the stroke of war,
He to his yoke subdu'd,
And in the bloud of mighty Kings
His thirsty blade imbru'd.

11. *Sihon* the King of *Amorites*,
Og, who in *Bashan* reign'd :
And all to whom the Diadems
Of *Can'an* appertain'd.

12. Their land, become the victors prey,
For heritage he grants ;
His peoples heritage ; and there
His chosen *Isr'el* plants.

13. Thy Name doth, to the utmost date
Of long-liv'd time extend :
Thy memory, from age to age,
Shall never know an end.

14. The Lord will judge his peoples cause :
When we our sins repent,
Thou wilt in mercy turn thy Face,
And for our woes relent.

15. The Heathen Idols are at best,
 Of silver or of gold,
 Carv'd by some cunning hand, or else
 Cast in the Founders mould.

16. Mouths have they, but they do not speak ;
 And eyes, but void of sight ;
 Ears, but hear not ; a nose, but free
 From breath, and smelling quite.

17. They and their Makers are alike,
 All destitute of sense :
 And so is every one that puts
 In them vain confidence.

18. Ye that from faithful *Isr'el* spring,
 The Lord Almighty bless ;
 All ye of mitred *Aarons* Race,
 His sacred Name confess.

19. Ye that from *Levi*'s loyns descend
 The Lord Almighty bless ;
 All that devoutly fear the Lord
 His sacred Name confess.

20. O let us now, in *Sion*'s Courts,
 The Lords high Praise record,
 Whose dwelling's at *Hierusalem* ;
 Hall'ujah, Praise the Lord.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1. **O** Give due thanks unto the Lord,
His mercy's ever sure:
For he is always good to us,
His mercies still endure.
2. Give thanks unto the God of gods,
His mercy's ever sure:
Give thanks unto the Lord of Lords,
His mercies still endure.
3. To him, who only wonders works,
His mercy's ever sure:
Whose wisdom made the Starry Heav'ns,
His mercies still endure.
4. Who stretch'd the Earth above the clouds.
His mercy's ever sure:
Who made those admirable lights,
His mercies still endure.
5. The glorious Sun to rule the day,
His mercy's ever sure:
The Moon and Stars to guide the night,
His mercies still endure.
6. Who *Egypt* and the first-born smote,
His mercy's ever sure:
And *Is'r'el* from among them brought,
His mercies still endure,

7. With a strong hand, & out-stretch'd arm,
 His mercy's ever sure ;
 Who cleft the Red sea into parts,
 His mercies still endure,

8. And through the mid'st his *Isr'el* lead,
 His mercy's ever sure :
 But *Pharaoh*, and his host o'rewhelm'd ;
 His mercies still endure.

9. Who safely did his people lead,
 His mercy's ever sure :
 A-long the batten wilderness,
 His mercies still endure.

10. Who smote great Kings in battel down,
 His mercy's ever sure :
 And Kings renown'd for valour slew,
 His mercies still endure.

11. *Sihon* the King of *Amorites*,
 His mercy's ever sure :
 And *Og*, that did in *Bashan* reign,
 His mercies still endure.

12. And gave their land for heritage,
 His mercy's ever sure :
 Unto his servant *Israel*,
 His mercies still endure.

13. Who thought on us when we were low,
 His mercy's ever sure :

And from our enemies redeem'd,
His mercies still endure.

14. Who doth with food all flesh sustain,
His mercy's ever sure :
Give thanks unto the God of Heav'n,
His mercies still endure.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

1. **A** Son *Euphrates* shady banks,
Near *Babylons* proud Walls,
We sate us down, and wept to think
On *Sion's* Funerals :
2. Our solemn harps, to which so late
We sacred Hymns had sung,
Now on the Willows (like our selves,
Mute, and untuned) hung.
3. They that had made us Captive slaves,
Untimely songs desir'd :
And our proud spoilers mirth, in scorn
Of our sad woes, requir'd.
4. Sing us (said they) a *Sions* song ;
Shall we, at their command,
Prophane God's Anthems in a strange,
And idol-serving land ?

5. If ever dear, *Hierusalem*,
 Thy soft'ning I forget ;
 Let my right hand ne're know again
 The warbling strings to beat.

6. If thee I think not on, then may
 My tongue unuseful cleave
 Unto my mouth ; nay, if a joy
 I like thy joy receive.

7. Remember *Edoms* sons; O Lord,
 How, swoln with haughty pride,
 In wretched *Salem's* hapless day,
 They insolently cry'd ;

8. Down with the buildings, rase them down
 Unto the humble ground :
 And let there not one stone of hope,
 Upon a stone be found.

9. Daughter of *Babylon*, mark'd out
 For ruin ; blest is he,
 Who in thy fall revenges us
 With equal cruelty.

10. Thrice happy he, who pitiless,
 Snatches thy little ones,
 And dashes out their brains against
 The more relenting stones.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

1. **T**Hee, great Jehovah, will I praise
With my whole heart ; before
Angels and Earthly Kings will I
Thy Majesty adore.
2. With eyes unto thy Temple turn'd
Thy power will I proclaim ;
And sing thy love, and truth ; thy word's
More great then all thy Name.
3. Thou answerd'st me, in the sad day,
When unto thee I cry'd ;
And by thy strength my fainting soul,
Was with new strength supply'd.
4. All Kings, that Earths proud Scepters
Thy praises shall confess ; (sway,
When they shall hear those glorious
Thy sacred lips exprest. (truths
5. Yea, they shall sing, That wonderful
God in his ways is found :
Above all pow'r's omnipotent,
In glory high renown'd.
6. For (though inthron'd on high) his eyes
Upon the lowly are :
But those, whose hearts with haughty pride
Abound, he knows afar.
7. When

7. When troubles all my walks surround,
 Thy loves shall quicken me :
 Thy out-stretch'd hand restrains the rage
 Of foes, and sets me free.

8. The Lord will perfect my concerns,
 Thy boundless mercy stands
 For ever firm ; forsake not then
 The works of thine own hands.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1. **L**ord, thou hast search'd, and found me
 Thou know'st my sitting down, (out;
 And rising up ; my thoughts from far,
 To thee are naked shown.

2. Thou art about my Path and Bed,
 Privy to all my walks,
 Observeſt every, the least word,
 My tongue at random talks.

3. Before, behind, by thee beset,
 Thy hand upon me lies ;
 This skill's too wonderful, too high,
 For my short-sighted eyes.

4. Where shall I my concealed head
 Hide from thy searching sight ?
 Or whither from thy presence take
 My undiscover'd flight.

5. If I climb Heaven, there thou dost
 In beams of light appear :
 If in the shades of hell I make
 My Pallet, thou art there.

6. If mounted on the Airy wings
 Of the grey-feather'd morn,
 I should unto the farthest shores
 Of Western seas be born :

7. Ev'n there, thy overtaking hand
 Would lead me back again ;
 And thy right hand the vain escapes
 Of my stoln flight restrain.

8. Then, if I think, in darkness I
 My muffled head will lay ;
 Night shall avail, and shine in Rays
 Of new-created day.

9. From thee the darkness cann't obscure,
 Night is as days bright flame :
 Darkness and light appear to thee,
 Just as they were, the same.

10. Maker, and Master of my reins
 Thou didst at once become :
 And cloth'dst me, when I newly swell'd
 My breeding mothers womb.

11. Blest Lord ! how strangely am I fram'd ?
 What wonders hast thou shown ?

Stupen-

Stupendous are thy works in me,
And to my soul well known.

12. From thee my substance was not hid,
When I in secret laid,
With curious art was, in the Earths
Inferiour Caverns made.

13. My first rude mass thine eyes beheld,
My members all did pass
Thy Register, as they were form'd,
When no part perfect was.

14. How precious are thy thoughts to me ?
To what a vast account,
If reckon'd, would the sum of that
Arithmetick surmount ?

15. More then the sands, which working seas
Roll to the murmur'ring shore ;
I think, sleep, wake, and still with thee,
Am where I was before.

16. Thou wilt th' ungodly slay ; From me
Ye men of blood refrain :
For wickedly they speak of thee,
And take thy Name in vain.

17. Lord, do not I thy haters hate ?
And grieve for those that rise
'Gainst thee ? I hate them as I hate
Mine own sworn Enemies.

18. Search me, my heart, my thoughts, and see,
 If I perversely stray
 From paths of truth; and lead me in
 The everlasting way.

PSALM CXL.

1. **L**ord, rescue me from evil men,
 Save from the violent:
 Who mischief in their hearts contrive,
 And still to war are bent.
2. Like angry serpents, their sharp tongues
 Malicious words devise:
 And under their envenom'd lips,
 The gall of Adders lies.
3. Keep me, O Lord, from wicked hands,
 And save me from the blow
 Of furious men, whose plots design
 My feet to overthrow.
4. The proud have laid a snare for me,
 Pitch'd toils, prepar'd a net,
 By the way side, where I should walk,
 And gins to catch me set.
5. Then to the Lord I said, My God,
 I to thy succour fly;
 O hear my voice, when I to thee
 Address my fervent cry!

6. My great Preserver, Thou the strength
Of my salvation art :
My head thou cover'dst, when the fight
Grew hot on every part.
7. Grant not the wicked his desire,
Nor let him gain his end :
Lest rais'd by prosp'rous ills, his pride
Do with his pow'r ascend.
8. Let those that compass me about,
By their own lips betray'd,
Be in those mischiefs overwhelm'd,
Themselves for me had laid.
9. Let burning coals upon their heads
Fall down in flaming Rain :
Let fire inclose them, and deep pits,
Never to rise again.
10. The sland'rer shall not long on Earth,
Draw his accursed breath :
Evil shall, at the heels, pursue
The violent to death.
11. God will th' afflicted aid, and right
Unto the needy give :
The just shall praise thy Name, and still,
In thy blest presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1. **L**ord, my complaints to thee ascend,
With hast thine Ear apply :
And hear my voice, when I to thee
Present my humble cry.
2. **A**s Incense, let my fervent Pray'r,
Before thy Throne arise :
And my up-lifted hands be like
The Evening Sacrifice.
3. Before my mouths unmark'd escapes
Command a careful guard :
And keep the op'nings of my lips
With timely caution barr'd.
4. Let not my heart to ill incline,
Nor forward hands abet
Those sins the wicked work, lest I
Their deadly dainties eat.
5. Checks from good men shall kindness be ;
And such reproofs be shed,
Like balms from precious gums distill'd
But never break my head.
6. In their Calamities I'le pray ;
Their Captains waiting stood
At the Rocks entrances, and heard
My words, that they were good.

7. About the Graves devouring mouth
 Our bones all scatter'd lie ;
 As doth the splinter'd wood before
 The Hewers Axes fly.

8. But to the Lord, my faithful eyes
 In patience are address'd :
 Thou art my trust, O leave me not
 Forsaken, and opprest.

9. Preserve me from the treach'rous snares,
 Which they have laid for me :
 And from the gins of them, whose hands
 Work mischief, set me free.

10. Let wicked men, in their own nets
 Surpris'd, deserv'dly fall ;
 Whil' I escape the toils they spread
 To ruine me withal.

PSALM CXLII.

1. I With my voice unto the Lord,
 My great Preserver, pray'd ;
 With fervent voice, before his throne,
 My humble suit I made.

2. My sad complaints I poured forth
 Into his pitying ears :
 And in his sight laid open all
 My troubles, and my fears.

3. Thou knew'st my Path, when my griev'd
 Was overwhelm'd with cares : (sp'rit
 There where I thought to walk secure,
 They hid their secret snares.

4. I lookt on my right hand, and none
 Would mine affliction know ;
 All refuge fail'd, none for my soul
 Cheap pity car'd to show.

5. Then unto thee I cry'd ; Thou Lord,
 My refuge art, said I ;
 Thou art my portion in the land
 Of life ; To thee I fly.

6. Mark my complaints, for I am brought
 To sad extremity ;
 From Persecutors save, for they
 Are grown too strong for me.

7. My soul from Prison bring, that I
 Thy Praises may declare ;
 And Righteous men shall compass me,
 For great thy bounties are.

PSALM CXLIII.

1. **L**ord, hear my Pray'r, thy gracious Ear
 To my Petitions lend ;
 In thy fidelity, and truth,
 A timely answer send.

2. Call

2. Call me not to a strict account ;
For in thy purer sight
None living shall be justif'd,
None shall be found upright.
3. The Enemy pursues my soul,
He hath beset me round :
And smitten my despised life
Down to the abject ground.
4. For my sad mansion, I possess
Dark shades ; like those that have
A long time sleepy tenants been
To the forgetful Grave.
5. Therefore is my perplexed sp'rit
O'rewhelm'd with anxious thought ;
And my torn heart unto the brink
Of desolation brought.
6. But I the days of old recount ;
My Meditations run
To pious musings on the works
Thy pow'rful arm hath done.
7. To thee for help in this distress
I stretch my craving hand :
For thee my near-expiring soul
Thirsts like the parched land.
8. Hear me with speed, my spirits fail ;
Hide not thy face ; lest I

Be like to them, that in the pits
Cold entrails buried lie.

9. Let me thy early mercy find,
On thee my faith depends ;
Shew me the way, where I should walk ;
To thee my soul ascends.

10. Lord, save me from the cruel rage
Of my proud Enemy :
For to the shelter of thy wings
I for protection flee.

11. Thou art my Lord, and God ; my heart
To do thy will instruct ;
Into the land of Righteousness
Let thy good sp'rit conduct.

12. Quicken me, for thy sacred Name,
And for thy Righteousness
Set free my persecuted soul,
From this so fear'd distres.

13. And of thy mercy slay my foes,
That hunt me to the death :
For to thy service I have vow'd
My best, and last of breath.

PSALM CXLIV.

1. **B**lest be the Lord, the God of Hosts
My fortitude, my might ;
Who taught my hands the art of war,
My fingers how to fight. 2. My

2. My goodness, my strong fort, my Tow'r,
My Saviour, my Shield,
My trust, who doth my people make
Unto my Scepter yield.
3. Lord, what is man, that thou of him
Should'st any notice take?
Or son of man, that of his state
Thou dost such reck'ning make?
4. Man is an Airy vanity,
His days as swiftly fly,
As fleeting shadows, when the Sun
Hast's to the Western Skie.
5. Lord, bow the Heav'ns, and in the might
Of thy dread pow'r come down;
Touch the proud Mountains, & thicksmoak
Shall cloud their steamy Crown.
6. Cast thy consuming lightnings forth,
And scatter their bold hosts;
Let fly thy shafts, and drive their souls
To the infernal Ghosts.
7. Send from above thy helping hand;
Thy hand, that only saves,
And snatch me from the threatning rage
Of overwhelming waves.
8. Free me from children of strange gods,
Whose mouths to Idols cry;

Whose right hand is a false right hand,
And a deceitful ly.

9. Then will I songs ne're sung before,
Unto thy Praise invent,
Set to the pleasant Psaltery,
And ten-string'd instrument.

10. 'Tis God gives victory to Kings ;
He, (faithful to his word)
His servant *David* hath redeem'd
From the devouring sword.

11. Free me from children of strange gods,
Whose mouths to idols cry ;
Whose right hand is a false right hand,
And a deceitful ly.

12. That so our sons, in lusty youth,
Like prosp'rous plants may grow ;
As corner stones in Palaces,
Our beauteous daughters show.

13. That our enlarged Granaries
May with rich stores be fill'd ;
And in the folds, our fruitful flocks
Ten thousand thousands yield ;

14. Our Oxen be for labour strong,
Our Herds from plunder free ;
And no complaining in the streets
Break our tranquillity.

15. Happy

15. Happy the people are, that such
 A blessed state possess ;
 Thrice happy they, who for their God
 Th' Almighty Lord confess !

PSALM CXLV.

1. **T**Hee Lord, my God, my King, will I
 Extol, and blefs thy Name
 From day to day, and evermore
 Thy sacred Praise proclaim.
2. Great is the Lord, and greatly prais'd,
 His greatness hath no bound ;
 Age shall to age thy works declare,
 And mighty deeds resound.
3. I will thy glorious Majesty,
 And Miracles relate :
 And men shall speak thy dreadful acts,
 And greatness celebrate.
4. Thy goodness to perpetual fame
 Their tongues shall loudly ring ;
 And Thy ne're-failing Righteousness
 In grateful verses sing.
5. The Lord is gracious, pitying, slow
 To wrath, to pardon prone ;
 Good unto all, o're all his works
 His tender mercy's shown.

6. Thy works shall publish thy renown ;
Thy Name thy Saints do bless ;
They tell the glory of thy Reign,
And mighty pow'r confess.

7. To make to unborn sons of men,
His glorious dealings known ;
And the illustrious majesty
Of his imperial Throne.

8. Thy Kingdom shall, beyond the date
Of time, a Kingdom be ;
And thy Dominion knows no end
Of its Eternity.

9. The Lord the weak and falling feet
Doth by his grace sustain ;
And those that humane frailty bows,
He raises up again.

10. The eyes of all, thy bounty wait ;
Thou giv'st them their due food ;
And from thy open'd hand each thing
That lives is fill'd with good.

11. The Lord is Righteous in his ways,
His works are holy all ;
And nigh is he, to all whose lips
On him sincerely call.

12. Their pray'r, that fear him, he fulfils ;
They safety shall enjoy ;

All that love him he will preserve,
But wicked men destroy.

13. My mouth the praises of the Lord
Shall to the world proclaim ;
And let all flesh for ever bless
His most adored Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! O my soul
Praise thou the Lord, thy King ;
Whil'st breath my being shall preserve,
Praise to my God I'll sing.

2. Put not in Princes your frail trust,
Nor in the son of man ;
For helpless are they ; And their might
But vain, do all they can.

3. When from his mouth the fleeting breath
Expires, that very day,
He turns again to his first Earth,
And all his thoughts decay.

4. Happy is he, whose certain help
From Jacob's God descends ;
Thrice happy he, whose fixed hope
On God the Lord depends ;

5. Who fram'd the Heav'ns, and form'd the
Created the great deeps ; (Earth,
And all that they contain, who firm
His truth for ever keeps :

6. Who equal judgment executes
For the oppress'd ; sustains
The hungry with convenient food,
And breaks the Pris'ners chains.

7. He to the eyes in darkness seal'd,
Restores the cheerful light :
Lifts up the bowed down, and loves
All those whose hearts are right.

8. The friendless stranger he preserves ;
The Orphans cause doth own ;
The widow helps ; but wicked ways
O're-turneth upside down.

9. The Lord, thy God, O Zion, Reigns
An everlasting King,
To the worlds end, let all the world
Loud Hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord ;
Tis excellent to sing
Praise to our God ; Praise lovely is,
And a becoming thing.

2. He raz'd *Jerusalem* rebuilds,
Brings home to their own bounds
Isr'els out-casts ; heals broken hearts,
And binds the bleeding wounds.
3. The Stars he counts, and knows the name
Of each Celestial light ;
Great is our Lord ! his power is great,
His knowledge infinite.
4. He raises up the meek, to Earth
He casts the wicked down :
Sing Praises to the Lord, with Harp
Sing our great Gods renown.
5. Who with thick clouds the Heav'ns ob-
Rain on the ground distils ; (scures,
And cloaths with grass the verdant tops
Of the aspiring hills.
6. He food distributes to the beast,
That ranges o're the fields ;
And meat to fill the hungry mouths,
Of crying Ravens yields.
7. In strength of horses, train'd for war,
He no delight doth place ;
Nor pleasure in the legs of man,
Us'd to the speedy race.
8. He loves his servants, who their hope
Upon his mercy raise ;

*Jerusalem, O Praise the Lord,
Thy God O Zion Praise.*

9. He fortifies thy gates, and makes
Thy happy children great ;
Peace in thy borders plants, and fills
Thy mouth with finest wheat.

10. He sends forth his commands on Earth ;
No sooner said but done ;
His words, (the Heralds of his Will,)
Swift as the lightning run.

11. He gives the Snow like Wool, and Frost
Like ashes on the land ;
His Ice like morsels casts, and who
Before his Cold can stand ?

12. He speaks, the liquid Crystal melts ;
He makes the South-wind blow,
And straight the unrestrained floods,
In their old courses flow.

13. The sacred dictates of his lips
He hath to *Jacob* shown ;
His statutes, and his judgments are
To chosen *Is'r'el* known.

14. He to no Nation else on Earth
Such mercy doth afford ;
Nor have the Heathen understood
His judgments ; Praise the Lord.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVIII.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord,
From the Æthereal Tow'rs :
Praise from the heights to him ascribe,
All ye Celestial Pow'rs.
2. Praise him, ye Angels all, Praise him
Ye that his battels fight :
Praise him, ye Sun, and Moon, Praise him
Ye Stars of lesser light.
3. Praise him, ye Heav'ns of Heav'ns, and ye
Engendred waters there :
Let all these praise him, for he spake,
And they created were.
4. He hath in their peculiar Orbs,
For ever set them fast ;
And made them subject to a law,
Ne're to be overpast.
5. Praise ye the Lord from Earth, ye Whales,
And deeps, wherein they play ;
Fire, hail, snow, vapours, stormy-winds
That his commands obey.
6. Mountains, and hills, fruit-bearing trees,
Cedars that touch the Skies ;
Beasts, and all cattel, creeping things,
And ev'ry Fowl that flies.
7. Kings,

7. Kings, and all people, Potentates,
And Judges of the Earth ;
Young men, and Maids, the Old in days,
And children young in birth.

8. Let all these praise the Lord, whose name
Alone is excellent ;
His glory is above the Earth,
And Heav'n's bleu Firmament.

9. He doth his peoples horn advance ;
His Praise the Saints record ;
Ev'n *Isr'el's* seed, A Nation dear,
And near him. Praise the Lord.

PSALM CXLIX.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! Sing to God
A song unsung before ;
Sing praise in the Assemblies, where
The Saints his Name adore.

2. Let *Isr'el* in his Maker joy ;
Let *Sions* children sing,
And triumph in the Majesty
Of their Eternal King.

3. Praise him in Dances, sing on Harps,
And Timbrels his renown ;
He loves his people ; and the meek
Will with salvation Crown.

4. Let all his Saints, with glory fill'd,
In his great Name rejoice ;
Let them as on their beds they lie,
Sing with exalted voice.
5. Let Gods high Praises fill their mouths ;
Their hands (for vengeance) wield
A two edg'd sword, to plague their foes,
And make the people yield.
6. To bring the arms of tyrant Kings
Unto the captives Chain ;
And fetter'd feet of stubborn Lords,
In Iron gyves restrain.
7. Judgment on them to execute,
As Gods decrees record ;
This is the honour all his Saints
Shall have. O praise the Lord.

P S A L M CL.

1. Sing Hallelujah ! Praise our God,
Who in the holiest dwells ;
Praise him, that in the Firmament
Of glorious pow'r excels.
2. Praise him for those admired acts
His mercy doth dispence ;
Praise him, according to the height
Of his great excellence.

3. Praise him with Trumpets, Psalteries,
Praise on the Harp present ;
Praise him with Organs, Timbrels, dance,
And ten-string'd Instrument.
4. Praise him with Cymbals, praise him with
Cimbals that loudly ring :
Let every thing that breaths, Praise God,
And Hallelujah sing.

PSALM CL. Or thus.

1. *Praise God, Who in the Holiest dwells ;
Praise Him that in His Pow'r excels :
Praise Him whose Might all Might out-vies :*
2. *Praise Him for Greatness far renown'd ;
Praise Him with the shrill Trumpets sound ;
Praise Him with Harps, and Psalteries.*
3. *Praise Him with Timbrels, and the Dance ;
Praise on the Ten-string'd Lutes advance ;
Praise Him with Organs sweet accord :*
4. *Praise unto Him with Cymbals sing ;
Praise with high sounding Cymbals ring ;
Praise all that breath, O Praise the Lord.*

HALLELUJAH.



Sacred and Evangelical
H Y M N S.
 Used in the Church-Service,
 PARAPHRASED.

Te Deum.

Great God, we praise thee, thee our
 We do confess to be : (Lord
 All th' Earth Thee worships, Father
 Unknown Eternity. (of

To thee all Angels cry aloud ;
 The Heav'ns and Powers therein ;
 To thee continually do cry
 Cherub and Seraphin.

Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 The God of Sabbaoth :
 Full of thy glorious Majesty
 Are Earth, and Heaven both.

B b

Th'

Th' Apostles glorious Company
 Thy Sacred Praises sing :
 The Prophets goodly Fellowship
 Thy Praises loudly ring,

The Martyrs noble Army thee
 With daily Praises blefs :
 The holy Church through all the world
 Thee firmly doth confefs,

Father of endless Majesty ;
 Thy true, and only Son
 Most honour'd, with the holy Ghost,
 From whom all comforts come.

Thou art of glory King, O Christ,
 (By thy just birth-rights lot :)
 Thou art the Fathers Son, from all
 Eternity begot.

When thou didst undertake lost man
 To rescue from the Doom
 His sin deserved, thou didst not
 Abhor the Virgins womb.

When Deaths sharp pains thou hadst o're-
 Free entrance thou didst give (come,
 Into Heav'n's Kingdom, unto all,
 That did and should believe.

Thou fit'st exalted over all,
 On Gods right hand inthron'd ;
 With

With the same rays of Glory, as
The blessed Father crown'd.

That thou shalt come to be our Judge
We faithfully believe :

Thy servants, whom thou hast redeem'd
By thy dear bloud, relieve.

Make them, with thy triumphant Saints,
In number to be found :
After this life shall have an end,
With endless glory crown'd.

Lord, save thy people, and still bless
Thine own Inheritance :
Govern, and let thy pow'rful hand,
For ever them advance.

Thee day by day we magnifie ;
To thee our knees we bend,
Adoring thy great Name, both now,
And world without an end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us pure
From sinful stain this day :
Thy mercy, Lord, to us extend ;
Thy mercy, Lord, display.

Lord, let thy mercy light on us,
As we rely on thee :
Thee have I trusted ; let me, Lord,
Never confounded be.

Benedictus.

Blessed for ever be the Lord,
 The God of *Israel* :
 Who hath his people visited,
 And free'd from death and hell.

The horn of our salvation, he
 Exalted hath on high ;
 In his beloved servants house,
 His *David's* Family.

As by his holy Prophets mouths,
 He faithfully foretold,
 Which have, since first the world began,
 Been from the days of old.

That we should from our foes be sav'd,
 That would our souls subdue ;
 And from their pow'rful hands, who us
 With deadly hate pursue.

To do for us the mercy vow'd
 Unto our Sires before :
 To mind his Cov'nant, and the Oath,
 Which he to *Abram* swore.

That of his freely promis'd Grace,
 He would vouchsafe, that we
 From our old Adversaries hands
 Being set at liberty,

In

In holy and unblamed life
Quit from condemning fears,
Might serve him all the days, whil'st breath
Prolongs our term of years.

And thou, child, Prophet of the High'st
Shalt be in name, and place
The Lords fore-runner, to prepare
Straight ways before his face.

That his redeemed people may
His great salvation know ;
And the remission of their sins
Unto his mercy owe,

That stock of tender mercies, whence
The day-spring from on high,
Shines forth to visit us, the sons
Of frail mortality.

To light them that in darkness sit,
Whom shades of death invest :
And guide our feet, through peaceful ways
To everlasting rest.

MY soul, with love divine inflam'd,
The Lord doth magnifie :
My sp'rit, in God my Saviour,
O'reflows with sacred joy.

He hath in favour visited
 His handmaids low estate :
 Henceforth all Nations Me the bleſt
 Shall ever celebrate.

He that is mighty, hath for me
 Done things of mighty Fame :
 And sanctifi'd, through all the world,
 Is his most glorious Name.

To those, that him devoutly fear,
 His mercies are made known :
 From past, to present, and to all
 Succeeding ages shown.

He with his arm hath strength declar'd,
 The proud hath scattered
 In the imaginations, which
 Their own vain hearts have bred.

The mighty low, as the base dust,
 He from their thrones hath cast ;
 And from the same low state, the meek
 In highest glory plac'd.

The hungry he hath fill'd with good,
 Out of his lib'ral stores :
 But sent the rich and seeming-full
 Quite empty from his doors.

His mercies he hath call'd to mind,
 And giv'n his *Isr'el* aid ;

As

As to our Fathers, *Abraham*,
And his blest seed he said.

Nunc Dimitis.

Lord, let thy servant now in Peace
Unto the grave descend ;
Since thine eternal Word is come
Unto the promis'd end.

For, with joy-ravish'd eyes, have I
Beheld thy saving Grace :
Which thou, in mercy, hast prepar'd
Before all peoples face.

A light, the Gentiles to inlight,
That in dark error dwell :
The Glory of the happy Tribes
Of faithful *Israel*.

Gloria Patri.

Glory to God the Father be :
Glory to God the Son :
Glory to God the Holy Ghost :
Mysterious three in one.

As at the first it was, is now,
And shall for ever be :
When this world ends, and the next world
Puts on Eternity. *Amen.* Or

Or thus,

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Immortal Glory be ;
As was, is now, and shall be still
To all Eternity.

Amen.

ADVERTISMENT.

The Second Versions of the 3, 23, 39, 123,
and 128. Psalms, may be Sung as the
100. Psalm in the Common, and now used Ver-
sion : The 4, 12, 15, 46, 101, 113, 133,
and 150. Psalms, as the 113. in the same Ver-
sion ; All the rest according to the ordinary and
Common Tunes used (for the same kind of
Metre) in Parochial Churches.

FINIS.